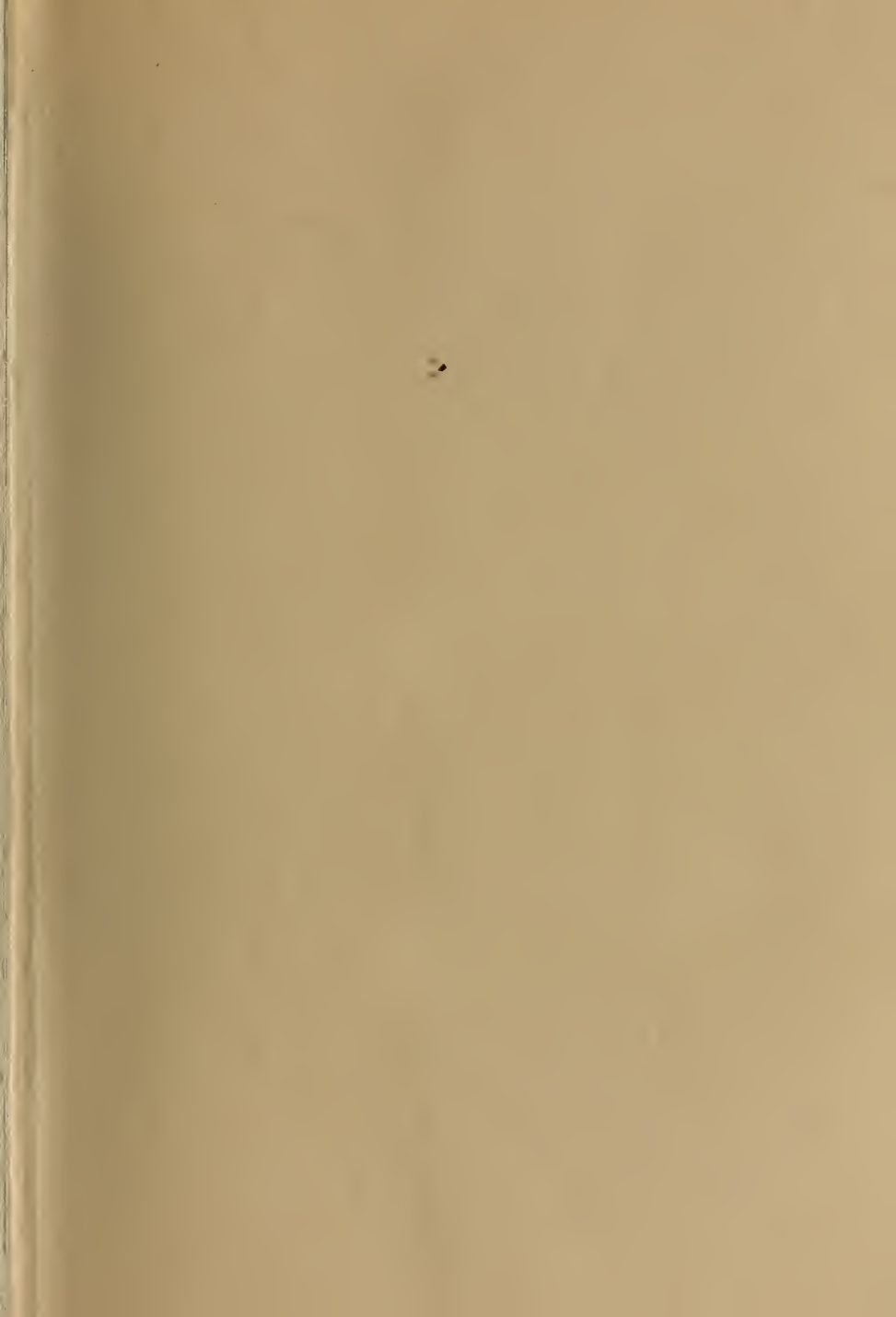
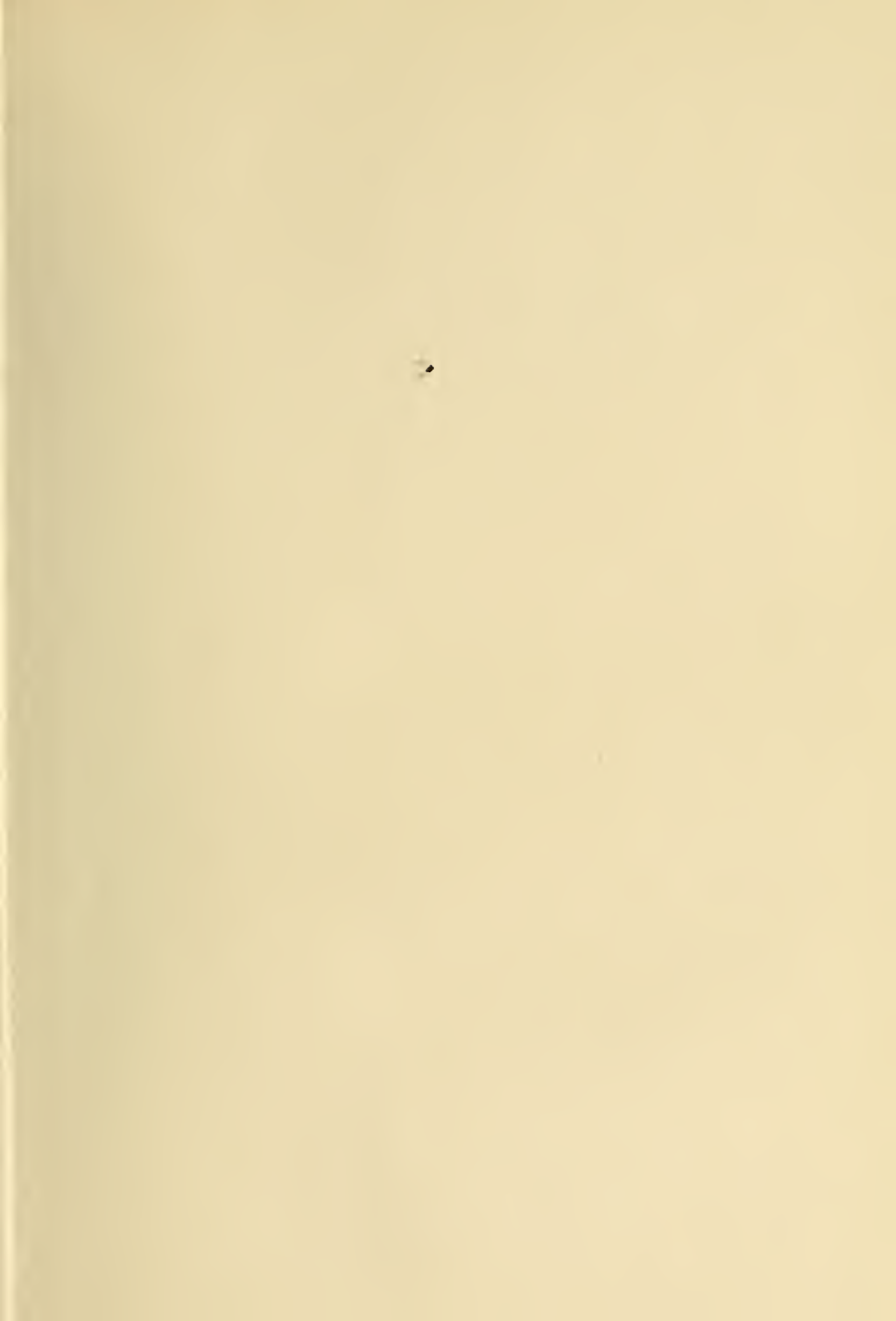
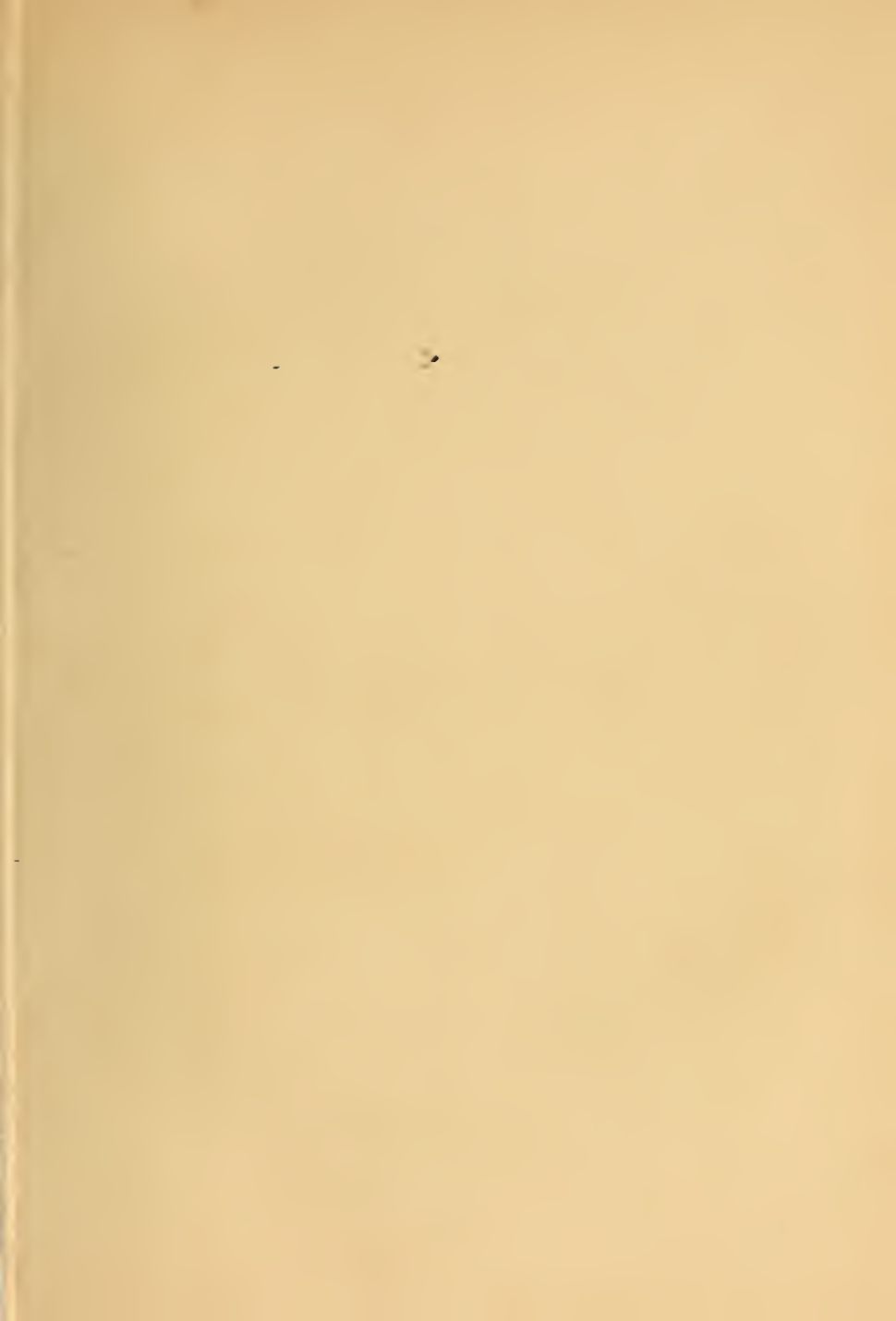














T. Armstrong.

AT FERMOY.

THE
BLACKWATER
IN
MUNSTER
BY
J. R. O'FLANAGAN, ESQ



THE
BLACKWATER
IN
MUNSTER

BY
J. R. O'FLANAGAN, ESQ



LONDON:
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1844.

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TO

SIR RICHARD MUSGRAVE, BARONET,

Of Tourin, County Waterford,

WHOSE PATRIOTISM AND PERSEVERANCE

SUCCESSFULLY CONTRIBUTED TO ACHIEVE FOR THE BLACKWATER

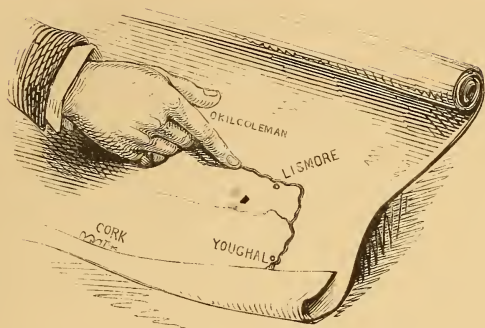
INLAND NAVIGATION,

This Work,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE HISTORY AND SCENERY OF THIS NOBLE RIVER,

IS, BY PERMISSION,

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.



P R E F A C E.



T a meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, held at Cork in August, 1843, the author read a paper on the Statistics of the River Blackwater, the object of which was to aid the laudable endeavours of the Earl of Mountcashel and Sir Richard Musgrave in rendering this beautiful river available for the purposes of inland navigation. The essay having met with the approval of the meeting, the author was solicited to extend his inquiries; and, embodying the substance of the essay, to prepare the present work for the use of strangers visiting the picturesque district of the Blackwater.

Considerable encouragement was afforded him by the nobility and gentry of this country and Great Britain, in subscribing their names for copies; and from many connected with the localities information of a very useful character has been furnished.

For the kind assistance he has generally received, the author tenders his acknowledgments. His thanks are especially due to the Rev. James Mockler

of Rockview, and the venerable and Reverend Matthew Horgan, the parish priest of Blarney ; to his legal brethren, J. D'Alton and J. K. O'Donoghue, Esqrs., for many valuable hints ; to the Rev. Samuel Hayman for much interesting matter respecting the ancient house of Raleigh ; and to Mr. Windele of Cork for the result of his antiquarian researches.

The author more particularly acknowledges the kindness of his friend Dr. W. Cooke Taylor, in superintending the passage of the work through the press, and the hearty support afforded him from the commencement of the undertaking by Sir Richard Musgrave.

54. *Blessington Street, Dublin,*
May 25. 1844.



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HISTORICAL AND PICTURESQUE
GUIDE
TO
THE RIVER BLACKWATER,
IN MUNSTER.

THE RIVER.

THERE are few localities in the British Islands so rich in picturesque scenery, historical associations, and monumental remains, as the valley of the Blackwater; and there is probably none possessing an equal variety of attractions for the geologist, the artist, the antiquarian, and the political economist. Difficulty of access, arising not from natural obstacles, but from want of conveyances, long secluded its beauties from all but such ardent Tourists as could dispense with the means and appliances of modern travel, who did not reject the clumsy market-boat because it wanted the luxuries of the trim steamer, and who could trust to their own legs, relieved by an occasional "lift" on an Irish car, over by-roads and bridle-paths which had never experienced the improvements of M'Adam. The exertions made to open this beautiful valley by roads along its sides and by a regular system of river-navigation have directed a large share of public attention to its varied attractions. The summer Tourists who come to explore this new region of picturesque landscape and mediæval history; the speculative travellers, who love to examine the natural resources of a country, and the patriots who are anxious that those resources should be developed to stimulate the industry and foster the prosperity of a noble race of peasantry, are naturally curious to know something of the ruined abbeys and mouldering castles which stud the entire range of the valley, interspersed as they are amid thriving towns and villages, and baronial halls and country-seats of a resident nobility and gentry. The stern magnificence of ancient ruins mingling with the luxurious elegance of modern architecture seems to require the aid of a friendly and familiar guide; as such the author offers himself, his dearest wish being to direct the attention to the means

lavishly provided by nature to render Ireland prosperous—his best reward, the consciousness of having contributed in any way to advance its welfare.

The river Blackwater, (in Irish, Awin Dubh,) is generally Awenmore or Avonmore, that is, “the Broad-water,” by the native Irish. Spenser, however, in his *Faery Queen*, mentions it by a name which comes very near the Irish of its present appellation —

“Swift Auniduff, which of the Englishman
Is named Blackwater.”

In a charter of James I. it is described as “the river Blackwater, called otherwise Broadwater;” and it has been plausibly conjectured that the first name has reference to the darkness of the waters in the upper course of the river, and that the latter name is descriptive of the widening of the stream as it approaches the sea. In a statistical account of the river, read at the fourteenth meeting of the British Association in Cork, I stated that the name “Blackwater was probably taken from the limestone pebbles and black flints which during the greater part of its course form its bed;” but in the discussion that ensued the Earl of Mountcashel attributed both the name and the colour of the water to the river having its source in a bog; and this I find to be the opinion generally entertained in the country.

As this work is designed principally for the use of Tourists, I shall describe the scenery on the banks of the river as it offers itself in the ascent of the stream. Before entering on the description of scenery, however, it will be convenient to enumerate in the order of descent the several tributaries which swell the stream of the Blackwater before it falls into the Atlantic.

During its entire course, a distance of seventy-five miles, the Blackwater runs through a country rife with historic recollections, and diversified so agreeably as to offer an abundant field to the lover of the picturesque; whether he delights in the quiet landscape of wood and water—sunny slopes crowned by tasteful mansions—or prefers the bolder prospect of the rapid flood, foaming round the base of the rock sustaining the solitary Castle, the massive walls of which seem to mock time in their strength, and long destined to survive the names of those who reared them. At one place the banks are richly wooded—at another the river glides through a plain of corn and meadow-land—now beneath frowning mountains, steep and barren—anon midst fertile, smiling valleys. Memorials of the piety or chivalry of by-gone years are frequent along the river, and add to the natural beauty of the scene; while populous towns, or quiet hamlets, mark the abodes of men.

The source of the Blackwater is in a bog, near the boundaries of Cork and Kerry. It runs in a tolerably direct course from west to east, until it reaches Cappoquin, when it bends suddenly, and runs due south to the sea. In its pro-

gress it has many tributaries. At Drishane it receives the *Fin Aion*, or White River; and *Racool*, a rapid mountain flood, which runs down from the hills of Muskerry. The *Bantyre*, having its source in the Boggra hills, joins it west of Clonmeen. The *Clydagh*, which also rises in the Boggra, runs into the Blackwater, after forming the bounds on the east of the parish of Kilshanick. All these pour in their waters on the south side. On the north it receives the *Oon Araglin*, near the ruined church of Cullin, and close to Kanturk the *Oon Dalue*, or Double Rapid River; this washes the base of a hill yet bearing a mouldering ruin, called Castle M'Auliffe. At Bridgetown, a beautiful stream, the *Awbeg*, or Mulla of Spenser, joins. Nearly eight miles further, the *Funcheon*, a considerable river, falls into it underneath Mount Rivers; and about half a mile further east, the *Ariglen*, at a place called Ballyderoon, having the same signification as Messo-potamia, *i. e.* the town between two rivers. These are its tributaries in county Cork. In the adjoining county Waterford, it unites with the *Bride*, the *Finesh* (in Irish *Fion uisge*, or Fairwater), the *Owbeg*, the *Corish*, and River *Licky*.

The entire line of country through which the Blackwater glides is remarkable for scenic beauty, and it may afford some interest to the antiquarian to learn that this was one of the fair vales of Ireland, coveted by the wife of Heber, which produced the war ending in the loss of her husband's life and kingdom.

Heber, or Hiber (from whom probably Ireland derived its name of *Hibernia*) and Heremon, were brothers, sons of Milesius, king of Spain. Having invaded Ireland, and defeated the Tuatha-du-Danaans, they divided the kingdom between them: Leinster and Munster were assigned to Heber, the elder, whilst Ulster and Con-naught became the portion of Heremon. There was also a third brother, Armegin; and they were accompanied by a harper. Armegin was a poet; and the bardic legends record the two kings cast lots which should have the poet, and which the harper, who accompanied the expedition from Spain. The chance gave the poet to Heremon, and the harper to Heber; whence the reason assigned for the Northerns to excel in poetry, and the Southernns in music, to this day.* Moore, however, considers this brother Armegin to have had duties assigned without reference to either kingdom; Armegin, according to him, was chief bard, who presided as minister over the respective departments of Law, Poetry, and Religion. He was also, according to O'Reilly, who wrote on the Brehon laws, Brehon, or lawgiver of the colony, likewise a poet and philosopher. In this appointment of arch-bard we have the origin and source of those metrical legislative enactments and chronicles that form so prominent a part in the early history of this country. Armegin wrote a poem, giving an account of his arrival at Inver-Colpa. It is preserved in the Books of Ballymote and Lecan, and in the

* D'Alton's Hist. Drogheda.

Book of the Invasion. He fell in battle. The power of bards is thus stated in the Book of Ballymote (f. 77.):—“A bard, whose only son had been killed in battle by the Lagenians, having continued for a full year after to satirize that people, brought fatalities upon them, so that neither corn, grass, nor foliage, grew for them during that year.”

Peace was not long permitted to the country under the new dynasty. A beautiful valley in the territories assigned to Heremon was the cause of the quarrel which arose. The particulars are thus stated by Keating, in his History of Ireland:—“The occasion of the dispute was the possession of three of the most delightful valleys in the whole island: two of these* lay in the division of Heber Fion, and he received the profits of them; but his wife, being a woman of great pride and ambition, envied the wife of Heremon the enjoyment of her delightful valley, and therefore persuaded her husband to demand the valley of Heremon; and, upon a refusal, to gain possession of it by the sword; for she passionately vowed she never would be satisfied till she was called the queen of the three most fruitful valleys in the island.” Alas! for mankind, that woman’s gentle nature should be distorted and inflamed by pride and wild ambition, engendered by envy and jealousy. Female influence over men, when desire to please predominates, is undeniably potent—all consideration, save the accomplishment of the wish of the loved one, is entirely lost sight of, and thus injustice is done—the most sacred ties are violated—most disastrous woes produced, to gratify the caprice or whim of some thoughtless and inconsiderate object of attachment. The refusal of Heremon to comply with the wish of his brother’s queen, and part with his territory, led to a battle between them on the plains of Giesiol, where Heber lost his life, leaving Heremon sole possessor of the kingdom.

The late Mr. Inglis in his accurate work, entitled, “Ireland in 1834,” thus adverts to the scenery of our river:—“We have had descents of the Danube, and descents of the Rhine, and the Rhone, and of many other rivers; but we have not in print, as far as I know, any descent of the Blackwater; and yet with all these descents of foreign rivers in my recollection, *I think the descent of the Blackwater not surpassed by any of them.* A detail of all that is seen in gliding down the Blackwater from Cappoquin to Youghal would fill a long chapter: there is every combination that can be produced by the elements that enter into the picturesque and the beautiful; deep shades—bold rocks—verdant slopes—with the triumphs of art superadded, and made visible in magnificent houses and beautiful villas, with their decorated lawns and pleasure-grounds.” In Mr. and Mrs. Hall’s interesting and valuable work lately published, “Ireland, its Scenery, Character,” &c., the river is thus mentioned:—“From the source

* These were the valley of the Blackwater and the Golden Vale in Tipperary.

of this fine river, in Slieve Lougher, one of the Kerry mountains, to its mouth at Youghal, it passes through a large extent of country, nearly every portion of which is closely and often painfully associated with the history of Ireland. The banks are for the most part wooded; at times the river runs through fine, fertile, and productive valleys; at others it winds at the base of or between huge and barren mountains, but everywhere affording pleasure, at least to the lovers of the picturesque. Every now and then the interest of the scenery is enhanced, and the records of the neighbourhood are illustrated by some ruin of castle or church; very many of the strongest of the former, and the most famous of the latter, lying broken and covered by weeds in the graceful glens or toppling cliffs that skirt the sides or overhang the river."

I might go on adducing similar notices of the scenery I have undertaken to describe, but prefer the Tourist to judge for himself, and mention the foregoing as instancing the gap in our topographical literature which I have laboured to fill. Mr. Inglis was correct in his remark. There was no description of the Blackwater in print until the present; and if my account satisfy the public, that my childhood's rapid river competes in attraction with the Rhine, the Rhone, or the Danube, my labours will be sweetly repaid. The second notice shows how much history is mingled with scenic description. Compiling this part was quite a labour of love. Surrounded by the fine collection of Irish works, which my father's national taste placed at my command, I felt not the hours passing while I gleaned the materials for my volume. Some errors may have been committed; but they ought to be pardoned: they are not wilful, for I spared no pains to insure correctness, and examine every authority bearing on my subject.

The grassy court—the mossy wall—

Vault—barbican, and turret tall;

With weeds that have o'ergrown them:

Though silent as the desert air,

Yet have their eloquence, and bear

Mortality upon them.

Yes! these are talismans that break

The sleep of visions, and awake

Long silent recollections;

That kindle in the mental eye

Romantic feelings long gone by,

And glowing retrospections. — *Anon.*

YOUGHAL.

Youghal, the seaport where the Blackwater loses itself in the ocean's waves, is a town of great antiquity and importance. It is a borough, returning one member



to the imperial parliament, and contains a population of about 10,000. This place, formerly called Ochill, a woody spot, is supposed to have been built in a forest, and named by the first settlers Phœnicians, from the appearance it presented as they sailed by it.*

This town was incorporated, in the year 1209, by King John. In 1224, Maurice Fitzgerald founded a Franciscan monastery in Youghal. The occasion of its establishment is said to have originated in the following circumstances: — The chieftain was building a castle in the town, and while at work on the foundation, the workmen, on the eve of some festival, came and begged a piece of money from him to drink his health. The chieftain ordered his eldest son to give it; but he, instead of obeying his father's direction, abused the workmen, which his father was so concerned at, that, instead of carrying on the castle, he erected a house of Grey Friars, took upon himself the habit, and died here in the eightieth year of

* Smith's Hist. Cork, vol. i. p. 101. id. 109.

his age, A. D. 1256. This is believed to have been the first Franciscan friary in Ireland. In 1317, Sir Roger Mortimer, Lord Justice, landed here, with thirty-eight knights, and in a short time forced Edward Bruce to retreat from this neighbourhood, and seek refuge in Ulster. The town suffered much in the wars of the Earl of Desmond; for, in 1579, he plundered it, and carried off the property to his castles of Strancally, and Lisfinny, co. Waterford. The Earl of Ormonde, receiving intelligence of this attack, sent a ship from Waterford with troops, which entered the town, but, being overpowered by the forces of the Seneschal of Imokilly, most of them were killed, and the remainder escaped with difficulty. The devastation to which the town was exposed left it quite desolate, not a man staying in it except one poor friar; but on the retreat of the insurgents, in 1580, the inhabitants were invited to return, a garrison of 300 men being left for their protection. The mayor, who, before the incursion, had perfidiously refused to receive an English garrison, promising to defend the place to the last extremity, but who, instead of keeping his promise, yielded the town to Desmond, was taken, and hanged at his own door.

In 1582, the Seneschal of Imokilly assaulted Youghal, but was repulsed, with the loss of fifty of his men. In 1641, it again became the scene of war. The Earl of Cork shut himself up in the town, and defended it against the insurgents at his own expense, with 1000 foot and 60 horse, in addition to which, the townsmen maintained fifteen companies. The besieged received succours in 1642, Sir Charles Vavasour, with his regiment of 1000 men, landed with some difficulty. The earl held sessions here soon after, at which the insurgent chiefs were indicted for high treason. The Earl of Cork died the year after in this town. In 1644 the native Irish were expelled, and their property seized. In 1645 it was again besieged by the Earl of Castlehaven, but the defenders held out until Lord Broghill arrived, and the siege was raised. When Cromwell visited Youghal, in 1649, the inhabitants embraced the cause of Parliament, and the Lord Protector made it his head-quarters during the winter. After the siege of Clonmel he returned, and embarked here for England. By letters patent under the privy seal, dated February 14. 1660, their estates and franchises were restored to such of the inhabitants, being "innocent Papists," who had been deprived of them during Cromwell's usurpation. On the 2d August, 1690, Youghal surrendered to King William III., who marched southward after the battle of the Boyne. The importance of taking Youghal appeared during the continuance of the siege of Limerick, as it was a check upon the garrison of Cork, and the wandering troops called Rapparees. On the 9th August, the governor of Youghal marched to Castle Martyr, where he defeated a large number of men with a few troops, and seized the castle. In 1696, the townsmen of Youghal, having manned a boat with forty seamen and soldiers, took a French privateer that lay at anchor under Cable

Island. In 1711, the corporation of Youghal transmitted a loyal and affectionate address to Queen Anne. In 1789, his late Majesty William IV., then Prince William Henry, visited Youghal, as commander of the Pegasus; and on the occasion of honouring the corporation with his presence at dinner, was presented with the freedom of the borough.

When the first Earl of Cork purchased from Sir Walter Raleigh the grants he had obtained of the monastic and other lands forfeited in Elizabeth's reign, he adopted the policy of colonising the towns in the vicinity of the Blackwater with settlers from England, chiefly from Gloucestershire, Somersetshire, and Devonshire. Of these settlers, the greater part had adopted Puritan principles, which exposed them to ecclesiastical penalties at home; they were in the great civil war the most decided enemies of the Stuarts, and it was the timely adhesion of Youghal to the parliamentary cause which relieved Cromwell from the difficulties in which he was placed by the obstinate defence of Clonmel. Like most of the Puritans, those who settled in Youghal were firm believers in witchcraft, and tradition preserves the memory of several unhappy persons burned at the stake during the presence of this delusion. Glanvil's curious collection contains the trial of one of the Youghal witches, Florence Newton; and it is one of the most singular exhibitions of credulity and barbarity recorded in the melancholy annals of the witch-mania. Some of the peculiarities of puritanism are still to be found in the families descended from the original Puritans; but the most palpable monument of such rigidity is the venerable old church, the interior of which when last repaired was stripped of its collegiate character, and assimilated as much as possible to the severe plainness of the conventicle. Many of the followers of Cromwell and of William III., attracted by similarity of sentiment, in the families of the previous colonists, settled in or near Youghal, which with Bandon was long regarded as the great stronghold of what was called the Protestant interest in the south of Ireland. Several of the early settlers had been companions of Raleigh in his expeditions against the Spaniards, and there are some faint traces of their having kept up their old connection with the buccaneers. During several generations the spirit of naval adventure was rife in their families, and during the wars in the first half of the last century several privateers were fitted out and manned from Youghal, the crews of which were celebrated for their desperate bravery, which set all odds at defiance. Even so late as the last French war, Youghal sailors were distinguished in the navy by their readiness to defy the perils of storm and battle.

The bay of Youghal, included between Knockadoon and Ardmore Head, is a noble expanse of water, but affords no protection to ships, except the harbour of Youghal. That harbour, as already mentioned, is strongly barred, and the depth of water on the bar has decreased within the period of ascertained history; for we

find that in 1649 several parliamentary frigates entered the harbour, and were moored opposite the town. It would be dangerous for vessels of such size and burthen to attempt a passage at present. To the eye of the geologist the harbour presents evidences of having undergone still greater changes, and the traditions of the people and the Irish names of several localities singularly confirm the conclusions to which the deductions of science point. The long strand to the south of the town is a submarine forest, and peat-bog, worn by the sea, at some distant but not very remote age, speaking geologically, and the silent encroachments of ocean still continue; so that if some barrier, similar to the dykes of Holland, be not constructed, there can be little doubt but that at some future time the sea will win the flat bog by which it is at present skirted, and the waves roll to the very foot of the range of hills beyond. We have seen vast quantities of peat, or, as it is called in Ireland, *turf*, raised for fuel on this strand, between high-water and low-water mark. Trees of immense size have been also dug up, and on some of these, nuts have been found in such a state of preservation, that on opening them the kernel was distinctly perceptible. A very perfect nut-tree was recently dug up, close to the low-water mark, and on it not merely the fruit but the leaves were perfect in every thing but colour. The horns of the Irish elk, and the bones of other animals, have been dug up amid the trees on this part of the strand, thus affording indisputable evidence of the encroachments of the ocean. Old people state, that within their recollection, the remains of some buildings might be seen under the water when the tide was very low. Finally, there is a tradition that Capel Island, which is now about a mile distant from the head-land of Knockadoon, was once so close to it that it could be reached by stepping-stones; but this is a tradition too vague to warrant founding any argument on it.

Opposite the town of Youghal there is a projecting spot of sand called the ferry-point, which is traditionally said to have extended at one time half way across the river, and which undoubtedly has been within the memory of man much more extensive than it is at present, persons now alive remembering it to have been a large and profitable rabbit-warren. Higher up than this is the creek of Pilltown, from which a flat valley, in many places as low as the sea-level, runs to Whiting Bay, and this bay is still called by an Irish name, which signifies "the mouth of the river." The narrow valley running from Pilltown to Whiting Bay is incontestably of alluvial or lacustrine formation, and in the part of Whiting Bay immediately adjoining Ardmore, it is evident that the sea would now inundate a portion of the valley, but for a high bank of shingle which forms the strand. The positive testimony of an ancient author singularly confirms the theory that the Blackwater, or at least a branch of it, anciently discharged itself into the sea in the vicinity of Ardmore, to which Whiting Bay closely adjoins; for Necham says—

Urbem Lismore pertransit flumen Avenmore,
Ardmore cernit ubi fervidus æquor adit ;

which Dr. Smith, more literally than poetically, translates,

By Lismore town the Avenmore doth flow,
And Ardmore sees it to the water go.

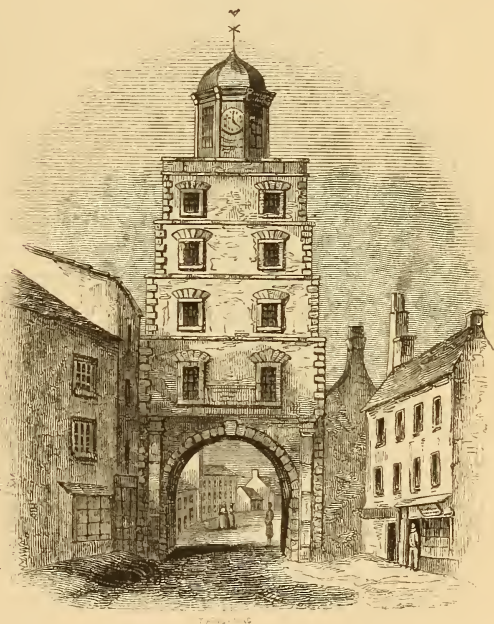
Ptolemy mentions the river by the name of Daurona, but gives no particulars respecting its course and termination.

Taking all these circumstances into consideration, and comparing them with the present aspect of the country, we are led to the following conclusions, which will be found to agree in their results with the accounts given by geologists of the changes in the embouchures of several rivers in America. The broad of Youghal, or wide space into which the river expands below Rhincrew and above the town, must be regarded as originally a lake bounded by wooded swamps; indeed it retains much of the character of a lake at the present day. From this the water flowed to the sea by two channels, of which the larger, or at least the more navigable, flowed through the valley that now ends in Whiting Bay, and hence arose the ancient importance of Ardmore, now an insignificant village, but once so important as to have been a bishop's see. The closing of the mouth of the Whiting Bay branch was probably gradual; but it may have been accelerated by some violent storm, or other convulsion of nature, and the river then worked out for itself a wider channel through the Youghal branch, at the same time a greater tidal action was brought to bear on the swampy forest, which is partly submerged beneath the sea, and partly covered by the sand and shingle of the long strand. This change took place previous to the English invasion; but when Henry II. came to Lismore, Youghal had not yet been founded, or at least was a place of such little consequence, that no one appeared to offer its allegiance to the monarch. The town was probably founded by the Geraldines, and other Anglo-Norman adventurers, and colonised from Bristol, with which city it has always continued to be intimately associated. Its great value to the Anglo-Normans was the facility which it offered them for obtaining aid from England; and on this account they established a light-house, the ruins of which still exist, under the name of the Round Tower; and richly endowed a nunnery, under the condition that the nuns should see that the light was regularly maintained. This condition of tenure was instituted as an appeal to the religion and the gallantry of the native Irish, who were deterred from injuring the light which guided reinforcements to the invaders by a reluctance to offer violence to consecrated females. We have been induced to dwell at some length on the formation of this harbour, because we know of no other instance in which an interesting geographical problem is so curiously

blended with an obscure but most important period of history. The subject is far from being exhausted, and we trust that it will yet be more fully investigated by persons connected with the locality who may have an opportunity of combining historical research with personal examination.

The town, within the last half century, has extended on all sides beyond the former limits: the ancient walls are removed, and few traces remain to show where they once stood. A slob having been reclaimed by the corporation, the Mall house and adjacent streets are built upon it. The principal street is about a mile in length, divided by the Clock Gate into north and south main streets. Many of the old houses have been modernised—some yet show their antiquity by their gable ends facing the street, and pointed stone doorways. There are two good hotels, Merry's and Campbell's, both comfortable, and charges moderate. This coast abounds with fish; herrings, whiting, hake, cod, and shoals of sprats. It affords considerable amusement to the visitor to ramble by the rock-bound beach in the morning, and see the fishermen hauling in their laden nets. The town is much frequented in summer as a bathing-place, having the advantage of a fine smooth level strand, reaching nearly three miles along the western shore. There is a fine promenade along the Cork road. There are not very extensive accommodations for families, otherwise more would resort thither; and it is hoped some enterprising persons may build lodges, which undoubtedly would well remunerate the outlay, and not only cause an influx of visitors, but induce many to become resident, and enjoy the beautiful scenery of the Blackwater, now thrown within their reach. In addition to cheap and abundant markets, the visitors have the advantage of fine air, and an agreeable neighbourhood.

The view of the town is taken from Muckridge House, the tasteful and hos-



pitiable mansion of Richard Albert Fitzgerald, Esq., to whom, and his accomplished lady, I am indebted for facilitating my researches in their neighbourhood.

The view of the town from Muckridge House is picturesque. In front is a Castle of modern erection; but when associated with the recollections of the bloody wars fought in every direction, partakes of that indefinable feeling of reverence with which we regard the remnants of other times. Close beside is the bay, into which the Blackwater pours its waters. "A favourable circumstance to its navigation," observes the Rev. Horatio Townsend, in his Survey of the County Cork, "as the discharge of so great a body of water must necessarily exert sufficient force to preserve the mouth from any overwhelming excess of sandy accumulation." Now I should be inclined to regard this as, in no small degree, the cause of the bar of Youghal, which presents an obstruction to the entrance of the harbour—the rush of the river on the one side, and flow of the tide, collecting a mass of sand and mud which crosses the bay. There have been some experiments made by Mr. Francis Jennings, a distinguished scientific gentleman, a native of Cork, the result of which leads to the possibility of removing a considerable portion of the bar; and this once effected, Youghal would speedily rival Cork or Waterford as a seaport. The facility of entering the harbour would be greater than at either of those cities: there is not, as at Cork, the river to ascend, and descend when sailing out. There is no delay incurred by waiting for the tide. The passage across to Bristol could be made in some hours less time than at present from Cork; and should, as is likely, a steamer find sufficient encouragement to take this station when the traffic following the opening of the Blackwater navigation arises, all the articles of groceries, and other imports, will come direct here, instead of being procured from merchants in the neighbouring ports. The preference of Cork, as a port, leaves Youghal chiefly a trade in coal, and export of grain and butter. It carries on a considerable trade in manufacturing brick, the earth here being peculiarly adapted to that article, with which it supplies Cork to a great extent; also earthenware of a coarse description.

Our sketch shows the town snugly ensconced under a pretty wooded hill, and, from the low situation, appears quite springing from the sea. The long wooden bridge connecting it to the Waterford side, is higher up; and between this and the town lies a vast marsh, which, if His Grace the Duke of Devonshire were to regard his own interest, he would most assuredly give every facility, nay, proffer encouragement to have taken in and reclaimed for building purposes. I understand a proposal was made to that effect, which His Grace declined acceding to, unless he was to have the portion nearest the town for his share; and as this was likely to be that first reclaimed and most valuable, the proposers felt they would be worse off after all the expense necessarily incurred: so the matter drops. It is to be hoped some *bonus* may be offered by the Duke, as excellent sites for houses

and streets would be obtained; and every effort should be made to extend the town along the margin of the bay, as the steep hills prevent its extension in any other direction, and bathing accommodation is on a limited scale at present.

Before entering the town by the Cork road, are seen the remains of a strong building, over the sea. A tower is in good preservation. It is said to have been a light-house, which its lofty position seems well adapted for. There are several relics of ancient devotion; one of the finest ruins is that of the Collegiate Church, represented in Mr. Creswick's view. The College of Youghal was founded in 1464, by Thomas Earl of Desmond; this church was repaired, at a later period, by the Earl of Cork. The foundation charter, and several endowments presented to it, were confirmed by Popes Julius, Paul, and others. It was suffered to enjoy its revenues for some time after the Reformation. Nath. Baxter Warden, about 1595, finding its tenure precarious, and resolved to anticipate the Government, caused the college revenues to be disposed of, and demised them and the house to Sir Thomas Norris, then Lord President of Munster. They were afterwards given in trust for Sir Walter Raleigh.



The ancient church of Youghal was the finest specimen of the pointed English or Norman style of architecture in Ireland. It consisted of a nave, transept, and choir, with a square belfry or tower on the north side, about fifty feet high, which is still in good repair. The choir is now roofless and deserted; its magnificent eastern window, glorious even in decay, fills the mind with melancholy when seen as the stranger enters the churchyard; and this impression is not removed by the condition of that part of the ancient building still preserved in repair for divine service, namely, the nave and a portion of the ancient aisles. In the middle of the last century, when the old roof was repaired, the person employed as architect was so utterly incompetent that he quite destroyed the original design; at the same time the painted ceiling of the interior was removed, and a uniform coat of white-wash substituted in its place. Pews and galleries were built according to the taste, or rather the caprice, of the several parishioners, and though several

alterations have since been made, they have been all further departures from the type of the original architecture, so that the interior is now an anomalous compound of a collegiate church and a meeting-house. The south division of the transept, which still retains the name of Chancel, is the Mausoleum of the Boyles; and it is much to be wished that the heir of their vast domains would bestow some little attention on the repair and preservation of their monuments. The northern division of the transept is disfigured by the most perverse specimen of Vandal deformity to be found in Christendom. A square vestry-room, with a naked roof, has been erected inside the church, cutting off several fine monuments of ancient families; one of which, and that the most curious, is consigned to the coal-cellar of said vestry-room. The communion-table is placed in a recess projecting into the ruins of the ancient choir; and this modern addition is built in a style at utter variance with the original structure of the church, and is ornamented with mural tablets, containing the creed, the commandments, &c., which neither harmonize with the old structure nor with the modern changes made in it. Nevertheless, the people of Youghal are proud of their old church, and have reason to be so in spite of all their perverse efforts to spoil it.

The interior of the deserted choir is now nearly filled with tombs, but these are almost hidden in the rank vegetation and tangled weeds which have been allowed



to spring up unheeded in the neglected sanctuary. We doubt if there is in any



YONGEAL CHURCH.

other part of Britain, possessing such an architectural gem as this choir, where it would have been permitted to remain in so deplorable a condition as in Youghal. The tombs offer much to interest the antiquary, who, like Old Mortality, loves to recover the half-defaced inscriptions which tell the tale of by-gone days. There are many such around this ruined choir.

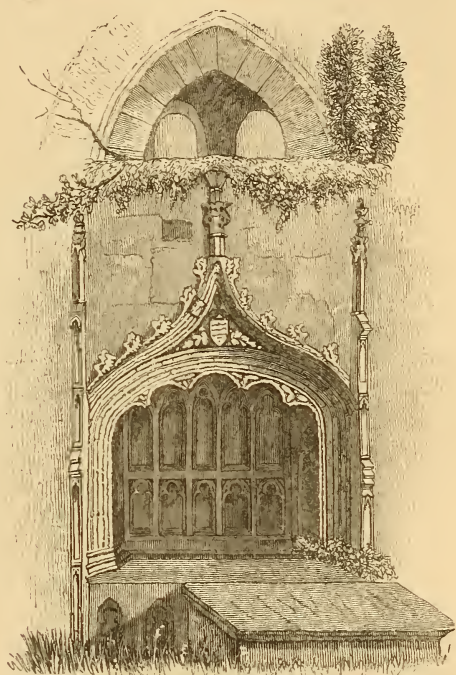
Let us rescue a few from oblivion. Here is the altar tomb on the north side of the choir. There is little to mark the occupant — his name alone — *Hic jacet Thomas Fleming.*

That, only that, to single out the spot,
By that remember'd, or by that forgot.

No date — no trace — by which his lineage might be guessed, or his deeds recalled. Another, with some characters which I could not decipher, bears a Runic inscription; the date is tolerably clear, 1517; the remainder much defaced. It is supposed to be the tomb of a mayor of Youghal. The one surmounted by a head over the cross, is called Ronayne's tomb. He was also a mayor in Queen Elizabeth's reign. There is a large tomb to the Boyle family, dated 1619. This is in a chapel much exposed to the weather. An epitaph to Sir Richard Villers, Lord President of Munster, who died in 1626, is quaint and terse : —

Munster may curse the time that Villers came,
To make us worse by leaving such a name,
Of noble parts, as none can imitate
But those whose hearts are married to the State ;
But if they press to rival him in fame,
Munster may bless the time that Villers came.

The churchyard of Youghal is one of the most picturesque burying grounds in the three kingdoms. It occupies the slope of a hill, rising gradually from the



The churchyard of Youghal is one of the most picturesque burying grounds in the three kingdoms. It occupies the slope of a hill, rising gradually from the

church to the old town-wall, which is here in tolerable repair, and is judiciously planted with trees and shrubs. Some years ago walks were cut through the ground, and flights of steps erected to facilitate some steep ascents. Unfortunately, some fine old monuments were displaced during this operation, and the slabs of the tombs were used as flags to construct the steps. Some curious inscriptions, which we vaguely remember, have been thus irrecoverably lost, and among others one beginning, "Here lie the bodis of my 2 grandmothers, maiden names, Fox and Chubb." The author of the inscription gave no clue to his own name, and no date. The Infirmary and Fever Hospital, built on a part of the Town-wall, look into the churchyard, which they sadly deform, and near them is a tower erected for the purpose of astronomical observations, by the late Dr. Dartnell, who was ardently attached to the cultivation of physical science. The view of the river, and the opposite coast of the county of Waterford, from the terrace laid out at the upper side of the churchyard, is very extensive; the broad of the river has all the appearance of a lake enclosed by hills, and suggests strongly the idea of a time when it found its way to the sea by a course different from the harbour of Youghal.

Adjoining the churchyard, and only separated by a fence and trees, is a truly interesting mansion of the genuine Elizabethan building, which once sheltered the



brave and enterprising Sir Walter Raleigh. In the garden opposite he is said to have planted the potato, which he brought from South America; and the person left to take care of the grounds, imagining that the apple which grew on the stalk, was the part to be used, gathered it, and not liking the taste, neglected the roots, till the ground being dug afterwards to sow other grain, the potatoes were discovered there to have vastly increased. Tobacco is also reported to have been first introduced to Ireland from this port.

The house is now in fine preservation, and well worth a visit; it has a wainscotting of fine Irish oak, with carved panels, and the chimney-piece in the drawing-room is elaborately sculptured with grotesque figures. In the garden is a group of yew trees, here represented, said to have been planted by Raleigh. From a number of beautiful myrtle-trees about the house, it owes its present name, Myrtle Grove; and its courteous owner, Colonel Faunt, permits the stranger to visit freely this dwelling of other days.



Though no one had a keener appreciation of the charms of a country life, and unruffled repose from the turmoil of a court life, than Sir Walter, as is evidenced by his writings, a life of quiet and seclusion was by no means adapted to his ardent temperament.

There is an instance of the extreme foresight of Raleigh mentioned in Smith's History of Cork. In 1602 he disposed of all his Irish estates to the Earl of Cork; and, supposing his family would seek to disturb the deed of sale, as indeed was afterwards the case, Raleigh, when on the eve of his last voyage to the West Indies, addressing his son Walter, said, "Wat, you see how nobly my Lord Boyle hath entertained me and my friends, and therefore I charge you, upon my blessing, if it please God that you outlive me, and return, that you never question the Lord Boyle for any thing that I sold him; for if he had not bought my Irish land, it would have fallen to the Crown, and then one Scot or other would have begged it, from whom neither I nor mine should have any thing for

it, nor such courtesies as now I have received." This allusion to the fate of his property, in case it passed into the power of the Crown, enables me, ere I leave this remarkable man, to introduce the following notices of him and Lady Raleigh, which have strict historical facts for their foundation. I selected them from "Passages in the Life of Sir Walter Raleigh," or Raleigh, for in his autograph he omits the letter *i*. These were written by me some years back, and they have never before been published.

PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Nothing could exceed the admiration excited by Raleigh's conduct on his trial. Having been engaged in the prosecution of the Earl of Essex, it made him very unpopular; but he now "behaved himself so worthily, so wisely, and so temperately, that in half a day the mind of all the company was changed from the extremest hate to the extremest pity." The two who brought the news to the king were Robert Ashton and a Scotsman. The first said, "That never any man spoke so well in times past, nor would do in the world to come." The other said, "Whereas when he saw him first he was so led by the common hatred, that he would have gone a hundred miles to have seen him hanged; he would, ere he parted, have gone a thousand to have saved his life." His manner is thus described:—"To the lords, humble yet not prostrate; towards the jury, affable but not fawning, rather showing love of life than fear of death; towards the king's counsel, patient but not insensibly neglecting; not yielding to imputations laid against him in words: and it was wondered that a man of his heroic spirit could be so valiant in suffering."

Raleigh now addressed himself to prepare for the transition from this world unto life everlasting. By the king's desire he was waited on by the Bishop of Winchester, who found him perfectly reconciled, and in a Christian frame of mind, resigned to his approaching end. He was aware that no permanent happiness can be expected here, and every ill should be encountered with patience. The words of Churchyard came to his mind:—

What greater gryfe may come to any lyfe
 Than after sweete to taste the bitter sower,
 Or after peace to fall at warre and stryfe,
 Or after myrth to have cause to lower,
 Upon such props false Fortune bylds her tower —
 On sodayne chaunge her flitting frame be set,
 Where is no way for t' escape her net.

In this frame he addressed the following beautiful letter to his wife*:—"You shall now receive, my dear wife, my last words in these my last lines. My love I send you, that you may keep it when I am dead; and my counsel that you may remember it when I am no more. I would not by my will present you with sorrows, dear Bess,—let them go into the grave with me, and be buried in the dust. And seeing that it is not the will of God that ever I shall see you more in this life, bear it patiently and with a heart like thyself.

"First, I send you all the thanks which my heart can conceive, or my words can express, for your many travails and care taken for me; which, though they have not taken effect as you wished, yet my debt to you is not the less. Secondly, I beseech you, for the love you bear me living, do not hide yourself many days after my death; but by your travail seek to help your miserable fortunes, and the right of your poor child. Thy mournings cannot avail me,—I am but dust. Thirdly, you shall understand that my land was conveyed, *bonâ fide*, to my poor child. I trust my blood will quench their malice that have thus cruelly murdered me, and that they will not seek also to kill thee and thine with extreme poverty. To what friend to direct thee I know not, for all mine have left me in the true time of trial; and I plainly perceive that my death was determined from the first day. Most sorry I am, God knows, that being thus surprised by death, I can leave you in no better estate. But God hath prevented all my resolutions,—that Great God that ruleth all in all. But if you can live free from want, care for no more—the rest is but vanity. Love God, and begin betimes to repose yourself on him; and therein shall you find true and lasting riches, and endless comfort. For the rest you travail and weary your thoughts over all sorts of worldly cogitations, and sit down by sorrow in the end. Teach your son also to love and fear God while he is yet young, that the fear of God may grow up with him; and then God will be a husband to you, and a father to him—a husband and a father that cannot be taken from you.

"When I am gone, no doubt you shall be sought by many—for the world thinks that I was very rich. But take heed of the pretences of them and their affections, for they last not but in honest and worthy men; and no greater misery can befall you in this life than to become a prey, and afterwards to be despised. I speak not this, God knows, to dissuade you from marriage. As for me I am no more yours, nor you mine. Death has cut us asunder; and God has divided me from the world, and you from me. I cannot write much. I hardly steal this time while others sleep; and it is also high time I should separate my thoughts from the world. Beg my dead body, and either lay it at Sherborne, if the land con-

* Tytler's Life of Raleigh, p. 267.

tinue, or in Exeter church, by the side of my father and mother. I can say no more ;—time and death call me away.

“The everlasting, powerful, infinite, and omnipotent God, who is goodness itself, the true life and true light, keep thee and thine; have mercy upon me, and teach me to forgive my persecutors and accusers, and send us to meet in his glorious kingdom. My dear wife, farewell! Bless my poor boy; pray for me, and let my good God hold you both in his arms! Written with the dying hand of sometime thy husband, but now, alas! overthrown. Yours that was, but not now my own,—

“WALTER RALEIGH.”

The subsequent history of Raleigh is well known. He was reprieved, but confined in the Tower; where his passion for study, his vast mental resources, the knowledge of countries and their inhabitants he had learned by his travels, all fitted him to find solace within himself in such an habitation. His hours were free from interruptions—no excitement disturbed his repose. He wrote during his imprisonment *The History of the World*, published in 1614. His faithful wife shared his solitude, though her peace of mind never recovered the blow his conviction and sentence had given her. She reminded him of his friend Shakespeare's lines :—

————— the pale cheek,
Like a white rose on which the sun hath look'd,
Too wildly warm, (is not this Passion's legend?)
The drooping lid whose lash is wet with tears,
A lip which had the sweetness of a smile,
But not its gaiety—all these did bear
The scorch'd footprints sorrow leaves in parting.

Had he been of a less impatient temperament, in the enjoyment of his lady's society, his books, and the society of a few friends, he might have almost forgotten he was a prisoner. But disguise it as thou wilt, yet imprisonment is hard to bear; and to one whose habits prompted incessant activity, confinement was peculiarly irksome. But fortune had another blow for him. The deed by which he conveyed his favourite seat Sherborne on his son had been referred for examination to Chief Justice Popham, who presided at his trial; and he held, from the omission of some important technical words, it was invalid. Robert Carr, the favourite of James, was easily persuaded to take advantage of this flaw to solicit the estate. Raleigh lost no time in remonstrating with the favourite, as appears in the following letter* :—

* Tytler's Life of Raleigh, 274. Cayley, vol. ii. p. 87.

“SIR—After some great losses and many years’ sorrows (of both which I have cause to fear I was mistaken in the end), it is come to my knowledge that yourself, whom I know not but by honourable fame, hath been persuaded to give me and mine our last fatal blow, by obtaining from his majesty the inheritance of my children, lost in the law for want of a word. This done there remaineth nothing with me but the name of life ; despoiled of all else but the title and sorrows thereof.

“And for yourself, sir, seeing your fair day is but now in the dawn, and mine drawn to the evening, your own virtues and the king’s grace assuring you of many favours and much honour, I beseech you not to begin your first building upon the ruins of the innocent, and that their sorrows, with mine, may not attend your first plantation. I have ever been bound to your nation, as well for many other graces as for the true report of my trial to the King’s majesty, against whom, had I been found malignant, the hearing of my cause would not have changed enemies into friends, malice into compassion, and the minds of the greatest number then present into the commiseration of mine estate. It is not the nature of foul treason to beget such fair passions ; neither could it agree with the duty and love of faithful subjects, especially of your nation, to bewail his overthrow who had conspired against their most natural and liberal lord. I therefore trust, sir, that you will not be the first who shall kill us outright, cut down the tree with the fruit, and undergo the curse of them that enter the fields of the fatherless,—which, if it please you to know the truth, is far less in value than in fame,—but that so worthy a gentleman as yourself will rather bind us to you (being, sir, gentlemen not base in birth and alliance) who have interest therein. And myself, with my uttermost thankfulness, will ever remain ready to obey your command.

“WALTER RALEIGH.”

This letter had not the desired effect. The sweet retreat of Sherborne passed into the hands of the profligate Somerset, the lands being declared forfeited to the Crown.

It was in the gloomy chambers of his prison in the Tower that Raleigh felt the soothing cares of his loved wife. She never indulged in any unseasonable burst of grief ; on the contrary, preserved the same calm unruffled sweetness that marked her life while preferring the secluded lawns of their sylvan Sherborne to the pomp and gaieties of the court. She would not leave her husband, even though her approaching confinement demanded better care and attendance than the state prison afforded. Her love for her husband made her forget herself : and a second son, Carew, was born in the Tower. It was her delight to talk with Raleigh over every honourable means of saving his life, and though convinced in his own

mind of their inefficacy, he could not deny her at least the gratification of assenting to her requests. He humoured all her plans, conferred with her on the best mode of putting them into execution, and addressed an humble petition to the King for mercy, which, as he expected, produced no favourable result.

Still Lady Raleigh was undaunted. Under pretence of placing her babe at nurse, and taking her eldest son Walter with her, she left the Tower, resolved to go to the King in person, and plead for her husband's life.

She drove straight to Whitehall, in which James occupied apartments, superintending alterations then going on in the building; and, as her carriage slowly approached the stately gate, she thought of the time she first dwelt in those walls. The eldest boy clapped his little hands with admiration as they drew nigh the gate, said to have been designed by Holbein. It was built with bricks of two colours, glazed, and disposed in a tessellated fashion. An embattled tower was on each side. On each front were four busts, of artificial stone. The mind of Lady Raleigh reverted to the time when, with a light heart and girlish brow, she attended Queen Elizabeth as maid of honour, and won the heart of the famed Sir Walter as Elizabeth Throgmorton.

Fearful that the King might refuse to see her if she was known, she addressed a strange lord in waiting, and entreated him to give her opportunity of speech with the King, and merely to announce her as a "gentlewoman praying an audience;" and holding the infant in her arms, her little boy timidly catching her skirt, she prayed to be admitted into the ante-chamber.

The nobleman, a good-natured Scot, had no suspicion who she was, was struck by her noble air, and touched by the deep anguish of her expressive countenance:—"Be of good cheer, leddy; be of good cheer. King Jamie has a blunt speech, but a kind heart," and he permitted her to follow him. Leaving her and the children in the ante-chamber, the lord in waiting went to seek the King. Lady Raleigh soon heard the loud voice of the sovereign, for the door stood partly open. "A lady wants speech with us, did you say? Is she alone?"

"She is, your majesty, but not quite."

"Weel said, Douglas," cried the King, with a loud laugh; "alone, and not quite—how mean ye, laddie?"

"She has twa bairns with her," replied the Lord Douglas.

"A lady with two bairns," repeated the King, in amaze; "What's her name?"

"I dinna ken, my liege; she merely said, a gentlewoman."

"I like not mystery. What say you, Carr; maun I see the lady and the bairns?"—Lady Raleigh bent her ear anxiously to catch the reply, on which her hopes hung. Her heart half failed her when she recollected he thus interrogated was the suitor for her loved Sherborne, the monarch's favourite. "I think,"

replied the haughty minion, "the lady who claims audience, yet fears to present a honest name, is not worthy of so great a favour."

"Vera well, Carr," replied James; "my ain thoughts to a certainty."

"I'll answer for it, your majesty," interposed Douglas, warmly, as the King was about to decline the interview, "that whatever name she bears is an honest one."

"Ha! by'r word but she must be weel favoured to have smitten the Douglas of a sudden. Saw ye this fair incognita before?"

"Never, on my salvatie," answered Douglas.

"Nay, then, look not so sternly, man; thou hast so raised my curiosity, that albeit her presence may be dangerous, I will have speech with the fair one. Stand by me, Carr."

Lord Douglas re-appeared in the ante-room, and the lady and the children entered the presence.

The room in which James and his favourite were seated was one of the new apartments just completed by Inigo Jones. The ceiling was painted by Rubens, and represented the king seated on his throne, turning with horror from the God of War, and other of the discordant deities, and as if giving himself up to the Goddess of Peace, with her smiling attendants, Commerce and the Fine Arts. The Venetian windows suffered the light to steal through scantily, but the magnificent furniture every where around was worthy of the ruler of a vast empire. James was sitting at a chess-board having as his antagonist his idle favourite; the latter dressed in the very perfection of the fantastic costume of the period. Before the King the noble lady knelt, her little boy mechanically kneeling by her side; the infant, at the sight of the King, buried his head in his mother's bosom. The lady broke silence:—"You see before you, sire," said she, in a low tremulous voice, "one whose grief hath caused to forget all difference of rank. I am lost to a sense of all but that high prerogative which the Almighty hath conferred on kings, and which I thus humbly implore your majesty to exercise for the safety of my husband, whose now most wretched, but once happy wife, kneels with her little ones before you."

"Who is thine husband, lady?" demanded James.

"Sir Walter Raleigh."

"Hah! proud traitor," shouted the King, starting as though stung by a serpent, and overturning the table, chess-board and men rolled round the room.

"No," answered the lady, with dignity; "you never had a truer subject. Do justice to his faithful heart. Think, on the word of thy mouth depends whether his spirit, chafed by long imprisonment, must find a premature grave in the dungeon, if not on the scaffold. Though he bears much not to disquiet me, I see his loved form pining for freedom. Nay, for thine own sake, do not lose a servant

who will approve himself faithful when others of cozening speech may prove untrue."

"Madam," said the King roughly, "I maun tak heed not to be cozened by your fair words. How can I pardon one who is linked with those that said of me and my bairns" (James kept looking at the children as he spoke) "there never would be peace in England until the fox and his cubs were taken off."

Lady Raleigh rose up, and the blood mantled her previously pale cheeks: it was but the hectic of the moment, and an ashy paleness succeeded. She clasped her boy's hand. "Alas!" said she "there can be no hope for my noble spouse, when every idle slander finds credence in the royal ear. Thou knowest, sire, those words were never spoken, and but the whisper of those who cry down fame higher than thine own. Yet do not let my errand be quite bootless. If I cannot move you to grant his liberty, let the sight of these dear ones so draw your mind to compassion as to spare the escheat of his seat Sherborne, and take all the rest. Leave not these children deprived alike of their parents, for I will not long be with them, and likewise of their paternal property."

The King looked irresolute; at last, fixing his eyes on Carr, and beholding his glance returned in an upbraiding aspect, his only reply was—"I maun ha' the land—I maun ha' it for Carr."

"Is there no hope?" said the lady, turning to him whom she justly regarded as the sole obstacle between her and the place she loved best. "You are said to have much power with the King; will you not speak for me? You will not, I am sure, deprive us of a spot endeared by the recollection of by-gone hours of happiness? What! not one little word? To you even the memory of this scene must bring sorrow. Oh! if you would treasure up the recollection of a good action—if you would pour a sweet drop in a bitter bitter chalice, yield to my prayers. Restore us dear Sherborne; and if it be the will of Him to chastise us in our sins, let my Walter leave his family with a house to shelter them, and his last prayers shall bless thee."

"I never interfere with the King's business," coldly replied the haughty Carr.

"Then to you alone I appeal," said the lady, again dropping on her knees before James:—"And oh! as you deal with me and mine, may you and yours find mercy. I will not rise till I am heard. Alas, sire, your illustrious ancestor was in the sore strait my husband is now in; you have known," she added, while tears, fast and heavy, streamed down her cheeks, "one whose beauteous head was subjected to the block. Think how you would have prayed for her life if you had been of age to act.—You, perchance, can call back something of the grief which her untimely fate brought on. Yes! yes! I see you understand me. You would have prayed as I now pray, and begged as I now beg. Let my noble husband

live ; restore to my children my Walter ; and, as thou dealest forth pity to us, do thou receive mercy from on high."

A new auditor had joined them unbiddingly, who was much affected at the solemnity of the lady's prayer. His countenance bespoke a noble nature, and his eyes were filled with tears. "Oh! father," said he, grasping the King's sleeve, "I am sure you cannot refuse the lady. What place does she ask for? I will give her mine."

"Hush! hush, Henry! don't tease me now; go to Buchanan—get thee gone, sir," said the King, angrily. The boy's tears fell fast as his father led him out of the room. James was met at the door by Lord Cecil—he started as the kneeling group met his sight—the king and he conferred together.

"All I can say is, that I continue the reprieve," said the King; "so away wi' ye, lady, and as for the land, I maun have it for Carr."

"Then may the Almighty God deal with Carr and the rest of those who have wrought this woe upon us," said Lady Raleigh; "unto him I commit them:—in the hands of a supreme power I leave them; for the Lord sayeth, 'Vengeance is mine, and I will requite it.'" So saying, she left James to amuse himself, overseeing his workmen erecting a pile, from which his own son was to step from the throne to the scaffold.

While repairing the pannels of the drawing-room at Myrtle Grove, some years since, a cupboard, or small recess, concealed by the wainscot, was disclosed. It contained some old books; one very valuable, in boards literally, the covers being oak, covered with leather, and bound by large clasps, now in the possession of Matthew Hayman, Esq. The work consists of two parts. One in black letter, with coloured initials, contains events from the time of Moses to the days of Saints Peter and Paul, and appears to have been printed in Mantua, 1479. The other, an ecclesiastical History of Peter Comester, by John Schallus, Professor of Physic, at Hornfield; and is dedicated to Prince Gonzales. This part was printed at Strasburgh, 1483.

In connection with this ancient residence, I may mention the family of Hayman, to whom it has belonged for some time. Robert of Gloucester, in his curious old Chronicle, gives the origin of this name, deriving it from **Heymon**, "a high man."

In 1662, Samuel Hayman, of the old Somersetshire family of that name, came over to Ireland. He purchased this dwelling from the second Earl of Cork: it was then called the College House of Youghal. It was founded originally, in 1464, by Thomas Earl of Desmond, and consisted, as we have seen, of a number of singing-men; in 1586, it became the property of Sir Walter Raleigh, and was his re-

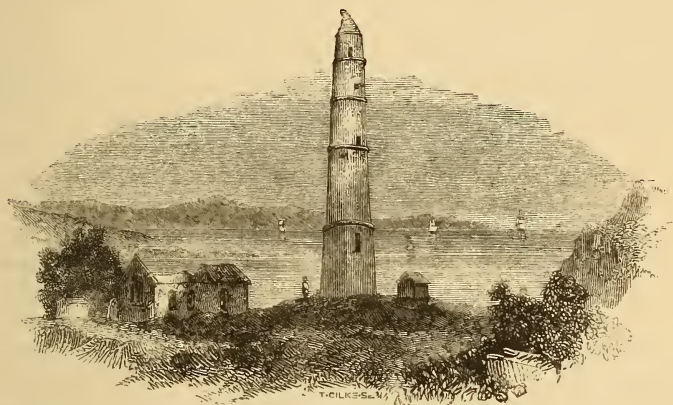
sidence while at Youghal. When Sir Walter quitted Ireland, it was repaired and remodelled in 1602 by Sir George Carew, Lord President of Munster, who left it, as far as exterior is concerned, in nearly the same state that it is now — a good specimen of the English “great house” in Queen Elizabeth’s time. Raleigh was attainted about the year 1604, and Sir Richard Boyle had contrived, previous to the last voyage of the unfortunate Raleigh, to get a dead bargain of his Irish estates — three seignories and a half for a sum not exceeding a thousand pounds. Sir Richard Boyle, evidently a very shrewd man, procured, in the patent confirming the sale of these lands, special mention of the College of Youghal, and on the marriage of Sir Richard’s daughter to Sir Jeffrey Fenton, in 1605, the revenues of the College were settled as the lady’s jointure. Sir Richard had previously managed to get his own kinsman, Dr. Richard Boyle, appointed warden of the house; and induced the warden and fellows to make over to him and his heirs the College revenues for ever, on payment of twenty marks yearly. In 1634, the Lord Deputy Viscount Wentworth summoned Sir Richard to come and appear at Dublin Castle and answer some heavy charges that were brought against him; on which occasion, observes Dr. Smith, “Sir William Reeves, then Attorney-General, exhibited a very severe bill against him.” A fine of fifteen thousand pounds was awarded to the Crown, and a portion of the estates vested in the King.

Lord Wentworth was shortly afterwards created Earl of Strafford, and Boyle first Earl of Cork. The Earl of Cork died in 1643; he was succeeded by his son, from whom Samuel Hayman purchased. On the death of Samuel, in 1672, this house, with other property, vested in his son John, who represented the town of Youghal in Parliament for ten years, 1703—1713. John had no issue by his marriage with a beautiful girl, named Hannah Crockford; and when he died, in 1731, his brother Samuel got the place, which he enjoyed as long as he could. His son John succeeded to it, in due course, in right of being eldest born; but, dying a bachelor, his next brother succeeded. This was a clergyman, the Reverend Atkin Hayman; and it was he that changed the name of the place, and gave it the appellation it bears at present—Myrtle Grove. He went the way of all flesh, dying in April, 1793; and the register of his burial has, after the record of that event, the simple words, “A good man,”—higher praise than a marble monument. On his death the property passed to his eldest son, the late Walter Atkin Hayman, Esq.; and the house is now let to Colonel Faunt, who kindly permits visitors to inspect this dwelling, so interesting from its associations with past days. Matthew Hayman, Esq., in whose possession the work referred to now is, resides in the town of Youghal. His son, the Reverend Samuel Hayman, curate of Glanworth, is a clergyman of the Established Church, of great literary and classical attainments; one of the principal contributors to our national periodical literature; and though his sacred calling, and the retiring

disposition ever indicative of true genius, has withheld him from authenticating the numerous contributions of his vigorous mind by his name, those acquainted with his style, which is graceful and natural, awakening a sympathy in the subject between the writer and the reader, and while interesting the mind instructing the heart in lessons of deep feeling and solemn thought—require no index to point out the article of one whom I shall always feel proud to number among my friends, and for whose ready aid and cheering encouragement of my work I shall ever feel a grateful recollection.

ARDMORE.

PASSING over the highland opposite Youghal is seen the top of a round tower, claiming some notice as seen from the river, though otherwise not coming within



my limits. This is Ardmore, and well worth a visit. By the ferry the distance is about four miles over a mountain road. Several pretty seats are scattered near the shore, among which may be particularly mentioned Woodbine Hill, the handsome mansion of — Roch, Esq., commanding a splendid prospect. Whiting Bay, of which we have already spoken, is near this road; and close to it Grange, a bathing residence of one of the best of Irishmen, Sir Richard Musgrave, Bart.

The alluvial valley to which we have referred, as probably the old channel of at least a branch of the river, is very fertile, and produces better crops of corn than any part of the surrounding districts; indeed, all the country between the ferry and Ardmore is well cultivated; the cottages of the peasantry have every appearance of cleanliness and comfort, while the peasants themselves evince a readiness to give information to strangers, and to enter freely into conversation with them;

which experience has taught us to note as a sure mark of healthy relations between the landed proprietors and the tenantry.

Ardmore possesses some attractions as a bathing-place, and is capable of much improvement. There is a constant tradition that the Phœnicians once had an establishment here, and worked the lead-mines in the neighbourhood, which, however, have long ceased to be productive; tracings of the workings, however, still remain. But the chief objects of curiosity in Ardmore are its ecclesiastical remains, which are placed on the top of a rocky hill overlooking the village and bay. They consist of a round tower, ruined abbey, and some smaller buildings, the use of which cannot in all cases be ascertained. An episcopal see was erected here by St. Declan, and confirmed by the synod of Cashel, held by St. Patrick, A.D. 448. St. Ultan, the successor of Declan, was abbot of the monastery as well as bishop of the see; and after the title of bishop of Ardmore fell into desuetude the president of the monastery held the dignity of a mitred abbot.

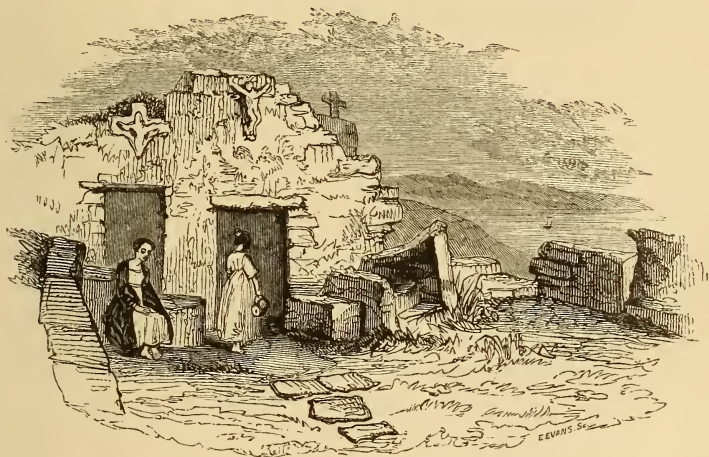
The tower, perhaps the most perfect of this kind in Ireland, is built of hewn stone, carefully fitted and cemented. It is distinguished from many I have seen by having four projecting rings or belts round it at intervals, as if to divide it into stories or separate compartments; each diminishes in circumference as it approaches the top. The conical cap is considerably shaken; but yet retains its position. In Smith's History of Waterford mention is made of its being surmounted by a curiously-shaped cross, but of this no trace now exists. The height is calculated to be ninety-one feet; the entrance fifteen feet from the ground, and the circumference of the base forty feet. In each story is a window, and the top one contains four windows, opposite to each other, larger than those beneath. In Ryland's Waterford the antiquarian reader will find all existing hypotheses on the subject of Round Towers pleasantly displaced, without however the poor enjoyment of a more reasonable substitute than this:—"I shall offer as a conjecture that the round towers had some connection with the superstition which prevailed here at the period of the introduction of Christianity into Ireland, and that its early propagators endeavoured to avail themselves of the prejudices of the people, by erecting their places of worship in the vicinity of the ancient religious monuments."

The church, close by, was a splendid edifice, richly sculptured. There are yet evident on the west gable twelve bas-relief figures, each under a small Saxon arch. Mr. Croker, in his "Researches in the South of Ireland," has given a very full account of this interesting spot. These figures, he supposes, were intended for the twelve Apostles. Underneath these are the Baptism, a Sacrifice, the Judgment of Solomon, with figures of our First Parents, and the Tree of Knowledge between them.

Near at hand is St. Declan's bed, a small stone hut with one window, per-

mitting a scanty ray of light into the interior. Here are the remains of a tomb, over which is a rude stone cross. Many virtues are attributed to the clay which received the remains of the saint; and this causes the country people to take it hence in such numbers that they have excavated to a considerable depth.

Archdall, in his *Monasticon*, mentions another religious edifice. This is Thompel a Deshert, or Temple of Desert, which I presume to be that referred to in the following agreeable notice in Ryland's *Waterford*:—"The ruins of another church are to be seen on the projecting headland which forms the western termination of the bay. This beautifully situated building, which combines a romantic site with other interesting associations, is in a most ruinous condition, having few traces of ornament or peculiar architecture to illustrate its early history. It is one of those structures which the common people love, probably because it has nothing to recommend it to strangers, and because its very worthlessness has preserved it entirely to themselves. It is remote from any public road or thoroughfare, and seldom visited except by those whom a secret instinct attaches to the place. Still, though fallen and in ruins, this temple is not deserted by the class of persons for whose use it was originally intended: a few fragments of broken arches give note of former magnificence, while vessels intended for religious



uses, a clear stream, and a well, reputed holy, draw together the descendants of the ancient worshippers." A close examination of these ruins will reward the labour of the architectural antiquary, for it is probably the oldest ecclesiastical ruin in Ireland, and appears to have been the structure erected in the time of St. Declan. On the strand below, St. Declan's stone is pointed out, which, accord-

ing to tradition, swam hither miraculously from Rome, bearing the saint's vestments, and a bell for his church. The stone lies shelving on the point of a rock, and on the patron-day of the saint, numbers of persons may be seen creeping under this stone, to which, and also to St. Declan's well in the neighbourhood, miraculous powers in the cure and prevention of disease are attributed.

Several of those circular intrenchments attributed to the Danes are found in the vicinity of Ardmore, and we heard some vague accounts of antiquities having been dug up in their vicinity. There are also traces of two ancient castles, but neither history nor tradition throws any light on the persons by whom or the purposes for which they are erected. Were the neighbourhood of Ardmore systematically examined, and excavations made in promising places, there is every probability that relics of antiquity would be discovered which would throw considerable light on the condition of Ireland previous to the Anglo-Norman invasion. The vicinity of the raths or Danish forts particularly deserves investigation, and also the ruins of the more ancient church.

ASCENT OF THE BLACKWATER, FROM YOUGHAL TO CAPPOQUIN.

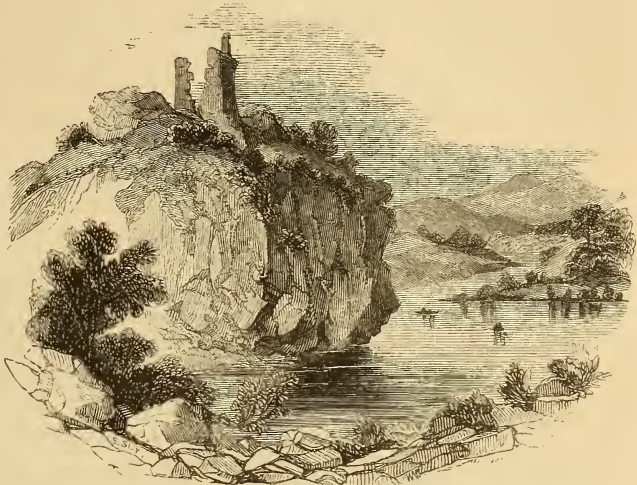
Commencing our ascent of the Blackwater, we leave behind the town of Youghal, and soon lose sight of the gap beyond, where the broad Atlantic heaves its billows on the bold strand leading to Clay Castle. The scenery around teems with richness and picturesque beauty. Our steamer, the *Star*, for which we are indebted to the patriotic zeal of Sir Richard Musgrave, whose enterprising mind resolved to navigate the Blackwater at any pecuniary risk, confident he was thereby serving his native country, shoots merrily through the wooden bridge.

This bridge was erected after a design by Mr. Nimmo, under the provisions of an act of parliament passed in 1828. It is formed of Munich fir, and is 1787 feet in length, 22 feet wide within the rails, and cost over 30,000*l*.

This bridge passed, we leave Muckridge House to the left, ensconced among the luxuriant trees; and now every bend in the course presents a succession of charming scenes, perpetually presenting new beauties as they are disclosed by the shifting our position with respect to them. The river is here fished by means of small boats, somewhat resembling canoes, and not unfrequently a rosy-cheeked peasant girl is the sole mariner, crossing from one side to the other. A high rocky hill breasts the water; crumbling ruins crown the summit. These are all that remain of Rhincrew Abbey, reputed to have been a preceptory of the Knights Templars, which, on the suppression of that order in this country, formed part of the grant made in 1586 to Sir Walter Raleigh, and subsequently sold by him to the Earl of Cork. The ruins are very extensive, consisting of a variety of apart-

ments, and the building when complete contained a quadrangle flanked by towers. The site was well chosen for defence, commanding the hill on three sides. A noble view of the bay is seen from the tower in front.

We have very scanty materials for the history of the Knights' Templars that settled in Ireland; but there is reason to believe that the preceptory at Rhincrew was very richly endowed, for castles belonging to its agents are found in many parts of the counties of Cork and Waterford, which were erected both to



protect their vassals and to enforce due payment of rent and feudal service. Some old peasants in the neighbourhood of Rhincrew averred that there were formerly some statues among these ruins, and they described them as representing the well-known costume of the Templars, the open helmet, cross-handled sword, and crossed legs, which intimated service in Palestine. They attributed their destruction to the Iconoclast fury of Cromwell's followers, and the Puritans who succeeded them, but in some cases the peasants themselves have lent aid in the work of destruction. Higher up the little stream which runs into the Blackwater, below Rhincrew, stands the baronial castle of Kilnatoora, which until lately was one of the most perfect specimens of a Norman fortified residence in Ireland. A farmer in the neighbourhood demolished a great part of the upper story, and a beautiful stone window, to get materials to build an addition to his house, and only desisted when he found that, owing to the strength of the cement, it would be cheaper for him to obtain stones from a neighbouring quarry. Within an hour of our having heard this account from one of the persons who had actually taken part in this barbarous demolition, we met another peasant who ascribed the breach to Cromwell's cannon, and who was quite indignant when he found that we were in possession of what he did not deny to be the real state of the case.

On the abolition of the order of Knights' Templars, it had been stipulated that

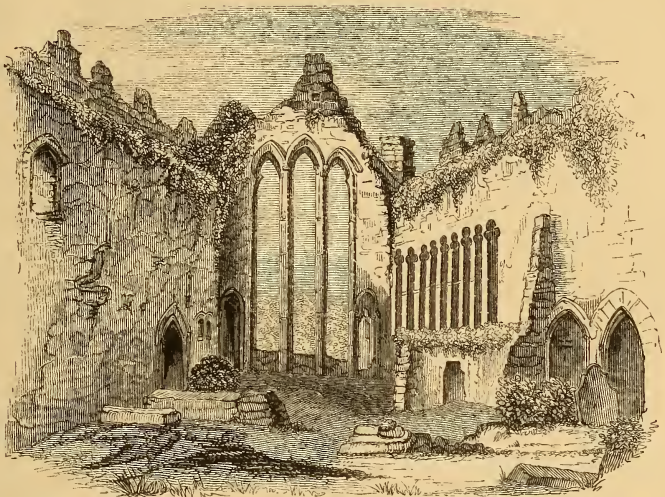
their preceptories, commanderies, and estates, should be transferred to the knights of St. John of Jerusalem, or, as they were afterwards called, the Hospitallers. We have not been able to discover whether any part of the lands belonging to Rhincrew were assigned to this, the rival order of the original possessors, for we have found no traces of the Hospitallers in the south of Ireland; the priory of St. John in Waterford, which has indeed been sometimes described as a foundation of their order, was really a monastery of Benedictines. In the Maltese records, however, we find Irish knights holding high rank, and entries of money received from estates belonging to the order in Ireland; and there is also evidence to show that the lands of Rhincrew were not seized by the Crown previous to the general dissolution of monasteries, after which they were granted to Sir Walter Raleigh.

There is a tradition that spacious apartments, now choked with rubbish, were excavated by the knights in the rock on which the preceptory stands, and that from thence subterranean passages led to secret sally-ports at different parts of the river. The ruins were too dilapidated to admit of such researches as would test the truth of this tale, and we fear that there is not enough of antiquarian enterprise and enthusiasm in the neighbourhood to stimulate to so toilsome and expensive an investigation. On the hill between Rhincrew and Temple-Michael, there are traces of some field intrenchments of considerable extent; but tradition and history are silent as to their nature or object.

Leaving Rhincrew, we steer into a broad and placid lake, to which the artist has done much justice; and here the first object which attracts notice is the square-embattled tower of Temple-Michael, contrasting well with the graceful church



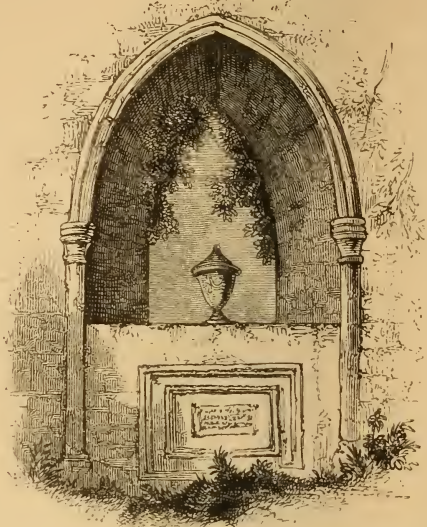
near, while the handsome residence of Thomas Carpenter, Esq. forms a pleasing object in the foreground. Little is known of this castle: it was probably erected by the Templars to guard the channel here, for the river formerly encompassed an island called Dar Inis, or Molana, now united to the main land. The extensive ruins on this island now opened to the sight are frequently visited by the strangers who went to Youghal, from which they are distant about three miles. The road is very good, and several handsome seats are in this neighbourhood, particularly Cherrymount, the seat of Captain Parker, situated in a rising ground; Woodview, the seat of Colonel Uniacke; and Garryduff, the seat of H. Garde, Esq. On the right bank of the river, as we ascend from Youghal, we see Rockview and Bayview, with Woodbine Hill, and Monatray in



the distance. Nearly opposite Rhincrew is Ardsallagh House, where resided the late Dominick Ronayne, Esq., M.P.

The Abbey of Saint Molanfide, on the island just mentioned, is in the superb demesne of Richard Smith, Esq., whose mansion, Ballinatra, is contiguous. This Abbey was founded in 501, by Saint Molanfide for canons regular. He was first abbot; and a statue, representing him in the flowing robes of his order, is placed on a pedestal in the cloister. An inscription bears the name of the lady whose taste introduced so appropriately this excellent representation of the Monk of Old — "Erected by Mrs. Mary Broderick Smith, A.D. 1820." The Abbey must have

been of great extent; even now it presents a most venerable appearance, clad in a luxuriant garment of ivy. The remains of Raymond le Gros, comrade of Strongbow, are said to be here interred; and a funeral urn, with an inscription to his memory, and bearing the year of his death, 1186, is placed underneath an arched window. The splendid mansion exposed to view as we glide onward is Ballinatra, the seat of Richard Smith, Esq., who has a large property in this country. The house is a large commodious mansion, the grounds extensive and well laid out, and many men are daily employed in keeping the grounds and gardens in perfect order. The present proprietor married the Hon. Harriet St. Leger, daughter of the late, and sister to the present, Viscount Doneraile. His brother, John Rowland, Captain of the 6th Dragoon Guards, married the Hon. Catherine Alice, daughter of the late eminent Chief Justice Abbot, Baron



Tenterden, sister to the present lord. His brother Henry married the only daughter and heiress of Charles Widenham, Esq., Castle Widenham. His sister Penelope married His Royal Highness the Prince of Capua, brother to the King of Naples. His sister Gertrude married Lord Dinorben, of Kimmel Park, county of Denbigh.

Adjoining Ballinatra is a wooded glen, Glendyne, with a most romantic drive by the side of a brawling rivulet. This leads to a Roman Catholic Chapel and a National School.

In the valley of Glendyne a rocky basin, not so perfect now as it was some years ago, is kept constantly full by a stream falling from a cliff above, the superfluous water dripping over the sides of the basin. Tradition states that there were sorcerers who could raise the shadows of futurity on the surface of this fluid mirror; and it required but little exertion of the credulous imagination to give form and pressure to the varying shades which indistinctly appear on its dark waters. Similar legends are found attached to these natural rock basins in all parts of Europe, confirming Warburton's assertion, that hydromancy is one of the most widely spread forms of divination. He thinks, from the name of the place where the witch resided who invoked Samuel—"Endor," *i. e.* "perpetual fountain,"—that she had intended to consult the shadows on one of those natural mirrors; and that this will explain her astonishment when a spirit appeared instead of a shade. An old man in Glendyne, had some faint recollection of a habitation which described a fair lady going to discover in the rocky basin the fate of her lover who had enlisted in the Irish brigade; she beheld him falling in battle, and soon after died of a broken heart. On the day of her funeral intelligence arrived of her lover having fallen in some skirmish, nearly at the time when she beheld the fatal vision.

Near the place where the river Lickey falls into the Blackwater is Clashmore, which, on the intermarriage with Miss Power, became the property of the Earl of Huntingdon. Loughtane is near the river. At some distance to the left are ruins which give abundant evidence of the extent and durability of the building. This is Strancally Castle, one of the fortresses of the Desmonds.

From the Castle to the river a passage was hewn through the rock of considerable length and breadth, and pretty deep. From these ruined towers is procured an extensive view of the surrounding country, and many a stronghold of the princely Desmond, wherein the various members of that powerful race resided with their martial retainers.

Ye Geraldines, ye Geraldines, how royally ye reign'd
O'er Desmond wide, and rich Kildare, and foreign arts disdain'd;
Your sword made knights, your banner waved, free was your bugle call;
By Glyn's green slopes and Dingle's side, by Decies and Youghal,

What gorgeous shrines, what Brehon lore, what minstrel feasts there were
In and around Maynooth's tall keep, and palace fill'd Adare ;
But not for rite or feast ye stay'd, when friend or kin was press'd,
And foeman fled when "*Crom a boo* *" bespoke your lance in rest.

How strongly do those feudal relics, whose grey and moss-grown battlements,

" Plead haughtily for glories gone,"



remind us of the days of chivalry and romance, when, by some deed of strife and reckless valour, the knight strove to recommend himself to the object of his choice, and, by piercing the mailed breasts of his compeers, actually won with his sword the heart of his ladye-love ; when a glance of her bright eye fired the soul of the warrior, and feats of arms were rewarded with a smile. It is curious to contrast those rude times with our more artificial days of society, though we may not regret their decline. Young ladies are not wont now to prize their lover as the Indian girls theirs, in proportion to the number of scalps they display, or the knights discomfited while asserting their charms in tilt-yard or battle. They seek now for other qualifications ; and though the passion of love is not so fierce as of yore, there is no doubt it is as strong, and perhaps more enduring.

Tradition relates that the cave at this Castle was used by the tyrannical earls of Desmond as a prison for persons having fortunes in this part of the

* The motto of the Fitzgeralds.

country, whom they frequently invited to the Castle to make merry, and when in their power confined to this dungeon, where they suffered their captives to perish. There is a hole cut through the rock in the manner of a portcullis, down which the dead bodies were cast into the river. It is called the Murdering Hole. One person by good fortune escaped out of this dungeon, who informed the government of these horrid practices, and both the Cave and the Castle were soon afterwards demolished. The Cave is entirely laid open, and half the Castle blown up, the powder having split it from top to bottom; and large pieces of the wall were thrown to a considerable distance by the force of the blast.*

The river is very deep at this place. The right bank is barren and destitute of timber, while the left is magnificently wooded, especially round a strikingly picturesque and beautiful castle lately erected, and called after its old neighbour, Strancally Castle, seat of John Keily, Esq. The contrast between the embattled



towers, rising majestically over the flood, with the shattered walls and crumbling battlements of the old castle, is very striking. The view from the demesne is very fine. The junction of the Bride and Blackwater takes place in a valley opposite; and the several streams afford distinct vistas of forest, and water bearing boats and vessels, some of considerable burden, to and from Youghal to Tallow,

* Seward, Top. Hib. Strancally.

while our steamer *en route* to Cappoquin diversifies the craft. The Castle is built in the Gothic style, and is surrounded by an extensive demesne. It lies about five miles from Tallow, and is quite an ornament to that part of the country.

Leaving behind this stately pile, we reach an extensive range of steep bank, well wooded, and shortly a venerable mansion peeps high above the flood.

Dromana, the seat of Lord Stuart de Decies, is one of the most splendid edifices on the river. The house is built on rocks, that rise almost perpendicularly from



the right bank as we approach Cappoquin; and the demesne extends a considerable distance by the water-side, stretching away far into the inland, and diversified by lawn and woodland. The mansion has latterly undergone much repair; but the description given by Lady Morgan in a work * written when on a visit in this vicinity, during the summer of 1817, is still tolerably correct.

“The ground was divided into plots up to the door of the mansion, which stood on a rocky height over the river. On the opposite shores ascended a range of well-wooded acclivities, whose summits mingled with the level of the horizon. Of the original building, nothing now remained but a square ivy-clad tower, called Desmond’s Castle, flanking a less imposing edifice, built in the reign of James I.

* Florence Macarthy, vol. i. p. 201.

This wing was in good preservation. The precipitous declivities which swept down from the rocky foundation of the house to the river had been cut into terrace gardens, a fashion still observable at the seats of the ancient nobility of Munster." This is the reputed birthplace of the old Countess of Desmond, who, at the age of 140 years, crossed the Channel, and travelled to London, to demand and obtain from James I. the restoration of her jointure, of which the attainder of the Earl of Desmond deprived her. Her death is said to have been caused from falling off a cherry-tree, into which she had climbed to get at the fruit. In Seward's "*Topographia Hibernica*," Dublin, 1795, this is noticed as a seat of the Earl of Grandison, who had an estate of about 6000*l.* a year in this county, and stated to be built on the foundation of an ancient castle, formerly the chief seat of the Fitzgeralds of Decies. The castle, with all its furniture, was burned by the Irish. Near at hand, at Affane, a "bloody battle" was fought, on 1st February, 1564, between the Irish Guelphs and Ghibellines, the Earls of Ormond and Desmond, in which the latter had 300 men killed, and he himself, the chief Geraldine, taken prisoner by his ancient, implacable foe, the Butler. When the victors were carrying the fierce chieftain in triumph on their shoulders from the field, the leader of the Ormond party rode up, and tauntingly inquired, "Where is now the great Earl of Desmond?" Though faint, and a captive, the wounded chief indignantly replied, "Where but in his proper place! still on the necks of the Butlers." On a reconciliation being effected between these great rivals, they shook hands: an aperture was cut in an oak door, through which they performed that greeting, each fearing to be poniarded by the other!

In Smith's "*History of the County of Waterford*," p. 53., he mentions the improvements at Dromana. The gardens are situated on the side of a hill which hangs over the river, where is a noble terrace, affording a prospect up to Cappoquin. To the south the river is hemmed in with high hills, covered with wood: at the foot of the gardens is a neat bastion, the vaults under which serve as a boat-house. The adjacent deer park is a pleasant spot of ground, lying contiguous to the seat, and a handsome lodge erected for the keeper. Through this park is a noble avenue, and the entrance near Cappoquin is a costly fanciful structure: there is a wooden bridge over the Finnisk river. This river forms a navigable branch from the Blackwater; and if the plan suggested by Mr. Walker, county surveyor of Waterford, be carried into effect, continuing the canal already made from Dungarvon to Knockmoan, a distance of four miles and a half, it would open the communication with the sea-port of Dungarvon.

The title Lord Stuart de Decies, so worthily bestowed on the noble owner of Dromana, is a very ancient one. In "*Ryland's History of Waterford*" we find it stated the lords of Decies derived their descent from James, the seventh Earl of Desmond. In 1561, a descendant of this nobleman was created "Baron of Dromany

and Viscount Desses," and dying without issue, his possessions (the title becoming extinct) descended to his brother, Sir James Fitzgerald, who removed from Cappagh to Dromana, where he died in December, 1581. We next find in "Burke's Peerage," *vide* note, that the Hon. Edward Villiers, in 1677, married Catharine, daughter and heiress of John Fitzgerald, Esq. of the Decies, lineally descended from James, the seventh Earl of Desmond, and who dying, left his eldest son John heir to his grandfather, as fifth Viscount Grandison. His lordship was created Earl of Grandison 11th September, 1721. He was great-great-grandfather of the present noble lord, Henry Villiers Stuart, Baron Stuart de Decies, of Dromana, within the Decies, county of Waterford. The cherry is said to have been first domesticated in this country at Dromana, having been brought hither from the Canary Islands by Sir Walter Raleigh. That distinguished stranger had large possessions in this country, and, in truth, land must have been accounted of somewhat less value than at present, when we are informed by the author of "Researches in the South of Ireland" — "The lands of Affane are said to have been given by Garratt Fitzgerald for a breakfast to Sir Walter Raleigh."

When seen from the opposite bank, the entire view is very fine. A slight portion of the old building remains, clinging to the cliff.

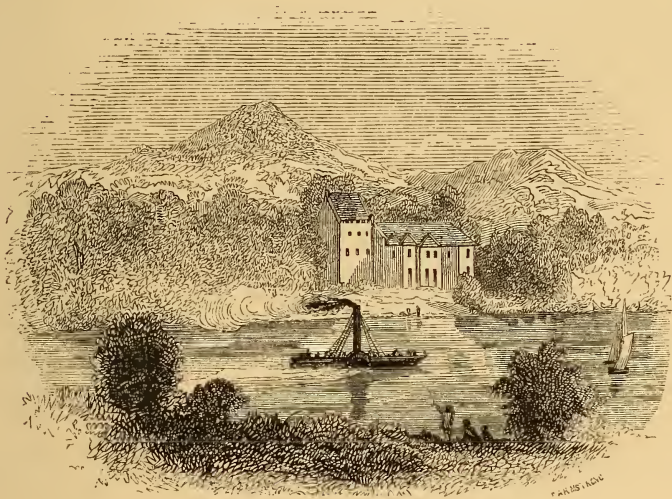
"Brown in the rust of time — it stands sublime,
With overhanging battlements and towers,
And works of old defence — a massy pile,
And the broad river winds around its base
In bright unruffled course."

Vast tracts of wood stretch over the expanse the eye traverses, and the distance is closed by a well-defined range of mountain. High over all soars Knockmeledown. Its elevation is somewhere about 2600 feet above the level of the sea. Mr. Eccles, a gentleman who resided many years at Youghal, and wrote some tracts on electricity, selected as his last earthly tenement the top of this mountain, where he lies buried with his dog and his gun.

At a little distance from the river, on the road between Clashmore and Cappoquin, is the neat village of Villierstown, founded by the last Earl of Grandison, with the hope of introducing the linen manufactory into the south of Ireland, by establishing here a colony of Protestant weavers. Beyond this general fact, we could learn nothing of the experiment, not even to what extent the original plan was acted upon, or when it was abandoned. There is, however, an average congregation every Sunday at the village church; and the incumbent, the Rev. Philip Homan, has the happiness of being equally beloved by his Protestant and Catholic parishioners. This distinction is shared by his neighbour, the Rev. Mr. Mackesy, rector of Clashmore; and it is gratifying to add, that when the Protestant clergymen were reduced to difficulties some years ago, by the refusal to pay tithe,

that the Catholic peasantry in Mr. Mackesy's neighbourhood cut down and carted home his corn, without asking or accepting any reward. The national schools also in this neighbourhood have been productive of the most beneficial results. The English language is invariably spoken by the rising generation of peasantry; and the series of books published, under the direction of the National Board, has conveyed innocent amusement and healthful instruction to families where the only literature previously known consisted of licentious songs and seditious ballads.

The geologist will find this portion of the country rich in all that interests him. Where the house is situated, and down to the river, the rock is clay slate, while the summit of the hill bounding the domain is fine white sandstone. In a hollow in the lawn is a curious white clay, like fine sugar, which is said to be of use in glass factories. Traces of copper ore are discernible, and lead has likewise been turned up. On the left bank there is a substratum of micaceous red sandstone; indeed, red sandstone is most prevalent here.



Higher up is Tourin, the seat of Sir Richard Musgrave, Bart., to whose spirited and persevering exertions we are indebted for the opening the navigation of this beautiful river. The castle here belonged formerly to the Roches, who forfeited their estates in the rebellion, 1641; and has the advantage of a splendid view along the river and scenery of Dromana. The present is the third baronet. The first Sir Richard Musgrave was created a baronet of Ireland, according to "Burke's

Peerage," 2d December, 1782, with remainder to the issue male of his father. He filled the office of collector of excise in the port of Dublin, and wrote some political works. Dying without issue, the title, according to the limitation, fell to the father of the present worthy and public-spirited baronet.

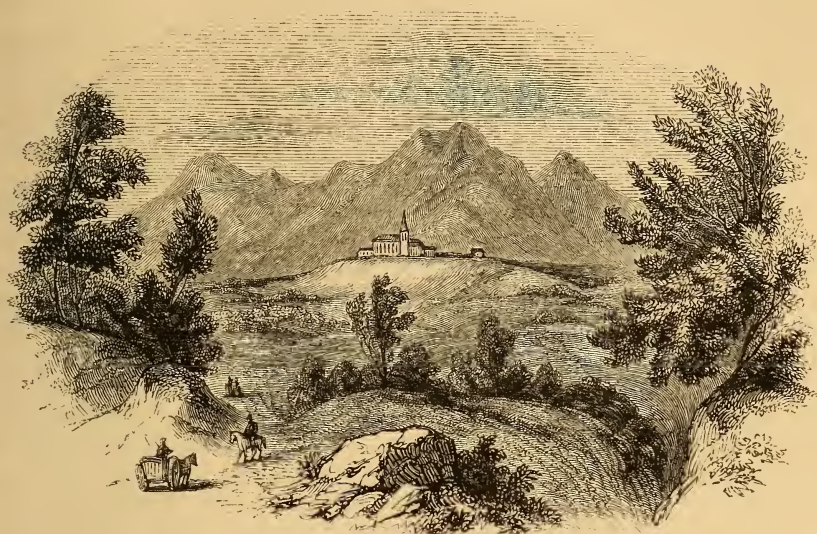
There are some small islands now met with, adding to the variety of the scenery. The hills tower aloft, and houses, rolling up their smoke, announce a town.

CAPPOQUIN AND MOUNT MELLERAY MONASTERY.

We have reached Cappoquin, pleasantly situated in an angle on the north bank. This place is of much antiquity, and tradition relates of a castle built here by the Fitzgerald family. In the war of 1641, it was garrisoned by the Earl of Cork; and the following year Lord Broghill, on his return from the relief of Knockmourne, with about 60 horse and 140 foot, defeated a strong party of the insurgents. In July, 1643, General Purcell, having assembled his army at this place to besiege Lismore, ravaged the surrounding country. In 1645 the castle was taken by Lord Castlehaven. The Earl of Cork built a bridge here, and an act passed 16 & 17 Car. 2. for building a new bridge. The country about this town is highly improved. Close by is Cappoquin House, the seat of Sir Richard Keane, Bt. of Belmont, Lieutenant Colonel of the Waterford Militia. His father was created a baronet in 1801, and dying in 1829, the title devolved on the present baronet. His brother John so distinguished himself in the army, that he was created Baron Keane in 1839. The house is a handsome mansion of hewn stone, built in a well-wooded demesne. The view commands the course of the river for a considerable distance, and is closed by the wooded hills of Dromana. There is a neat church, and commodious Roman Catholic chapel here, an excellent national school, and another school, under the care of the Cork Society. The principal street contains some good houses and shops. Close to the town is Tivoli, the well-situated villa of Henry Dennehy, Esq.

Three miles from Cappoquin is Mount Melleray, the abbey of the monks of La Trappe. The road leading to it is extremely picturesque. Shortly after passing the town it enters on a mountain district, wild and rocky, presenting steep precipices; the sides rugged, and a narrow gorge between the hills, strewn with loose rocks, over which a brawling torrent forces its watery way. Trees now nod overhead; and again, on the other hand, we see their topmost branches, until lost in the depth of the dell, through the side of which our road winds. Piercing through the wooded glen, we catch a glimpse of the bleak country beyond, vast tracts of bog, and now stretching away to a horizon of lofty mountains. One

green spot seems an oasis in the sterile desert, and this is varied by the white walls and tall spire of Melleray Abbey.



The members of this community, driven from their establishment in France during the Revolution in 1830, sought shelter and refuge in this country; and not in vain. Sir Richard Keane granted them a large tract of mountain land, comprising above 500 acres, at a nominal rent. Sums of money were given them by benevolent individuals. The Duke of Devonshire, ever prominent in acts of liberality and munificence, gave one hundred pounds. All denominations of Christians assisted the religious alms-seekers, for such they literally were in worldly goods when they reached Cappoquin, mustering in money but one shilling and sixpence. They applied themselves to labour; their farm was an unprofitable moor, yielding heath and stones in abundance. The brethren cleared off the former, and made heaps of the latter, which they used as occasion required, in building houses, fences, &c. They commenced tillage, and were assisted by the peasantry of the surrounding country, who supplied them gratuitously with horses and cars, deeming it a duty to aid these servants of God, who, when their funds permitted, paid hire to all their assistants. In an incredibly short time the aspect of the place was changed. The stony waste was fertilized; the barren district, where no foot, save the sportsman in pursuit of game, ever trod before,

was divided into fields, and cut up by spade and ploughshare. The grouse, scared by the harrow, flew from their old haunts, and the snipe and hare found their province invaded, while they suffered no danger from the hand that disturbed. Beneath the unpromising surface of bog and furze-brake was a rich subsoil to work upon : when lime was applied, the garden yielded pease, beans, and other vegetables.

The Abbey is exteriorly a plain structure. It encloses a quadrangular area. On three sides are ranges of building, 162 feet in length, 30 feet broad, and 32 feet high. On the fourth side is the church, 185 feet in length, 30 feet within the nave, 52 feet in the transept, and 50 feet high. The spire reaches an elevation of 140 feet. The stones used in the entire building are those picked off the land ; the mason-work, carpentry, painting, &c. is the labour of the brotherhood — a noble monument of combined labour and perseverance. There are about 300 acres of the land reclaimed, and the rest in progress of improvement. They have a large dairy, thirty cows ; and have very fine green crops, turnips and potatoes. They grow a good deal of corn, principally wheat ; some rye ; and make their own bread and butter, which, with vegetables, form their diet — as no animal flesh is permitted by the rules of their order. The monks are in number about one hundred, and, with one or two exceptions, all English and Irish. Many have left rank and fortune to devote themselves to this contemplative life. Their costume consists of a white cloth robe ; over it a black cape, the long ends reaching down to the feet ; and a hood of the same covers the head. Perpetual silence is one of the most rigorous observances ; and while visiting the various portions of the establishment, beholding the numerous monks in their strange attire actively employed in various avocations, all silently pursuing the tenor of their way, leaves a curious sensation of novelty on the mind. Though they lead a life of continued mortification and labour, the brethren appear happy, and very healthy. No distinctions of rank or station are known. All rise at two o'clock every morning, summer and winter, and occupy themselves in devotional exercises chiefly until eleven, when they partake of their first meal. This consists of brown bread, stirabout, and potatoes ; their drink, water : an excellent spring affords an abundant supply, which is conveyed by pipes through the refectory. They have a repetition at six of their meagre fare ; and confine themselves to these two meals in the day. The dormitory is an immense apartment, over 100 feet in length, with wooden boxes, like stalls, on both sides : in each is a small bed and crucifix, leaving barely room for the inmate to dress and kneel to his devotions. The day is passed in prayer and labour in the fields, digging, ploughing, building, or in the workshops, making carts, gates, &c. Their taste for embellishment seems reserved for the chapel, and the small garden attached, — the future cemetery of the house. Some of the original monks already tranquilly sleep on the mountain breast, and the wild

flowers bloom over their lowly graves. The interior of the chapel is splendid; behind the altar is a magnificent window of coloured glass. An organ has been lately added; the gift, I understand, of a gentleman, who passed some days here in religious retirement. The choir is beautiful, richly carved, and admirably painted. The whole displaying a beauty of design and finish of execution worthy the most accomplished architect.

The enlightened tourist, whose curiosity is gratified by beholding this truly wonderful establishment will not fail to recollect how much we, who live in the nineteenth century, owe to the monastic institutions of former ages. The following extract from a work*, lately published, enables me to refer to some instances which are appropriate in this place :—

“ The means of diffusing and perpetuating knowledge were amply provided for by the labours of the monks who, from the times of St. Gregory the Great, were usually employed in transcribing manuscripts for some hours every day. But it was not for mere intellectual advantages and enjoyments that the English were indebted to the introduction of Christianity. It brought in its train all those humbler arts that are so indispensable to the well-being of society, as well as those which exalt and embellish the human character. The trades of the iron-smith, the joiner, and those who worked in the precious metals, were held in such high repute amongst the monastic orders, that it was considered honourable for the highest dignitaries not only to patronise but occasionally to ennoble them by practising with their own hands. In the female communities the labours of the distaff and the loom were plied with well-regulated assiduity; and in needle-work and the art of embroidery the nuns of those ages attained a skill that has left the specimens of their works that have survived unrivalled for elegance even to the present day. But it was the superior knowledge and persevering industry of the monks as agriculturists that contributed more than any thing else to beautify the aspect of the whole country, and to enrich the population with an abundance of those substantial comforts to which the people had been theretofore almost total strangers. Some of the fairest and most fertile tracts of England were originally reclaimed from the desert and the morass by the self-devotedness especially of the Benedictine monks. *Through a spirit of mortification and a love of solitude they usually preferred the most desolate and sequestered districts, and such as seemed to hold out the least hope of a return for the expenditure of fatigue.* But labouring, as they did, through a spirit of penance and divine charity, they speedily effected what to the *theowas*, or slave labourers of lay-proprietors, must have ever remained impossibilities. And in addition to the spontaneous enthu-

* Rome as it was under Paganism, and as it became under the Popes. London, 1843.

siasm with which as servants of Christ and of his needy members they applied themselves to toil, the monastic orders possessed immense advantages in these agricultural traditions of the ancient Romans which were cherished in the rural fraternities of St. Benedict long after they had been forgotten or lost every where else. They cleared the forest, drained the fenny regions, constructed roads and embankments, erected mills and bridges, and never hesitated to attempt whatever improvement it was not impossible for the most devoted industry to accomplish. The least favoured regions became the scenes of smiling plenty; the verdant meadow and rich pasture-lands extended where the stagnant waters of the marsh used before to engender pestilence; and fragrant herbage and many-tinted flowers seemed to spring up and flourish wherever Religion passed through the land upon her errands of benediction."

I have inserted this extract to remove from the memory of those who have been benefactors to posterity the thoughtless remarks which generally associate the words idle and lazy with monks. What those referred to in the above passage were in England the Trappists are to-day in Ireland. With equal zeal "they never hesitate to attempt whatever improvement it is not impossible for the most devoted industry to accomplish." With equal austerity, "through a spirit of mortification and love of solitude, they prefer the most desolate and sequestered districts, such as seem to hold out the least return for their labour;" and the like result follows the untiring labours of this pious fraternity. They drain the fenny regions, construct roads and embankments; erect a noble church and monastery; the least-favoured mountain district becomes gradually the scene of smiling plenty; and lo! here, on this once barren hill, fragrant herbage and many-tinted flowers spring up and flourish; for here Religion hath visited the land upon her errand of benediction.

CAPPOQUIN TO LISMORE.

Having returned to Cappoquin, we proceed to Lismore, distant four miles. The entire bank on the right is clothed with wood, frequently reaching to the water, and environing the various mansions with leafy honours. At Salterbridge, the seat of A. Chearnley, Esq., were formerly extensive iron-works, carried on by the Earl of Cork. Close by the river-side is Ballygelane, the property of N.P. O'Gorman, Esq., Q. C., the worthy assistant barrister for Kilkenny.

LISMORE.

Lismore now appears above the trees on the south side of the river — the majestic castle, seated proudly on its throne of rocks, and the slender spire of the cathedral shooting into the liquid sky. The town is of good size, and possesses a commodious hotel. The river affords great facility for commerce with Youghal. By means of the canal cut at the expense of the late Duke of Devonshire, corn and flour are exported, and timber, iron, coal, and miscellaneous articles are imported.

By charter of James I., A. D. 1613, granted to Sir Richard Boyle, afterwards Earl of Cork, the town, with adjoining lands, within a mile and a half round the parish church, was made a free borough. It returned two members to Parliament, until disfranchised by the Union. The soil round the town abounds in minerals : in 1836 a lead-mine was discovered, but is not yet worked.

The beauty of Lismore has often been described. In a work published long since, the author says, "I know of no spot where the admirer of the picturesque will be more highly gratified than in this grand mixture of the sublimity of nature with the stupendous works of man."*

The name is derived from *Lis*, a fort, and *mor*, great—in reference to a mount, or ancient fortification standing a little to the east of the town, now called the Round Hill. It was more anciently called Magh-sgiath (*i. e.* the field of the shield); also Dun-sginne. *Dun* signifies a fort seated on an eminence, and *sginne*, a flight; which seems to allude to the flight hither of St. Carthagh, in 636, who was driven from Lestmeath, where he founded the Abbey of Ratheny.

An ancient author† thus describes it:—"Lesmor is a famous and holy city, half of which is an asylum into which no woman durst enter; but it is full of cells and holy monasteries, and religious men, in great numbers, abide there; and thither holy men flock together from all parts of Ireland; and not only from Ireland, but from England, and Britain, being desirous to remove from thence to Christ; and the city is built on the banks of the river Abanmor—that is, the Great River—in the territory of the Nan Deci, or Desies." The city of Lismore acquired great renown as a literary resort. Morinus, in his life of the founder of the University of Lismore, writes,—

"Certatim hi properant diverso transite ad urbem
Lismoriam, juvenis primos ubi transigit annos."

* Sketches collected during a Tour in 1797, by G. Holmes.

† In Butler's Lives of Saints, St. Carthagh, B.

It is now an universally admitted fact, that at the period the northern hive of barbarians had devastated Southern Europe, and swept nearly every trace of civilization in their ruthless progress, Ireland, remote and insulated, was the cradle of science and art, the glory and boast of the western world. There her sages lectured and her bards sang, and the great and powerful of other lands came to drink of the fountains of knowledge profusely poured out. *Amandatus est ad disciplinam in HIBERNIA* was then as necessary to constitute an educated gentleman as a degree in a university at present.

“ Exemplo patrum commotus amore legendi
Ivit ad *Hibernos*, Sophia mirabile claros.”

With love of learning, and examples fired,
To Ireland, famed for wisdom, he retired.

Devoted to learning, the Irish were not alone content with displaying an attachment to the sciences, and exhibiting unparalleled zeal to promote them at home, but extended their institutions abroad, and sent forth men of genius and piety, who became eminent in every part of Europe, in the early ages. Alfred the Great, who was the most renowned and most learned monarch in Europe, was educated here — *in Hibernia omni philosophia animum composuit**: and here he acquired the skill on the Irish harp, which he afterwards employed so successfully, in procuring admission to the tent of Guthrum, the Danish prince, disguised as a harper, and while sojourning there, became acquainted with the manners and habits of his foes, and laid plans for defeating and banishing them from his kingdom. On his return to England, he invited Johannes Erigena to his court, and with the assistance of that Professor, founded the University of Oxford — probably on the plan of that of Lismore. Bede mentions an interesting instance of the liberality, and eagerness to impart the best instruction, evinced by our ancestors — “ They not only liberally endowed seminaries for native pupils, but invited every foreigner to participate in the same pursuit; and with a disinterestedness unknown in similar establishments of any people in their highest state of refinement, defrayed every expense, and gratuitously supplied the literary guests with every accommodation.”

Lismore Castle, the present principal attraction of more modern times, was built by King John, A. D. 1185, and was surprised by the Irish in 1189, who displayed their inveterate hostility by slaying the garrison, with Robert Barry, the governor. When rebuilt, it was occupied by the bishops as their residence, until the time of Milor Magrath, who, with the consent of the Dean and Chapter, granted it to Sir Walter Raleigh, from whom, with the rest of his possessions, it was purchased by the Earl of Cork. Early in the insurrection of 1641, the castle was besieged by

* Gul. Malm.

5000 Irish, under Sir Richard Beling, but was bravely defended by the Earl's son, Lord Broghill, and the assailants compelled to retire. In 1643, a party of insurgents, in retaliation for the destruction of Clogheen by the garrison of Lis-more, burned a number of thatched houses, killed sixty of the inhabitants, and made several prisoners. And, in the same year, General Purcell united his forces with those of Lord Muskerry, and laid siege to the castle. After a week, a cessation of arms was agreed to, and the besiegers withdrew. The castle suffered much in this war, and was subsequently burned by Lord Castlehaven, in 1645. It was somewhat repaired soon after, for we find, in 1686, the Earl of Clarendon, in his tour through Munster, slept within the walls; and again, in 1689, it was visited by James II. In 1785, the Duke of Rutland, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, held a council here, and issued several proclamations. The castle, with its appurtenances, descended from the Earls of Cork and Burlington, by marriage, in 1748, of Lady Charlotte Boyle with William Cavendish, fourth Duke of Devonshire, the ancestor of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire.

It is situated on the summit of a perpendicular range of woody rock, overhanging the Blackwater. The scene which meets the sight is very beautiful. The bridge, a fine structure, spans the main part of the river by the great arch of a hundred feet, and we see six smaller ones underneath the causeway, intended to carry off the flood. This bridge was erected by the late Duke of Devonshire, at the cost of 9000*l*. Immediately above the light and graceful bridge appears the thick foliage of huge trees, flinging their boughs over the river, while richly covered rocks rise to a fearful height, crowned by the feudal towers of this ducal pile. The portions next us half disclose their antique casements, the ivied turrets and shelving roofs are concealed by the nodding trees. Farther off, the square-built towers are boldly defined against the brown woods, and high over all the venerable and lofty trees raise their shady branches, and form a verdant canopy. I proceeded to visit the interior, and, as I paced along the ancient avenue, felt awed by the solitary grandeur of the scene. Beside me the tall trees cast a shadow on the outer gate-house in front, giving its neglected towers a deep and solemn shade. Behind it was the stately castle, lifting its high embattled walls, blackened by the hand of time, and ivy the growth of centuries. I thought of Lord Frederick Evesham, in Florence Mac Carthy, terrifying Lady Dunore at this spot, as thus described by Lady Morgan : —

“The splendid cavalcade at last arrived before the turreted gates of the castle of *Dunore*; and, as the carriages rolled over the pavement of the gloomy court, and the tenants of the old rookery in the rear of the castle screamed their disapprobation of the unusual intrusion, Lady Dunore's susceptible spirits again sank from their high-wound pitch.

“God send us safe out of this wild country!” said her ladyship, with a deep sigh.

"Amen," said young Crawley, most emphatically.

"Amen," repeated Lord Frederick, most theatrically ; adding,

"The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Lady Dunore; "how can you, Lord Frederick? *You*, too, who were in part the cause of bringing me here, with your ridiculous accounts of the 'celestial empire,' and your 'chop mandarins,' that made me die laughing in London, are a monstrous dull set out here!"

The carriages stopped before the last gate; and the lights flashed full upon —

"God's providence is my inheritance."

This inscription, the motto of the Earls of Cork, is yet over the archway, and, on passing underneath, I stood in a spacious courtyard. On each side are ranges of offices belonging to the castle, which faces the entrance, and forms a parallelogram. The castle is kept in excellent repair, and his Grace occasionally pays it a visit. He is much beloved as a kind, considerate landlord, and is well represented by his agent, F. E. Curry, Esq., son to the late respected Colonel Curry. Mr. Curry resides in the castle, and several of my military friends who have partaken of his hospitality bear honourable testimony to the attention and kindness they received. Though the contrast is striking between the ancient and modern parts, united they produce a pleasing effect; but the loneliness of the place is depressing. Even the eagle chained near the doorway looks wild and untamed, as if he never left his solitary eyrie. A man or two, loitering about, seemed as if they served nobody, without serving themselves. I was met at the entrance by the housekeeper, and after leaving my autograph in the hall — a low roofed apartment — followed my cicerone. She led the way upstairs, and conducted me through several apartments, none remarkable for size. There are some choice paintings, and two fine pieces of tapestry — a "Dutch Wedding" and "Dutch Fair." The colours were bright and natural, and the figures true to life. The view from one of the windows is startling. Down about a thousand feet the Blackwater glides, and you hear —

"The fretful melody
Of water, gurgling through the rugged weir,
Brought on the breeze."

King James II. dined in this room, and, on looking out of the window, nearly fell back in terror at its precipitate elevation over the river. In another apartment, Robert Boyle, the philosopher, "father of modern chemistry, and brother



LATHMERE ABBEY,

WILTSHIRE.

to the Earl of Cork," as one of his admirers described him, was born 25th January, 1626-7: he was the seventh son and fourteenth child of the first Earl of Cork.



I know nothing superior to the prospect enjoyed from the casemented projecting window of the tapestried chamber in Lismore Castle. It looks on the river, flowing several hundred feet beneath, gliding in its onward course under the graceful bridge and watering a rich and verdant valley. The hills do not contract the fair meadow inches which display the hue of the emerald in their green banks. Clumps of trees afford shelter and shade to flocks and herds. There are vistas presented to the sight, and high mountains peep from the lateral glens, through which the tributary streamlets from the hills pour into the Blackwater.

Inglis says, "Nothing can exceed in richness and beauty the view from the bridge, when at evening the deep woods, and the grey castle, and the still river, are left in shade, while the sun, streaming up the valley, gilds all the soft slopes and knolls that lie opposite; the bridge; the castle, grey and massive, with its ruined and ivy-grown towers; and the beautiful tapering spire of the church; all combine to form a scene we gaze on with pleasure, and turn away from with regret."

There are numerous weirs on this part of the river — no fewer than forty-two salmon weirs between Youghal and Lismore; one under the castle is very productive: the fishing is rented from the Duke by Mr. Foley, at 700*l.* a year. In

the work on Ireland, by Mr. and Mrs. Hall, we find, "If the river in the neighbourhood of Lismore were free, we doubt if there be any place in the United Kingdom that would promise so ample a recompense to the votaries of the gentle craft; and we presume to hint, that so great would be the consequent influx of visitors to this beautiful town, that a far greater revenue would arise to the Duke than that which he derives from the rental of the weir."

The recent changes in the fishery laws are of such general importance as to deserve a brief notice. It is now enacted by 5 & 6 Victoria, c. 106., commonly called the Fishery Act, that all regulations relative to the fisheries of Ireland in existence prior to the passing of that act be repealed, and control invested for the future in the commissioners for public works, with certain prescribed powers for their guidance.

By this Act the use of trawl or trammel nets is prohibited at any place in any season, or dredges, nets, instruments, or engines, for the destruction of fish within the limits of an oyster-bed, being private property; but the proprietor of a salmon fishery, his lessee or assignee, has power to erect stake-weirs, stake-nets, bag-nets, or other fixed nets, for the taking of salmon, in or along any estuary, subject to the provisions contained in the Act; which privilege is extended to the proprietors and certain lessees of lands adjoining such estuaries, where no several fishery exists. The Act specifies the description of net to be used. The meshes must have a space of two inches and a half between knot and knot; and not even these are allowed if placed in any manner hurtful to the navigation: they cannot be permitted to extend further than from high to low water-mark, or to be placed at the mouths of narrow salmon rivers. After the 1st of January, 1844, no fish of the salmon kind shall be taken in any river, lake, or estuary, during the interval between the 20th of August and the 11th of February, nor any taking of trout in the interval of the 1st of October and 12th of February. Eels shall not be taken in rivers by nets, baskets, or any other fixed engine, between the 1st of July and 10th of January. Persons catching fish during the seasons thus prohibited, or exposing for sale any of the fish so defined to be protected, are rendered liable to severe penalties. Destroying or taking salmon or trout by cribs, boxes, sluices, weirs, or nets, is also strictly forbidden from six o'clock on Saturday evening to six o'clock on Monday morning, during which time a free passage of four feet wide shall be left for the fish, and at all times a free gap, or queen's share, in the deepest part of the river. The Act expressly forbids this queen's gap being narrowed by the erection of any spur or tail walls; and no person shall fish with rod and line, or in any manner whatsoever in any gap or queen's share, in any weir, or within fifty yards above or below such weir. Cross-fishing, either for trout or salmon, is also prohibited, save by the proprietor of a several fishery, or any person duly authorised by him in writing,

within the limits thereof. All persons wilfully taking from, or offering to sell, unclean, spent, or unseasonable fish, are liable to penalties; likewise all netting of salmon or other fish in mill-dams or water-courses.

The Blackwater abounds with salmon, trout, perch, and pike. The principal portion of the river adapted to the sport of the angler is from Lismore to Mallow. There is excellent fly-fishing in the vicinity of Fermoy; and two of the tributaries to the Blackwater, the Funcheon and Bride, are excellent trout streams. There are fishing-tackle warehouses in Fermoy for the sale of flies, &c. suited to the respective rivers; and the sportsman need not be under any anxiety about a guide to the haunts of the finny tribe, as sufficient disciples of Izaak Walton abound ready to accompany the stranger for a small consideration. My poetic companion of yore, the "poor but contented Pat Sheehan," as he generally subscribed his effusions, has a growing progeny to supply his place.

I should have expected the obliging servant who accompanied me over the castle to have been acquainted with some of the particulars which give interest to a visit of this kind; but though she heard of the great Lord Boyle, it was all I could learn from her. The letter written during the siege in 1641, when Lord Broghill held the castle against the Irish is very spirited, and concludes thus:—

"My lord, fear nothing for Lismore; for, if it be lost, it shall be with the life of him that begs your lordship's blessing, and styles himself your lordship's most humble, most obliged, and most dutiful son and servant,

"BROGHILL."

Lismore is by some said to be the birth-place of Congreve, the dramatist; his father having some military appointment in Ireland, which occasioned his being stationed in the South. He was educated partly at Kilkenny, and afterwards completed his studies in Dublin. When at the age of sixteen he was sent to study law in the Middle Temple, where he lived for several years; but with little progress in the science of jurisprudence.

The historic recollections of Lismore are not confined to its ancient renown as a literary institution, or the fame of its castle. Here, according to Matthew Paris, Henry II. first promulgated English law in Ireland in 1172. After landing at Waterford he marched to this place, where he was met by the chiefs of Munster, who, with the archbishops, bishops, and abbots of Ireland, swore allegiance, and gave him a charter confirming the kingdom of Ireland to him and his heirs for ever.

The records of this important transaction are both scanty and contradictory; but the weight of evidence goes to prove that the Irish prelates on this occasion sacrificed the independence of their country to a foreign monarch, on condition of having their ecclesiastical privileges maintained against the usurpations of the

Irish chieftains. The reformation of religion was the pretence offered in the bulls of Popes Adrian and Alexander for granting the sovereignty of Ireland to the monarch of England; and this reformation was interpreted by the prelates to mean investing their order with the same political power in Ireland which it possessed in England. The eagerness of the clergy to tender allegiance to Henry in Waterford, Lismore, and Cashel, strongly confirms the assertion that the English sovereignty was sought by the hierarchy; and this is indeed subsequently asserted by their body in complaints of the violation of the compact addressed to the court of Rome. Matthew Paris expressly declares that the terms on which Henry was to obtain the sovereignty of Ireland were arranged in a synod or council at Lismore, the bishop of which see was the pope's legate. Modern opinions of the transaction are an unfair standard of judgment. In the twelfth century public consent invested prelates with powers which they could not refuse, even if they were so inclined; and it was natural that they should use them to strengthen their order, which they honestly believed to be the best security for the maintenance of civilised society. Lismore, as the place where the compact which gave Ireland to English rule was made, will excite different reflections in different minds; but its historical associations, however various, must be equally interesting to all.

The Cathedral Church is close to the castle; the approach is from the town, through an avenue with a fine row of trees. It is the only remaining ancient church of those formerly here (some say as many as twenty), and was dedicated to St. Carthagh. This sacred edifice was often in considerable danger. In 1173, when Raymond le Gros and Strongbow wasted the Decies country, they extorted a large sum of money from the then bishop to prevent the cathedral from being burned. The great care bestowed did not always avail. It sustained considerable damage in Elizabeth's reign from Edmund Fitzgibbon, called the White Knight, so called most probably from the colour of his armour. It was restored in 1663, at the expense of the Earl of Cork; and has been lately repaired, when a square tower, surmounted by a light and taper spire, was added. The entrance is at the extremity of the south transept, under a pure Norman arch. The windows of the choir are of stained glass, and the bishop's throne and prebends' stalls richly carved oak. There are many tasteful monuments to the deceased members of families in the neighbourhood — Musgrave, Chearnley, Lovett, and others. Among the more striking are the tablets to the memory of Archdeacon Ryan and Dean Scott. One ancient tomb, inscribed to the family of Mac Grath, dated 1548, is richly sculptured; on the side stones are figures of the apostles in bas-relief, the upper stone is divided into compartments; time has nearly obliterated the design and inscription.

Near the church are two small caves, and one in the grove near the castle.

Several entrenchments, vestiges of war's footsteps, are in the neighbourhood. A double trench, called *Rinke-Bo-Padruic*, or Dance of St. Patrick's Cow, is in this parish; of which the legend is, that it was the work of St. Patrick's cow, when she went to Ardmore in search of her calf which had been stolen. Dr. Smith conjectures it is the trace of an ancient highway from Cashel to Ardmore, between which two places there was formerly frequent intercourse. A single trench runs from Cappoquin along the side of the mountains into county Cork, supposed to have been a "boundary or fence made to preserve the cattle against wolves." Some mineral waters are met with. Midway between Lismore and Cappoquin is a weak chalybeate water, and a strong chalybeate spring near Glenmore. The soil is in general fertile; the lands arable and pasture; and there is not much bog. Slate quarries are contiguous to the town; and abundance of limestone, silicious rock, conglomerate, and sandstone, also present themselves. Iron, copper, and lead ores, have formerly been worked, but are now discontinued for want of fuel*; it is, however, hoped the facility afforded by the navigation of the Blackwater will cause this evil to be speedily remedied. No measure more calculated to benefit the country and develop her vast natural resources can engage the attention of the patriot and philanthropist. The intercourse which it necessarily causes would do more to dispel erroneous notions and prejudices, and remove animosities, than centuries of legislation. Let manufacturing industry prevail—let the labouring mechanic find employment, and peace and order will be united to temperance. Let not our lovely river flow unheeded by as "a sealed book." Employ the people. The river presents no obstacle, but there is work to be had—establishing beacons and guides through the channel, constructing quays, landing places; clearing banks, giving means of employment, and directing the energies of the people to useful works.

The opening of the Blackwater river will be of vast service to the entire of the country along its banks, affording new sources of employment to the people, and enabling the farmers to purchase coal and culm, and to burn lime at a moderate rate. By establishing lines of intercourse, and promoting industrious pursuits, feelings of discontent would be dissipated, and crime, originating most commonly in poverty and idleness, receive a wholesome check by removing its main cause. This river appears designed by nature to form a cheap and convenient mode of communication between the interior of this populous country with the sea, and demands little aid from art to render it highly beneficial. The present obstructions arise from beds of gravel, which cause rapids or shallows in the main channel, and in summer time the water is so shallow that a vessel moderately laden cannot

* Lewis's Top. Dict. of Ireland. Lismore. Vide also Ryland's Waterford, 353.

pass, which almost amounts to a prohibition against carrying on trade with certainty. Sufficient water for flat-bottomed boats is, however, attainable; and we have ourselves ascended it at a period of drought when the river was remarkably low, without meeting any serious impediment.

Sir Richard Musgrave, Bart., who most energetically devoted his time and talents, and by purse and example laboured to advance the condition of his fellow countrymen by directing their attention to the great wealth lying useless and neglected in their native land, observes:—"Above and below these shallows or rapids there is always a considerable depth of water: a good pull for 100 yards takes a boat over a rapid, and then there is generally, or rather invariably, a long reach of deep water, with a gentle current." He considers that as a general rule it would not be advisable to remove these beds of gravel.—"They answer the purpose of embankments. The rapid or inclined plane of water supplies, in a great degree, the advantage of a lock, and requires less time in passing. An anchor placed just above the rapid, with a chain attached to it, would afford great facility. A boat might then easily ascend by attaching this chain to a winch in her bow." The navigation of the Garonne is most useful for commerce, and this may be also said of many other rapid and shallow rivers. "The condition of the population of Sweden, France, and many other countries as to food and clothing is much superior to that of the population of Ireland. There are many causes for our inferiority. But one powerful cause no doubt is, the neglect of the natural resources of Ireland. Public attention is directed to the prospect of grand lines of railway, while valuable and cheap lines of communication by water are neglected."

There is nothing can confer greater benefit on any country than a cheap and ready mode of conveying her agricultural produce to her sea-ports; or, as the Commissioners of Public Works report, what Ireland stands most in need of at present is, a cheap and expeditious means of having her agricultural produce conveyed from the heart of the country to the extremities. The worst crimes of the people are produced through poverty, and its concomitant idleness, and not through any innate depravity of the population. Remove the cause, and the result is certain of being gratifying to the lover of order and peace. Give but a good line of water-carriage along the Blackwater, and it will be the means of inducing capitalists to establish factories, for they will find every facility for trade. Cheap labour, cheap and plentiful provisions, and a ready mode of shipping their goods to the mart for the produce of their industry. Again; see the great blessing to the population who reside in the vicinity of this navigable river. It runs along a country of 75 miles, which, doubling the length of coast, gives 150 miles. For about 50 miles it has a depth of water sufficient for all purposes of internal intercourse. We have, then, 100 miles which would be clearly benefited by the

navigation. The greater portion of this line has a substratum of limestone, rendering it dry, and yields an abundant harvest of grain, and other produce. There is, however, much deep loam, strong tenacious soil, requiring manure and labour. Some farms along the banks yield wheat and potatoes, and others lighter crops, while miles of fertile meadow-land afford pasturage for droves of sheep and black cattle. Now it requires but little argument to show how so great a tract of thickly populated country would be benefited by interchange of products. Sand, so excellent for manure, might be had reasonably. Coal and culm to burn lime might be brought in a lighter of from 50 to 60 tons to Cappoquin or Lismore, and then transferred to flat-bottomed boats for the more shallow waters. Building materials, stone, sand, flags, bricks, slates, &c. could be easily brought from those districts in which they abound, and readily disposed of where they do not exist, and are only to be procured now at a great expense. The towns would derive much benefit also from the intercourse of passengers and strangers. Possessing the attractions of exquisite scenery, it is more than probable that thousands of our fellow-subjects of this and the sister countries, hitherto ignorant of the lovely landscapes on every side of the river, will gladly avail themselves of the means afforded to permit their enjoying them, and resort to our hotels and places of entertainment. The Rhine has become familiar as a high road, and even Switzerland is now well known: any novelty is sure to have an influx of visitors; and I feel proud to say the banks of the Blackwater from Youghal to Mallow, and for miles higher, may fairly rival those of any European river for the same distance.

FROM LISMORE TO FERMOY.

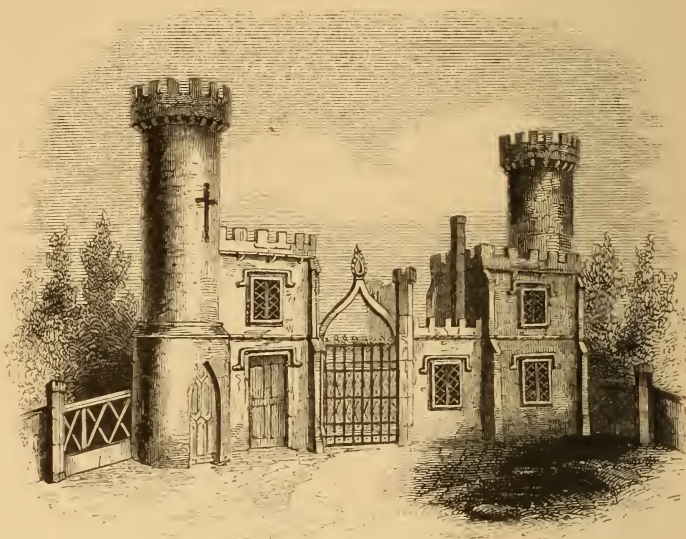
A weir belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, already described, crosses the river at Lismore, and prevents its continuous navigation; but the possibility of transit to a much higher point has been indisputably established by Sir Richard Musgrave, whose flat-bottomed boat the "John Anderson," has made several trips between Lismore and Fermoy. The want of a towing-path renders it necessary that the boat should be drawn by men the greater part of the distance, but for some miles above the castle the water is sufficiently deep to allow of the use of oars. Evidences of genial climate and fertile soil abound at the point where deep water begins. There is a fuchsia trained against the wall of a house, more than twenty feet high, presenting one mass of rich flower from the root to the topmost stem. A finer sheet of water than the expanse of the river above the castle could not easily be found. Though visitors cannot precisely say—

We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea,

yet the upper Blackwater is still but little known, and we felt something of the

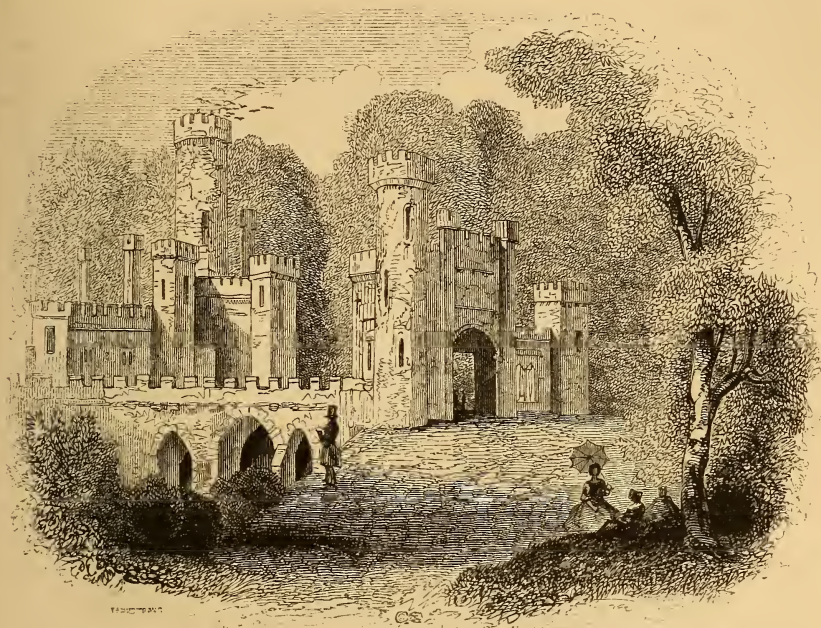
excitement belonging to the explorers of unknown lands when we embarked in Sir R. Musgrave's boat, just where the river seems almost to expand into a lake above the castle.

The view here is very fine. To the left facing the south is the ducal castle, with the graceful bridge; while the shapely spire of the venerable cathedral reminds the tourist that he beholds a holy edifice, and he remembers the ancient glories of Lismore. Other seats in the neighbourhood are Ballyinn, P. Foley, Esq., and Tourtain, T. Foley, Esq. About a mile west, on the north bank, is a splendid domain, Ballysaggartmore, the residence of Arthur Usher, Esq.



The avenue opens by a noble entrance, of which the accompanying sketch is a faithful representation; the gate is the work of a native mechanic, and cost 150*l.*, and the masonry is constructed of mountain granite, which is well suited to the Gothic architecture. The avenue leads through a dense wood, and winds along a steep hill, a perfectly level drive, though the mountain rises to a great height, and the descent on the other side is very great. A mountain torrent brawls along the bottom, and after a fretful course falls into the Blackwater. This is crossed by a castellated bridge, of which we subjoin an engraving. Nothing can be more romantic than this castle in the woods. On every side are trees and hills, with the river in the distance; and the dash and flow of the torrent falls pleasingly amid the solitude. When the bend of the road shows the cluster of towers, and arched

passages with the parapets of the bridge as if raised by magic, the scene is particularly striking. It is all so executed as to bear traces of antiquity, and in excellent unison with the beautiful scenery of the vicinity.



Adjoining is Flower Hill, the sweetly-situated mansion of Barry Drew, Esq. The grounds are laid out with much taste, and kept in excellent order. It commands a pleasing view of the river, and the attractions of its shores; and close by is the waterfall of Glenmore. The distant hills over Cappoquin now appear indistinct, and Knockmoldown looks a dark hazy mass. Opposite is a tastefully-planted demesne and handsome house, Fort-William, seat of J. Gumbleton, Esq.; and not far from this are the ruins of the castle of Ballygarron, once the seat of the Gays.

The Gumbletons have been settled in this country about 150 years. They came from Kent, and purchased Ballygarron Castle and Manor on the river Blackwater. Since then they have acquired much valuable property in the neighbourhood of Lismore, Curryglass, and Tallow. Fort-William House, seat of John Gumbleton already mentioned; Belgrove, the handsome seat of Rev. George Gumbleton;

Curryglass House, seat of the late William Gumbleton, Esq. ; Castle View, seat of Richard Gumbleton, Esq., married to a Miss Fowke of Gloucestershire ; Marston, seat of R. Gumbleton, Esq., mentioned *infra*, sufficiently attest their respectability along the banks of the Blackwater. We glide by some pretty landscapes. The river here enables the rowers to pull, and the landscape on every side is worthy the noble river. Opposite Flower Hill is Glenbeg, the seat of George Bennet Jackson, Esq. It is charmingly situated, and there is a walk along the margin of the river planted with great taste ; its shady vista being composed of noble beech trees of great size and beauty. A curious natural cavern was discovered some time since in the demesne.

Glencairn Abbey, the seat of the Bushe family, but at present occupied by the Right Hon. Dr. Keating, Judge of the Prerogative Court, as his summer residence,



forms no inconsiderable feature in the view before us. It is about three miles from Lismore, and surrounded by a finely-planted demesne. The architecture is quite in the Abbey style, and the interior boasts some good rooms ; the aspect agreeable, and the grounds command many charming prospects. From a rustic summer-house built over the river, the view of Flower Hill on the opposite bank is truly enchanting.

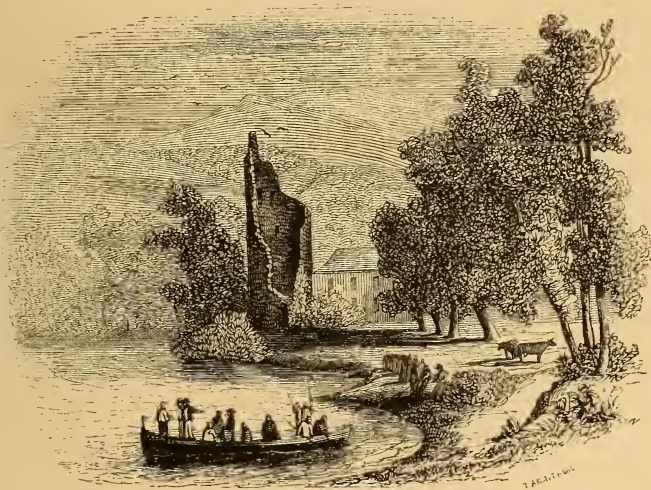
Under Glencairn the water becomes shallow, and impeded by rapids. We have some very shallow water at Ballygally, the property of G. H. Jackson, Esq., and the sturdy boatmen find a difficulty in surmounting these ; but again, *en route*, we proceed to Ballyduff bridge, the property of Sir Richard Musgrave, Bart. This place must now possess interest for the advocates of the inland navigation of the

Blackwater, for here was first launched the "John Anderson," to ply between Lis-more and Glandelane. There are ruins of an extensive mansion here, once belonging to the Drew family. It was of considerable strength, and protected by a curtain wall, pierced for musketry.

In the confusion which followed the civil wars of 1641 and 1690, this part of the country appears to have been exposed to the depredations of the disbanded soldiery of the defeated armies, and hence arose the necessity of fortifying this mansion ; in other respects this little place possesses no importance, for the village of Ballyduff is small, and thinly inhabited. There is, however, an appearance of cleanliness and comfort in the cottages which bespeaks the fostering care of a kind and intelligent landlord.

There is a good depth of water from Ballyduff to Marston ; the banks on each side abound in varieties of wild herbs and flowers, affording pleasure to the botanist as well as to those who love the simple beauties of nature. Marston, the residence of R. Gumbleton, Esq., is built in the ornate cottage style, which harmonises well with the surrounding scenery. Here some shallows impede the navigation ; but this defect could easily be remedied by engineering science.

Continuing our voyage, we reach the ruins of Macollop Castle, a monument of



the early Anglo-Norman conquerors, and distinguished in the annals of the feudal wars between the Geraldines and the Butlers. It consists of a circular keep or donjon, flanked at the base with square towers, and is similar in character to many of the old border-fortresses between England and Scotland. Nearly half of the

principal tower was battered down by Cromwell's cannon, but the winding staircase is still tolerably perfect, and is worth ascending for the sake of the rich prospect from the summit of the castle.

Adjoining is a comfortable mansion, lately occupied by Francis Drew, Esq. ; and on his demise it came, by marriage of his daughter and sole heiress, to James Barry, Esq., of Ballyclogh, late captain 15th Foot, who recently filled the office of high sheriff of the county Cork. The domain is finely planted. Thick woods rise behind the house, while the distant hills of Clogheen and Kilworth close the view. This property possesses several valuable cider orchards; and some years ago the cider made here by Mr. Drew lost the premium given by the Dublin Society, being so excellent in its kind, that the gentlemen who were judges imagined it to be mixed with foreign wine; but the following year, being undeceived, they granted the premium.* The cider made on Captain Barry's property still preserves a reputation worthy its locality.

The river winds like a writhing serpent, and is very shallow and rapid above Macollop. A little west of the house are traces where stood a wooden bridge, swept away by a high flood in 1838, to the great inconvenience of the inhabitants of the district. All along the north bank rich lawns, dotted with clumps of noble trees, lead to Kilmurry, seat of Thomas Grant, Esq. The new line of road, close to the water, shows a vast cliff of limestone, which would be of the greatest benefit if transported to districts where such material is required for buildings, or lime-burning. This is one of the great benefits which the facility of intercourse, brought on by inland navigation, confers — the facility of interchange of products of the various districts along the banks.

To the south is a wooded tract of country lying in the county of Waterford, called Waterpark, where are still to be seen the remains of a stately mansion, formerly belonging to Chief Justice Pyne. There is a district on the north bank, called Inchinlema, in which was anciently a castle of Grauna ni Churimuth, but of which I could find no trace save vague tradition. A well, by the road-side, is called Tubber Grauna, and Garrison Well. A military barrack was here formerly, and a tan-yard: they too have gone, and left no sign; but there are good farm-houses belonging to Michael Quirk, and two brothers named Flynn. Kilmurry is a fine old mansion, commandingly placed, on the side of a well-wooded hill on the north bank; and its proprietor, Mr. Grant, promises fair to sustain the highly esteemed character of his honourable house. Opposite is Kilbarry, the splendidly situate and hospitable mansion of Henry Wigmore, Esq. Higher up than Kilmurry we meet a small island in the river. The north bank here falls precipitously into the stream, a dense mass of rock: tall firs nod from the summit. Opposite,

* Smith's Cork, vol. i.

on the south bank, is Careysville, the handsome seat of Edward Carey, Esq., built on a rocky eminence over the river. Here was a strong castle of the Condons, called Ballymac Patrick. In January, 1642, this castle was taken by David, Earl of Barrymore, after an obstinate resistance. Close by are Glandelane Mills, and a high mill race, which requires a lock to free the navigation of the river. The ruins on a rock to the north are those of Ballyderoon, or town between two rivers — the Ariglen and Funcheon, which fall into the Blackwater close to Mount Rivers, the elegant and picturesque seat of Matthias Hendley, Esq. Near this is a neat house of Rev. T. Newenham, rector of Kilworth, and Moore Park, the finely-planted demesne of the Earl of Mountcashel.



The house of Moore Park is a spacious mansion, commanding a fine view. The front looks into a nobly-wooded lawn of considerable extent, and adorned with clumps of trees, in various detached groupings. There is a fine selection of paintings, some rare master-pieces, in Lord Mountcashel's collection. The inhabitants of this country owe him much gratitude, for his benevolent exertions to advance the navigation of the river, of which he is practically illustrating the feasibility. Two large boats have been recently built for him, under the superintendence of Alfred Cleverley, Esq., and are admirably adapted to the river. The boats brought a great number on board as far as Fermoy bridge, and draw

little water. By such examples as the Earl of Mountcashel and Sir Richard Musgrave, the rest of the proprietors may be induced to assist so valuable a measure as unfolding the resources of their native land, by establishing a cheap and convenient water carriage.

In the domain, near the river Funcheon, is a strong castle, Cloghleagh, or Grey-stone, a tall square tower, rounded at the angles, built by the Condons. In "Smith's History of Cork," vol. ii. p. 147., there is the following circumstantial account of a desperate engagement fought here :— "Sir Charles Vavasor marched towards Condon's country, and took the castle of Cloghleagh, on 3d June, 1643, after an obstinate defence of Condon the governor. Next day the Irish assembled in such force, that the victors were compelled to retreat, and Sir Charles ordered the cannon to hasten to Fermoy, to help to defend that pass. He then led on his army ; but on entering a defile, was charged on by the Irish, and nearly all were slain. According to some, 600 were killed. Sir Charles Vavasor, and almost all the officers, fell in this engagement." I thought, when recurring to this event, that Dr. Smith laboured under some mistake, because the castle at this time belonged to the Fleetwoods, from whom the Earl of Mountcashel's ancestors purchased it. He showed me the patents granting it ; the first dated 3d September, 29 Elizabeth, granted to Thomas Fleetwood and Marmaduke Redmayn ; the second confirming it in Charles II.'s reign. I find, however, that the very year before that mentioned in "Smith's History," namely, July, 1642, this castle, then the property of Sir Richard Fleetwood, was taken by Lord Barrymore, and the custody of it entrusted to Sir Arthur Hyde, from whom it was afterwards taken by a descendant of the original founder, who surprised the garrison. He was in possession when attacked by Sir Charles Vavasor.

Some distance from the foot of the castle the Funcheon runs under a neat bridge, and falls into the Blackwater at Hallihan's rock.

Among a collection of legends narrated of this locality are the following, which, I hope, may serve to amuse the reader. One is entitled, "The Enchanted Horse of Cloghleagh Castle ;" the other, which contains reminiscences of a gay spirit now gathered to his fathers, relates divers moving accidents, under the title of "The Haunted Huntsman, a Tale of the Blackwater side."

THE ENCHANTED HORSE OF CLOGHLEAGH CASTLE.

There lived not long ago, near the ivy-covered ruins of the ancient church of Kilcrumper, a poor labouring man, of the name of Larry, or Laurence Toomy. Many were the pleasant hours Larry and I spent together. Methinks I see him now, sitting on one of the time-worn tombstones, with his grandchild in his arms, and surrounded by half a score of the neighbours' children, enjoying the setting

sun. The evening breeze tranquilly playing 'mid his silver locks, which seemed to vie in antiquity with the moss-grown stone he had chosen for his seat.

Various were the stories which Larry's proximity to that *airy* place could furnish (all of which were, of course, undeniably true); but there was one he took particular pride in relating, as he himself was the subject: it was, as I recollect, nearly as follows. Larry *loquitur*:—

“ When I was a young man, some fifty years back, I was very fond ov a smoke ov tobaccy, so that it was a great source ov throuble to be wid-out it; an' one day, plase your honour, as I was goin out to the work, I desired my wife to have a pen'orth ov it, wid-out fail, for me when I returned.

“ The first thing I did when I came home in the evenin was to ax (ask) for it; an' if I did, she up an' tould me, as how she had something else to do all day, mind-in the childer, and she was so busy that she forgot it. To be sure I was very vexed, giving her at the same time a great hearing, when, my dear life an' sowl, she opened at me, called me a *Boulam skeich**, and a grate many other impertinances, when I tuk the three-legged stool, an' was goin to strike her, but constrained miself. — ‘ Give me my penny,’ sis I, an' away I wint the short cut through the fields to Kilworth, across the ford.

There happened to have been some rain the days before, so that there was a swell in the river; but seein an ould horse grazing on the bank, sis I to myself, ‘ Faix,’ sis I, ‘ may be this chap will take me over,’ an' as it was gettin dark, I knew that if I had him I wouldn't be long.

“ ‘ Come, my ould haro,’ sis I, ‘ you'll save me the throuble of strippin to-night, any how; ’ so, by dad, up I got, as bould as a lion, an' dhrove him into the ford.

“ Well, when we got into the middle ov the wather, instead of goin over straight, he biggin to face down the river, an' no kicks nor thumps could alther his coorse. Well! whin we came to Downing Bridge, it would do your heart good to see the iligant fine leap he tuk from the middle ov the river, cliver an' clane, to the top ov the battlements ov the bridge, wid me ridin him all the time. (I never seen such another leap, only one. I heard the Paudreen mare give out anear Mallow, from a rock, forty feet above the level ov the say (sea), down to another rock, the same distance ablow it; an' whin the mare came within five feet ov the lower rock, the jockey turned her round wid a common snaffle bridle, an' widout lettin her touch it, leaped her back agin!!!)

“ Well, Sir, he leaped up on the bridge, over to the opposite battlement, an' to my gratist ov consternashin, down again into the river! I wasn't kilt, for we went on, 'till at last we came to the feet ov Cloghleagh Castle, at the bottom of which there grows an immensity ov all sorts — thorns, furze, briars, brambles, through

* Bully.

all which, an' a sight more, this villin ov a horse dragged me, 'till my skin an' my back was skivered wid 'em, an' the blood runnin out in strames. Having satisfied himself there, an' not laving me worth a traneen, the scoundrel takes an' wid one I don't know whether it was a fly or a leap, jumps up on the top ov the highest chimbley ov the castle.

"It must surely be a beautiful sight to see him cuttin capers on the top ov the castle, wid me on his back, leaping from one chimbley to another, an' so on, 'till my heart was almost dead within me wid the fright. At long last he landed on the ground, an' shure if I was frightened afore, I was doubly terrifyied whin he opened his mouth, an' in the most natheral an' humanlike manner, he spoke to me as thus, axin me —

" 'How do you like yer ridin?'

" 'Why, thin, not by any manner ov means, plaze yer honor,' sis I, thinkin it best to be civil, 'but wo'n't you let me off now?'

" 'Och no!' sis he; 'I wouldn't thrate you so ungenteelly; wait till I take you to your journey's end. You're goin to Kilworth for a pen'orth ov tobaccy, an' I'll tell you what to do: ask for a naggin of whisky an a pound ov 'baccy, an' as soon as you get it I'll be off, so you need not mind payin for it.'

" 'Very well, Sir,' sis I, 'but for the tinder marcy ov God take me asy;' so up we wint to Peg Gainy's public, that's just at the cross turnin in from Ballinacarriga. Troth, stiff enough I called for a naggin ov the best, an' drank it. 'Now,' sis I, 'I'll be afther troublin you for a pound of tobacco.'

" 'No trouble in life, Sir,' sis she; but shure an' sartain the very minit I got it in the heel ov my fist, I an' my gentleman were on our way to the castle, leaving poor Peg whistling for the change.

" 'How do you like yer ridin now?' asked my coppulleen.*

" 'Very well, Sir; may be you'll have the goodness to let me off now?'

" 'Yerah! be asy,' sis he, 'don't be in such a taring hurry away from me, for you go back the way you came.'

" 'Oh! then God help me,' sis I; 'I'm done for now, shurely.'

"I had scarcely said these words, when on a suddint he gave a lep on the top ov the tottering castle, in the same way as before, thin from one chimbley to another, from that to the brake, where, after rolling about for more *nor* (than) half an hour, till I was quite kilt intirely, he plunged into the river, an' leaped over the bridge again, and at long last brought me to the foord, more dead than alive.

"He then desired me to get off, which, you may be sure, he had not to repeat a second time.

" 'Now, Larry Toomy,' sis he to me, 'I'm your wife's uncle, an' came here, an'

* Little horse.

tuck the 'pearance of a horse, to meet you, an' punish you for your sever'ty to her about tobaccy. She had something else to mind to-day beside your smoaking ; an' if you struck her wid the stool, by this an' that,' sis he, 'there's not a stone in the bridge nor castle, where I always live, but I'd have marked wid your blood. Go home now, an' think ov this night, and let me hear no more complaints in future, for never fear I'll watch you, an' you know your doom.'

"With that he instantly vanished, an' I returned home. Supper being ready, I sat down hungry an' tired, an' small blame to me ; but my wife remarking I did not speak, axed me the reason, so I tould her the whole story, went over to the dresser, an' swore on a prayer book I'd never put a pipe into my mouth again, which I have never done.

"I sent home the unused pound ov tobacco, an' paid for the whisky : never again was cross to my wife." And now, gentle reader, you have the conclusion of the enchanted horse of Cloghleagh Castle.

There were, I have been informed, some invidious persons, probably envious of our hero's reputation, who averred, that on the evening in question he was discovered near the Funcheon, in that glorious state which marks the distinction between a beggar and a queen ; and, in consequence, would consider his wonderful adventure with the enchanted horse as the result of *spiritual* imagination. This, however, is left to the sagacity of the reader, who, if indulgent, will consider it as malice prepense.

THE HAUNTED HUNTSMAN. — A TALE OF THE BLACKWATER SIDE.

We had a fast run from Dunmahon to Moorpark, twice across the river Funcheon, and through the woods of Ballyclough. The hounds rattled the *modhereen* (fox) at such a clipping pace, he had not time to pick up a hen that crossed his path as he cantered among the fowl in Shawn Donoghue's farmyard ; and men, horses, and dogs had much inclination to say, "Hold, enough," when our gallant fox, after a burst of two hours and ten minutes (during which, out of a field of forty-five, only five lived to the end), bade us good night, by betaking himself to the deep earth just under the old castle in the Earl of Mountcashel's demesne.

"What became of the fox, Brian ?" asked a youngster who made his *début* with credit, but could not comprehend why we should part without his wearing the brush he so gallantly rode for. I loitered to hear the reply ; for Brian Hegarty, *alias* the "Haunted Huntsman," was a great humourist in his way. His answer is quite characteristic.

"The fox, Master James, is now palliating himself, Sir, in his subterranean retrate."

Leaving the fox in his "subterranean retrate," we moved out of covert of the

dark old wood; and, leading our weary hunters down the steep defile to the wide-spread meadows of the Inch, the moon, scattering patches of silver around, presented a scene strikingly beautiful. Over our heads towered the tall keep of the stately castle of Cloghleagh, flinging its shadow on many a fair rood of ground. No emblem of battle streamed in the night wind, but

“ For banner waved some rude wall flower.”

The hill on which the castle is built is thickly planted, and seemed in the haze of coming night a forest coeval with the time-worn walls. Many tasteful walks, judiciously formed, showed agreeable vistas amid the trees. From the base of the wooded hill spread a long level plain, through which the Funcheon flowed, groups of noble trees dotting the verdant lawns. We crossed a little bridge spanning the river; and having ascended the opposite hill, soon reached the hospitable walls of Mount Rivers.

A pleasant party drew their chairs closer round the well-stored board after the ladies retired. Mine host is a favourable specimen of a fine Irish gentleman, though not of the olden time; for his polished manners and conversation show nothing of the rough coarse habits of our forefathers. We had several sporting companions gathered from the field to the banquet, and amongst them our old friend, Captain Whackman.

Wine now gave place to the more genial and congenial beverage yeleft whisky punch; and his fourth tumbler acted as the key to unlock the previously closed jaws of Captain Whackman. He became as remarkable for his volubility, as he had previously been for taciturnity, and rollicking tales of blood and battle, hair-breadth 'scrapes,

“ Moving accidents of flood and field,”

came from him in quick succession.

Some one spoke of the proposed fancy ball at Cork.

“ By Jove, Sir,” interposed our fat friend, “ Great fun in a fancy,” or, as he styled it, “ a fashy ball.”

“ Why,” asked some dandy of dragoons, peering at the vulgar monster through an eyeglass, “ pray were *you*,” laying great emphasis on the words were *you*, “ ever at a fancy ball?”

“ Oh! by this and that, I was, faith!”

“ Where, Whackman? let's have it?”

“ With a heart and a half boys. Wait till I 'plenish the thimble: hand over the grocereis. Oh, that's the real perfume!” and he sipped his glass with complacency. “ You see, we were out hunting this way; and sure enough, by the same token, I got a fall in the bogs beyant Wathergrasshill that mottled my new coat into

a rale piebald ; for when I was dhrawn out, one arm was dark brown, and so was one skirt, while the rest was a bright scarlet, only the first day's wear ; such a regular half and half you never saw, just like fair grog ; and laughing enough the boys had with me when I sat down to dine at Brooke Brasier's.

" We finished a magnum of port, and a six-bottle cooper of claret, to say nothing of half a dozen tumblers of ould Tommy Walker, and I fell asleep, when I got into the jaunting car that was sent to drive me home, for they knew where I was to dine, an' I used generally get comfortable there. But Brian Hegarty (your hunstman to-day, as honest a boy as ever broke bread) I fancy got a little comfortable too : the night was dark, he said, for he turned his horse's head the wrong way, and, by Jove, when I awoke near twelve o'clock, instead of finding myself at my own demesne wall, going into Ballyhooly, where should I be but passing Glanmire, and just entering the streets of Cork.

" ' What place is this, Brian ? ' says I.

" ' Why, then, what other place but Ballyhooly, Sir, ' says he.

" ' Brian, you *omadhawn**, do you call that the Blackwather ? ' says I, pointing to the say.

" ' What else, ' says he, ' if it isn't seeing double you are. '

" I rubbed my eyes half in doubt, but I was too well acquainted with the localities to have made a mistake. There was Blackrock Castle, and Loch Mahon, and Dunkettle, and the City. Brian had come to the same conclusion, and was muttering something about ' strange road, sure enough, Master right for once in his life, ' when a chaise drew up.

" ' Are you going any where ? ' said a voice familiar to me.

" ' I am going home, ' said I, innocently.

" ' Home to Gurteen, and your back to it. Well, Whackman, that's a good one, ' and my friend Ned Roche laughed long and loudly.

" ' Why, ' said I, ' my stupid servant made a mistake, but if you'll sup with me at Lloyd's, we'll make the best of it. '

" ' I can't, ' he replied, ' for I'm engaged to a place where you'll be heartily welcome, and I'll insure you to have amusement enough. '

" ' Is it at this hour of night ? '

" ' Yes ! I'm going to a ball. '

" ' Where ? '

" ' Faith, I don't know the name of the lady, but I do the street — South Mall. '

" ' Troth, you are very kind, to ask me to go to a house the mistress of which you don't know yourself, ' said I.

" ' I never stand upon trifles ; you'll be heartily welcome. '

* Silly person.

“ ‘Stay, there’s a little obstacle to my going. I have no clothes, but what’s on me;’ an’ I up and told him how I was out hunting in my new scarlet coat, and fell into the bog under Wathergrasshill, and got my coat piebald.

“ ‘Stop,’ says he, ‘till I have a look at you.’

“ ‘Who, in the name of the Saints, is your purty travelling companion, Roche?’ I asked as the door opened, and a great brawny girl, with worsted stockings and big *brogues**, having a basket of oranges slung over her shoulder, jumped on the ground. She dropped me a nice curtesy, crying, ‘Fine Cheney oranges—Cheney oranges,’ till the cry might be heard in Blackpool.

“ ‘Choke you, you b——, you’ll bring the watch about us,’ I said; ‘can’t you silence that clatter of a tongue of yours?’ as she again raised the echoes.

“ ‘I think I am not to say bad, Whack, my boy,’ said my friend in his natural tone, I would not have known him.

“ ‘Why, bless my soul, Roche, what’s the fun of this?’

“ ‘The ball is a fancy ball, and I see you’ll do famously,’ said he, surveying me. ‘I go as an orange girl, and you can give them a Tally Ho.’

“ ‘Here goes,’ said I, ‘Yoicks Tally! Tally! Forward my honeys! Hark Forward!’ and Roche in his turn had to cry for silence.

“ ‘Now we can bespeak beds at Lloyd’s,’ he said; ‘put up then, and my carriage can take us both to the ball.’

“ We drove into town, wet our whistles in some mulled port, and reached the South Mall.

“ There was no need to ask the house: the shouts of merriment that burst from the crowd before the door, greeting each character, as well as the lights blazing from cellar to garret, denoted it. Roche delayed for an instant, to write something on a card. He passed through the crowd with acclamation. I was greeted with great applause, and ‘Three cheers, boys, for Captain Whackman, from Ballyhooly,’ announced my name in the drawing-room ere the servants could have seen me. I found I was better known than I expected. ‘How do you do, Captain Whackman?—How did you leave all friends in Ballyhooly?’ followed on all sides. Such civility I never met; and ’twas not confined to my own countrymen and women, no faith! but Turkses, and Jewses, and peoples of all nations, came to inquire kindly, ‘How was Captain Whackman from Ballyhooly?’ I was considered the best character there; and when I tallied a vixen fox (a pretty little slip of a colleen with red hair), and gave chase, for she cut and run like wicken, begad! the room was bursting with laughter. ‘Drag on her and find her, my darlings,’ I shouted. ‘Hark together! together! Away, away with her!’ and breast-high I hunted till she gave in, and we danced the fox-hunter’s jig till cock crow. So

* Shoes.

you see, young man," said he, addressing the dragoon, "I'm more learned than you think."

"So I perceive, indeed," said the officer; "but pray how did the characters all know you?"

"Wisha bad manners to you; you must worm the little sacret out of me, I see. The rogue, Ned Roche, merely wrote on a bit of paper, and stuck it on my back, 'I'm Captain Whackman from Ballyhooly.'"

THE HAUNTED HUNTSMAN. A LEGEND OF BLACKWATER SIDE.

"You mentioned Brian Hegarty as having been your servant, Captain Whackman; perhaps you can tell me why he is called the Haunted Huntsman." I asked this because I was sure something worth hearing was to follow. I will give his reply as nearly as I can remember. "One would think 'twas leaky these tumblers of yours were," said he, holding up his to show its emptiness. "They hould mighty little, but it's all for the best, for then one gets a sup hot, you know," addressing mine host. "I ask your pardon," says he, turning to me, — "Do I know why Brian Hegarty is called the Haunted Huntsman? 'Tis I that do; and why not? he that lived with me, and his generation before him, man and boy, these hundred years, and, barring one thing, a better servant boy wasn't to be had, from Hill of Howth to Cape Clear,—and that's no stone's throw, I'm thinking. An honest, dacent, cute lad he cam to me, and, barring the *dhrop*, he was perfect; but, between you and me, Sir, when a man gets fond of that, one can't answer for him; and as I must tell the truth, Brian's love for the *dhrop* made him very irregular in his habits, and if I gave him a message in a hurry before breakfast in the morning, I was in luck if I had him back to 'tend table at dinner. He was a kind-hearted fellow as you'd meet in a month of Sundays; and as he had acquaintance plenty as blackberries, he never wanted a companion in idleness, if he wanted any other excuse. The well-known reasons for drinking answered him exactly —

'A friend—a bottle—being dry —
The fear of being so by and by,
Or any other reason why.'

If he stayed out the livelong day, and night after, as he often did, he never was at a loss for an excuse. My heart was often broke with him; but, though he'd fret a saint, I could never part with him. Indeed, I tried once, but he would not go. 'If you don't know,' said the blackguard, 'when you have a good servant, I know when I have a good masther, so here I stick, plase God.'

"His accomplishments were various. He could drive a coach and four — ride a horse from the time the bit was put in his mouth till he became a trained hunter — bleed, physic, dress him — train him for a race or steeple-chase — hunt a pack

of hounds, as all of ye know, how hounds ought to be hunted ; and I think ye'll be inclined to admit, a fairer boy to ride across a country never crossed a horse. He leaped the demesne wall of Kilshaine, after all but Frank Denneley sneezed at it ; and knew my ways so well, that I could not do without him at all at all. A few friends dropped in to take pot-luck with me one day, and I had plenty of spirits, but was out of sugar and wine. You know there is no wine to be had in Ballyhooley, so I desired Brian to clap a saddle upon Botheen, and canter into Fermoy for half-a-dozen of port and some lemons and sugar, and to put plenty of straw in the hamper to wrap about the bottles, lest they should be broke. 'Now,' said I, 'if you make any delay—it is now three o'clock, and the gentlemen will be expecting dinner between five and six — by all that's good and bad, I'll break every bone in your skin, and make you walk out of my house after ; so you know what's before you, if you are not back against five.'

" 'Is it me, Sir, to make any delay ? — well, now, that bangs Banagher, any how. I'll be back in the crack of a whip.' He soon appeared on the back of Botheen, galloping towards Fermoy.

" Five o'clock came, but no Brien — six o'clock — and Molly Regan, the cook, said, 'The mutton was biled, and the praters would be a mash if they warn't taken off the fire.'

" 'Who's to put the dinner on the table?' said I, 'for Brian Hegarty is gone to Fermoy.'

" 'Faix, then, 'twill be the could dinner before he puts it an,' said my comfortress, 'the lazy lout.'

" 'Call in Terry Ryan from the garden,' said I.

" She ran out, but Terry was gone to the mountain for turf, and Molly, the cook, had to act as butler. Despite my chagrin, the guests seemed to feel perfectly comfortable. I had some excellent Blackwater cider Frank Drew sent me from Macollip, that all declared they preferred to Ruinart's champagne, and in copious libations of grog they seemed to forget there was such a liquid as wine in the world.

" The night was warm, and the jug of hot water sending its curling smoke to



the roof, like a pillar of cloud, caused a wish to have a taste of the window opened. I complied, and my ears were regaled by a voice singing loudly down the avenue —

‘Sporting, belleing, dancing, drinking,
Breaking windows, rattling, sinking,
Ever raking—never thinking,
Live the rakes of Mallow.

‘Spending faster than it comes,
Beating peelers, watch, and duns,
Duhallow’s true-begotten sons,
Live the rakes of Mallow.’

“‘Here comes some wine, boys,’ said I. ‘This is my rascally servant, whom I despatched into Fermoy, at three o’clock in the day, for some wine for you, and here he comes at three in the morning.’

“‘I’ll bet you five to one without a drop,’ said the Neal, ‘and that he gives such an excuse, you are not angry with him.’

“‘Done!’ I answered; ‘the drunken scoundrel never does what I bid him; and I am quite certain he can give no excuse to prevent my being angry with him.’

“Meanwhile the vocalist turned round the road to the stables; and as he swung to and fro to steady himself, it was quite evident he was not sober. I heard him, still supporting his character for melody, returning from the stables —

‘Living short but merry lives,
Going where the devil drives,
Keeping ——’

“‘I’ll keep you no more in my service, Brien Hegarty, you infernal rascal!’ I shouted, as he entered the room.

“‘Asy, Sir; don’t be angry with me, masther dear! may whisky be my poison if ——’

“‘It will be your destruction, you scoundrel; leave my sight, you leave my service in the morning.’

“‘Whist, Sir, don’t let the gentlemen hear you speaking so foolish.’

“‘Foolish! but I am foolish in speaking to a drunken vagabond. I’ll listen to none of your excuses, pack yourself off. — Stay, where’s the wine?’ I observed he brought in his basket.

“‘Wine! troth, yes. Oh, *millia murther*, see what happened through the manes of it?’ and he showed the fragments of a half dozen bottles, broken into a thousand pieces.

“‘Now have I not reason to be angry?’ and I turned triumphantly to O’Neal — ‘I’ll thank you for your five pounds.’

“ ‘Nay,’ said he, ‘I have won as yet — Brien returned you ’em without a drop.’

“ ‘But I am angry with him.’

“ ‘You have not heard his excuse.’

“ ‘Excuse,’ said Brien, ‘that he hasn’t;’ and, turning to me, ‘As for your honour being angry with me, don’t let that distress you. I don’t blame your honour for being angry with me at all, not in the least ; sure it’s quite natural — having the quality to dine with you, and no regular man-servant to ’tend table, barring Molly the cook. But you see, when you hears me, as his worthy honour Doctor O’Neal says, you’ll allow it’s more to be pitied than blamed I am.’

“ ‘Go on,’ said I, impatiently.

“ ‘Just what I said myself to Botheen, after leaving Fermoy ; I did not take above half an hour from the time I got the commands to enter the town, and that was the curious town. All our sogers — red coats here, and blue coats there — bristling with bayonets, guns, and swords — bands rattling, and bugles playing — Captain O’Flanagan, wid Ginerals an’ Corporals all round, waiting his orders — ’twould delight your sowl to be listening to the music. — ’Tis a pity myself arn’t a soger. I lost no time, you may be sure, in going to the grocer’s, and packing my bottles with plenty of hay, as your honer tould me, and left the place. Go on, Botheen, said I, shaking the switch ; and we got on famously, till we reached Glenabo. As we got on the hill, which is skirted by the woods on both sides of the road, the place looked very lonesome. I stopped for an instant, as the moon was rising, and beheld Castle Hyde forenent me at the other side of the river, looking very grand, with the tall black woods behind it, and far away the blue mountains of the Gualty’s, over all, crowning the sight. Behind me was Cairn Thierna, rising like a great giant in the sky, and I saw the heaps of stones on the top, looking like human craturs. I thought of the quare story they tell about the place ; how the lord’s son was to be drowned, and how the father was building the castle for him atop of the hill, and how he tuk him to see it one day, and the poor *gossoon* * went to look into the big tub, where they wet the lime for mortar, and saw, as he thought, another little boy in the tub, and climbed in to play with him, and got drowned ; and how the stones quarried for the castle remain on the top of the hill to this day. These thoughts gave me the lowness, so I stopt for a minute at Paddy Foley’s shibeen house, to take a darby, and met Mick Hegarty, my first cousin’s nephew — a good boy. ’Twas getting darkish as I rode along, and I must have missed the *boughereen* † somehow, for I beheld the tall castle of Ballyhooly rising from the rock over the Blackwater, and was just turning back, when the most extraordinary thing happened that ever was. I often heard tell of

* Small boy.

† Little road.

such, but gave no credit to it—I thought it was all *sharaos*, mere old woman's talk, but sure enough, the headless horseman of Glenabo was close by my side. Oh, Sirs! in pity's sake reach me your hand, for I'm wake as wather at the remembrance of it.' (I mixed him a drop of hot.) 'Your health, gentlemen. The horse the headless man was riding was black as the raven's wing, but the main and tail milk white—a tall strong horse, and went like the wind. The rider appeared a stout built man, and sat his horse with a sure seat, much like your honour, and never shook in his place, though he had no stirrups. Poor Botheen trembled like one in the ague, and snorted loudly. We trotted fast back, but the unnatural man and horse kept by our side. At last, wishing to see how he would reply, I said, "Why, thin, it must be distressing to your honer to ride without stirrups."

" "True for you, Brien Hegarty," was the reply from his coat pocket; and oh! that I should live to see the sight, his ugly head grinned from the pocket hole.

" "That's a snug horse you ride, Sir," said I.

" "He has carried me well many a long day and night," replied the head in the pocket hole.

" "May be he was a hunter in his day,' I asked inquiringly.

" "As good as ever was lapped in leather," said the headless.

" "Can he go the pace now?' I inquired.

" "Faster than it would be convenient for you to keep up with, my joker," replied he.

" "My blood was up, Sir, at these words: I considered the credit of the family at stake, to say nothing of Botheen. "If my master was to the fore," said I, "you'd see whether I could keep up to you or not."

" "Why, and what could your master do, my lad?" asked he.

" "He could give me permission to gallop a mile across the country with you, and see which was best; but of course I would not take on me to run the chance of injuring his horse, not to say delaying his wine for dinner, and quality to dine with him—I'm late enough as it is, so good-by to you."

" "Not so fast, Brien Hegarty," said the headless horseman, in a commanding tone. "I'm master here, and do you gallop a mile with me, and I'll save you harmless; for if your master dares lay a wet finger on you, when you go back to Gurteen, I'll bring him to the very fence where I broke my own neck, when I was huntsman to the first Duhallow hunt, in the time of George the First that was king, God be merciful to him I pray, and he shall share my fate."

" "God forbid, thought I to myself, but as I'm in for it this way or that way, I don't mind letting Botheen take a few fences; the hunting season is nigh, and 'twill harden the mate on his carcass for the master."

" "Away," says Headless, and away we went over the boughereen, in a fly, through the big inches, over ditch and wall, as if both horses had wings. A running

brook was in front, Botheen flew over it like a bird. Headless brought his horse to the brink, but he turned tail, he refused to jump it. Beat—fairly beat, I exclaimed.’

“ ‘Brien Hegarty,’ said Headless, “you have won, I confess, and have a bold seat, and a sure hand. ’Tis over a hundred years since I broke my neck, in Castle Hyde deer park, where I was huntsman to the Duhallow hounds, and ever since I have been riding the road to get a man to ride a mile with me, and never succeeded till this night. You have dissolved the spell that kept me on the weary road, and deserve all the good I can give you. Fear no danger from man or beast. Ride with the tail-hound, never flinch from ditch, wall, or timber; and as you stood to me, I’m the man that will stand to you.”

“ ‘But the master,’ said I, ‘he’ll be my death—it’s now very late, I’m thinking.’

“ ‘Tut, you fool!’ says he; “’tis the master will be proud of you. Haven’t you won a steeple-chase to-night such as no mortal ever rode before. Give him my compliments,” said he, “with this note, and if he gives you a cross look after that, I’ll scarify him.”’

“A shout of triumph broke from O’Neal.

“ ‘Well, I forgive you, rather than incur the headless man’s anger,’ I said, ‘so go to bed now,’ and making a bow, he disappeared. ‘But what’s this?’—and I read the following from my grocer:—

“ ‘CAPTAIN WHACKMAN,

“ ‘Sir,

“ ‘Your messenger reached this at eight o’clock, so drunk, that I placed some empty bottles in the basket to pacify him, or I could not get rid of him. I was not able to procure a messenger at that hour, or should send the wine per order, which hope you will excuse. I shall have it sent early to-morrow.

“ ‘Your obedient servant,

“ ‘T. RICE.’

“ ‘Now,’ said I, ‘is he not a precious rascal?’

“ ‘A d——d clever fellow at an excuse,’ roared all.

“ ‘Who has won the bet?’ asked O’Neal.

“ ‘Have I not reason to be angry with him,’ said I.

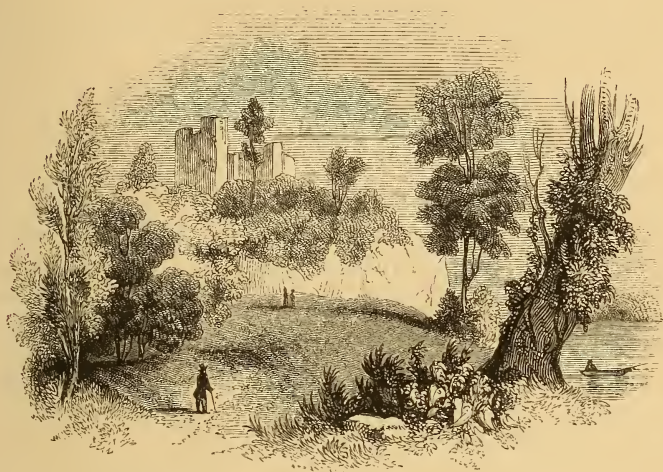
“ ‘Why, you have just forgiven him.’

“ ‘He brought no wine,’ said O’Neal.

“ ‘I think,’ said Campion, who dined with us, ‘it’s better both be off. No doubt he did not bring a drop; but then, Whackman had fair reason to be angry, whatever pleasure we may feel, and in recollection of the capital excuse the fellow made out, I propose we drink, Repose to the shade of the Haunted Huntsman.’

“The toast was drunk with all the honours, and ever since Brien goes by the name of the Haunted Huntsman.”

Next to Mount Rivers, on the north bank, is Rockview, the residence of the Rev. James Mockler; a gentleman to whom antiquarians are much indebted for his zeal in collecting our national curiosities, and who has a choice collection of Irish works. I gladly take this opportunity of making my best acknowledgments for the readiness with which he rendered me all the assistance I sought while compiling this work. There is in his domain an interesting ruin, finely situated on a



rock near the river. This is the castle of Lisclash, and was built by the Condons. Near it is a rath or fort, in Irish *Lis*.* Here the victorious Irish encamped after the battle just mentioned; and the following extract from the Earl of Castlehaven's Memoirs, with which the Rev. Mr. Mockler furnished me, shows it was again visited by troops two years later.

“April, 1645. — I followed slowly (from Mitchelstown), and coming to the Blackwater, near the ford of Fermoy, drew my foot and cannon into an old Danish fort, Ireland being full of them; and having stayed there a good while, and hearing no news of my horse, I began to be uneasy.

* The Lisclash estate was granted by patent, in the 14th of Charles I., to Henry Headley, and it has ever since remained in the possession of his descendants. The patent included the lands of Downing and Ballyvoluck on the Funcheon.

* * * Finding by the track that my horse had passed the ford, and taken their way towards Castle Lyons, I followed. Being come near the top of the hill above the ford, I left those few I had with me drawn up, and, with some officers, went myself to a height to discover. There I saw all the enemy formed in a great plain with a scrub of wood before them, and my horse in great haste marching through to charge, having with them 100 commanded foot. But the enemy, seeing the squadrons broken as they came on the plain, gave them no time to form, but charged and defeated them. * * Hence I marched to Mallow." This is called by Smith, the Battle of Castle Lyons.

A ruin now attracts attention on the south bank—Carrig-a-brick Castle—another of the strongholds of the Condons. The well-cultivated land is here



farmed by Dr. Roche of Fermoy. Opposite is Rathealy, Mrs. Lucas's house. Near it Mill Bank, D. Reid, Esq. Close to Fermoy is Monabeg, the pretty seat of John Allen, Esq.

FERMOY AND ITS ENVIRONS.

Fermoy, a market and post town, in the barony of Condons and Clangibbons, is beautifully situated on the river, lying chiefly in a valley surrounded by hills, between which the river glides. It bears the same name as an extensive barony in the county of Cork, which, in former times, was denominated *Glean na Mhain*, or *Magh na Feine*, i. e. the sacred plain, or plain of the learned. About the year

254, Fiach Muillethan, king of Munster, bestowed the greater part of this country on the Druid, Mogruith, from whom it obtained the name of Dal-Mogruith. The druid, on coming into possession of this country, converted it into a kind of sanctuary, and on the high land which bounds it erected a number of altars and places of worship, some of which yet remain, hence called *Magh Feine*, or the sacred plain. The inhabitant was called *Fier Magh Feine*, or the man of the sacred plain, or *Fier Magh*, whence FERMOY.* The next account connects this place with religion in a purer form. A Cistercian abbey, called "Our Lady de Castro Dei," was founded here, in 1270, according to an Irish MS., though Archall, in his *Monasticon Hibernicum*, p. 69., mentions the prior in 1226. The founder was Sir Richard de Rupella, who was Lord Justice of Ireland in 1261. The monks were brought hither from Suir Abbey, in the county of Tipperary, and afterwards they received an accession of members from Furness Abbey in Lancashire.

In 1591, a grant was made by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Richard Grenville, Knt., and his heirs, of this monastery, and the lands appurtenant, containing by estimate 550 acres, at the rent of 15*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.* Irish money. These lands were afterwards assigned by the Lord Treasurer of England to Sir George Harvey, for the use of the first Earl of Cork, who purchased them and several lands in Fermoy from Sir Bernard Grenville. A large stone bridge was built over the river here, with thirteen arches, anno 1689, and cost 7500*l.*

In the struggle to keep James II. on the throne, this place became the scene of a conflict. In January, 1691, the Irish, by the arrival of Tyrconnel, Nugha, Rice, and others from France, having received fresh supplies of arms and other necessities, were encouraged (being straitened in their quarters) to try their fortune by the enlargement of their frontiers. Their main design was upon Fermoy and Ballymore; the first, because of its stone bridge on the Blackwater, was esteemed a very considerable pass. The fortifications were slight, and the garrison not numerous; their strength consisted chiefly of two field pieces, which gave them more reputation than force: this place was attacked by Brigadier Carroll and 1500 of the enemy; but the Danes, who had the guard of it, defended it very well, and Colonel Donop, with fifty of his horse and thirty militia, by the common stratagem of two trumpeters sounding a march, as if fresh recruits were advancing, frightened the Irish into a flight, and they were so briskly pursued to Careigoncady-ford, that they lost near eighty men in this action.†

For the next hundred years no incident occurred to require or suggest remark. Though letters patent had been obtained granting fairs and markets, Fermoy boasted no greater extent than a small village, all on the south side of the bridge,

* Seward's Top. Hib. Fermoy.

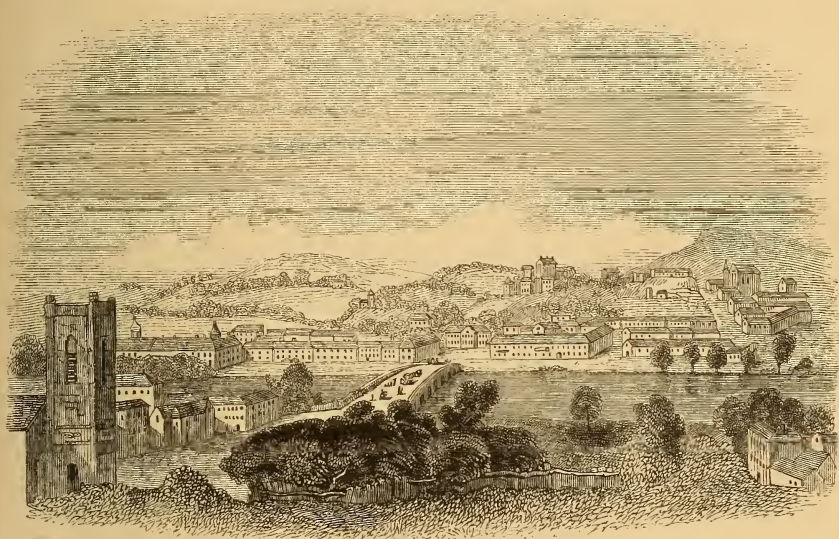
† Smith's Cork, vol. ii. p. 213.

originating the remark, "All on one side, like Fermoy." Its houses consisted of a carriers' inn and a few cabins, but some good country seats were in the neighbourhood. Mount Glissan, residence of my grandfather, William Glissan, Esq., now called Bellevue; Straw Hall, seat of Joseph Curry, Esq.; Bettyville, Richard Nason, Esq., and many others. Then Kilworth was a considerable town. It lies two miles north of Fermoy, and its neighbouring mountains were the haunt of the celebrated Brennan and his gang of robbers. Brennan was an outlaw of the Rob Roy school, and most popular; he robbed the rich and gave to the poor. His depredations had always something of a chivalrous cast, and no blood sullied his exploits. Once he was near being captured by two officers, who sallied forth in quest of him. They came up to him on the mountain, and knew him by the description they received; he in vain tried to persuade them "That a poor labouring boy like him could not be the bould Brennan," but they insisted on his accompanying him. Passing a shebeen house they halted for rest and refreshment; the captive begged to have the indulgence of his pipe, which was granted; he reached the dhudeen to the bare-legged girl who attended as barmaid, and nodding significantly bade her "Put fire in that." She understood the hint, and presently returned with his blunderbuss concealed beneath her apron, which she managed to hand him under the table. "Now, gentlemen," shouted the freebooter, covering his captors with the formidable weapon as he rose, "I am the bould Brennan." The tables were completely turned; the captors became captives, yielded their money and arms, and were suffered to return to their quarters quite crest-fallen. Brennan was hanged at Clonmell and the gang broken up. This town is still very extensive; a post town, and has a good hotel. It gives the title of Viscount to the eldest son of the Earl of Mountcashel, the proprietor. The eminent barrister, Right Hon. D. R. Pigot, M. P. for Clonmell, was born in this town, also Mr. B. Simmons, a distinguished poetic writer in Blackwood's Magazine.

In 1797, government wishing to form a military station in a central part of the south of Ireland, selected Fermoy as most desirable for that purpose. It is in the midst of a fertile country, within a day's march from Cork in case of emergency, though usually divided into two by the troops. Available as a convenient place for the assembling troops destined for or returning from foreign service, and directly on the route between Cork and Dublin; overtures being made to John Anderson, Esq., who had lately become the proprietor, by virtue of his purchasing four sixths of the manor of the estate of the Forwards, that intelligent gentleman at once foresaw the numerous advantages to be derived from such a measure, and readily entering into the desired project, made free grants of sites for the buildings, and erected temporary barracks on the south side of the river. The east barracks were built in 1806, and in 1809 the west barracks. The former, the more extensive of the two, occupy three sides of a quadrangle, 800 feet long and 700 wide,

with barracks in the rear for cavalry; the whole affording accommodation to 112 officers, and 1478 non-commissioned officers and privates of infantry, and to 24 officers and 120 non-commissioned officers and privates of cavalry, with stabling, &c. The west barracks are much less extensive. In 1840, half of this range of building was sold by government to the Poor Law Commissioners, and now forms the workhouse of the Fermoy Union. It affords ample accommodation to the paupers of the district, and, from its elevated position, is remarkably healthy. The want of ground to employ the inmates is a great evil.

Mr. Anderson having made this the great dépôt for troops, caused the bridge already mentioned to be widened, and had the town built. It consists of a spacious



square facing the bridge, with broad streets running parallel to the river, connected by shorter ones intersecting them at right angles. Some good houses, chiefly occupied by professional gentlemen, are at the north side of the bridge, in a handsome row called St. James's Place. Two tasteful mansions in the Elizabethan style have lately been added by Mr. Hendley, and are ready for tenants. Near this is the church, erected at a cost of 7000*l*. It is not remarkable for any architectural beauty, and has lost much of its attractive appearance by the taking down of a light and taper spire, which formerly surmounted the square tower, now looking bare and unfinished. It is very neat inside, and has a well-toned organ.

A street, down the side of the hill on which the barracks are built, called Barrack Hill, is the limit of the town on the north. The southern hill affords sites to the Roman Catholic chapel, a spacious structure of cruciform shape. This was erected by subscription, the late Mr. Anderson giving a site rent free and 500*l*. Its present Gothic mould, and the entire transept with new galleries, in fact entirely new modelling the chapel, is due to the respected parish priest, the Rev. T. Murphy, who has laboured to make this a perfect *chef-d'œuvre* in this province. The ceiling is enriched with stuccoed centre pieces, and is richly groined with Gothic mouldings, terminating in the capitals of tall white pillars. Over the altar is a beautiful window, and the fretted work of the wall reflects credit on Mr. Church, by whom it was executed; opposite is the organ loft. There is a tasteful monument to the late venerable parish priest, Rev. Edward Barry. The handsome house built by the parish priest, called Laurel Hill, is destined by that reverend gentleman as the future convent for the Sisters of Mercy, and is to be occupied by the nuns of that benevolent order when Miss Dennehy fulfils her noviciate to act as foundress. Close by is the convent of nuns of the Presentation Order, established about five years: it is a spacious building, and consists of a centre house, connected by corridors with two uniform wings, one of which is the chapel of the convent; the other contains two large school-rooms for girls, educated by the ladies of the Order. This building was erected at an expense of about 2500*l*., of which 1500*l*. was presented by Miss Goold, a lady who devoted a large fortune to religious objects, the remainder subscribed by the inhabitants, several Protestants being among the contributors. Near this is Richmond Lodge, the tasteful residence of H. Smyth, Esq.; also Fermoy School, commonly called the College, conducted by Mr. Brown, for the education of young gentlemen. This building occupies two sides of a square, contains an excellent school room, sitting room, dormitory, &c.; also a gymnasium and ball court, with eleven acres of play ground. The fine play ground, good air, and, above all, excellent instruction, render this a desirable school for boarders. There is a most admirable day-school in the town, conducted by an eminent master, Mr. Kelly. Fermoy contains a good court-house, where the magistrates preside at petty sessions once a fortnight, and the excellent assistant-barrister for the east riding of the county of Cork, H. Baldwin, Esq., Q. C., sits here twice each year. There is a large National School here for 400 children. The other religious houses are, a meeting-house for Methodists and a Presbyterian church. Quite close to the bridge is Fermoy House, which was once occupied by Mr. Anderson: it is a handsome mansion, beautifully situated in a lawn sloping gently to the river, and is now the residence of the Rev. M. A. Collis.

The Rev. Maurice Atkin Collis, of Fermoy House, is the eldest surviving son of William Cooke Collis, Esq., J. P., of Castle Cooke, county of Cork, and Elizabeth

Geraldine, daughter of Maurice Uniacke Atkin, Esq., of Leadington, in the same county, lieutenant-colonel of the North Cork Militia. The Rev. M. A. Collis married in June, 1839, Anne, eldest daughter of the Rev. John Talbot Crosbie, second son of William Talbot Crosbie, Esq., of Ardfert Abbey, and the Lady Anne, eldest daughter of William, first Earl of Glandore.

This family trace their descent from Thomas Cooke, of the city of London, a wealthy merchant, who, about the year 1670, purchased large tracts of land in Ireland, and built a strong tower over the river Ariglen, called Castle Cooke, near which the family mansion is situate. His grandson, Thomas Cooke, left three daughters — Elizabeth, married to Sir Thomas Blackball, and died without leaving issue; Martha, who married her cousin, William Collis; and Anne. Thomas was succeeded by his brother Zachary, who dying unmarried, was succeeded by his niece Martha, who married the Rev. William Collis, and had issue the Rev. Zachary Cooke Collis, Archdeacon of Cloyne, who inherited the Castle Cooke estate in right of his mother, and assumed the additional surname and arms of Cooke. He married, in 1782, Jane, daughter of Charles Leslie, Esq., M. D., of the city of Cork, and had issue, William Cooke Collis, Esq., J. P., the present possessor of Castle Cooke; Anne Leslie, married to Thomas Perrott, Esq., J. P., of Upland, Fermoy; Mary, married to David Barry, Esq., M. D., both deceased; Sarah Hyde, married to John Perrott, Esq., of Limerick. The eldest son of William Cooke Collis, Esq., and who bore the same name, was married to Miss Hyde, of Castle Hyde, and on his death without male issue, the next brother is heir apparent to the estate.

There are a number of pretty seats in the environs. Mill Bank, D. Reid, Esq.; Monabeg, J. Allin, Esq.; Uplands, T. Perrott, Esq., J. P.; Mount Rivers, M. Hendley, Esq., J. P.; Rathealy, Mrs. Lucas; Rockview, Rev. James Mockler; Riverview, Captain Croker; Mountford Lodge, Captain Collis; Grange Hill, William Forward Austen, Esq., J. P.; Bettyville, William Corban, Esq.; Duntahen, Thomas Green, Esq.; Bellevue, Thomas Dennehy, Esq., J. P.; Curraghmore, Dan. Dennehy, Esq.; Brooklodge, Francis Dennehy, Esq. In the town are two excellent hotels: Mr. Brown's, in the square, where the Fermoy gentlemen have a reading-room, well supplied with English and Irish papers—it also boasts a billiard-table; the second, on the quay, kept by Mr. Robinson, has a charming look-out upon the river. There are also comfortable inns and good lodgings.

The proprietor of the town is Sir Robert Abercromby, Bart., who, though a resident in his native land, Scotland, has ever evinced a warm interest in the prosperity of this country, and is always ready to advance the welfare of his tenantry. He is fortunate in having as agent a gentleman of great respectability, who possesses considerable property in the town and neighbourhood, Matthias Hendley, of Mount Rivers, Esq., J. P.

Sir Robert Abercromby, Bart., of Birkenbog, Banffshire, is chief of his clan, which, anterior to the 17th century, devolved upon another branch, who derived the name from a territory in Fifeshire, upon the extinction of which the chieftancy came to the house whereof the present baronet is the head. Sir Alexander Abercromby, the first baronet, created in 1637, took so active a part against the House of Stuart in the wars of the time, that he is styled by an historian "*a main Covenantan*ter;" and having taken the field against Charles at the battle of Auldearn, caused the spirit of retaliation to arise in the breast of Montrose, who never rested until he had quartered himself and his troops at Birkenbog. The present is the fifth baronet. It is, perhaps, a curious coincidence, that Fermoy should belong to natives of Scotland; but I am assured, by the experience of the benefits for which it is already so much indebted to that country, it will suffer nothing from having as its proprietor the worthy baronet now its owner, who is as ready to promote the interests of the inhabitants as any native of Ireland could be.

About three miles south, on the Cork road, is the town of Rathcormac. The handsome Elizabethan mansion of Lord Riversdale, and the exquisitely laid out ground of his demesne Lisnagar, are worthy a visit. On the south bank of the river Bride, crossed by a fine bridge, is Kilshanick, one of the princely seats of Edmund Roche, Esq., father of Edmund Burke Roche, Esq., M.P. for the county of Cork: it is a spacious mansion of noble proportions, said to have been built upon a plan of Inigo Jones: it formerly belonged to A. Devonsher, Esq. Near Watergrasshill, celebrated from the writings of the Rev. Francis Mahony, entitled the Prout Papers (Rev. Mr. Prout had been parish priest of Watergrasshill), is a good house and lawn, Mitchellsfort, seat of Brazier Mitchell, Esq. To the east of Rathcormac is Castle Lyons, a small town; near this are extensive walls of Lord Barrymore's house, which was destroyed by an accidental fire: built in the Elizabethan style, they are mighty even in ruins. Kilcor, the elevated castle of Cornelius O'Brien, Esq., is seated on a hill south of the town; and at some distance is Ballyvolane, the residence of Jasper Pyne, Esq. Close to the banks of the Bride, spanned by a high narrow bridge, is Conna, with its strong tower, a castle of the Desmonds; and near Knockmourne is *Moidghialladh*, where is pointed out the "Church of the Vow," whence Moygeely is derived. The ruins here are very extensive. This was the chief seat of Fitzgerald, Earl of Desmond, "whose vast estates," Dr. Curry remarks, "was a strong inducement to the chief governor of Ireland to make or proclaim him a rebel, their prey being insured to them in either case by his forfeiture." The occasion of building the church is as follows:—Thomas, the great Earl of Desmond, had a favourite steward, who often took great liberties with his lord, and by his permission tyrannised over his tenants equally with himself. This steward, unknown to the Earl, invited, in his name, a large party of the chiefs of Munster with their retainers to spend a month in the castle. They

accepted, and flocked in in crowds, to the great surprise of Desmond, who was desperately annoyed when he found his store of provisions nearly exhausted. At last, when informed his provisions could not possibly furnish the next day's dinner, he invited all his guests to a great hunting expedition, and gave orders to have the castle burned, as if by accident, in their absence, in order to save his credit. He expected from each rising ground to see the flames. About dinner-time up came the steward, who had been absent for some days, to inform his lord he had arrived in time to save the castle, by bringing a large prey of corn and cattle : the news so rejoiced the earl he vowed to build a church near the castle. This chieftain is said to keep state under the waters of Lough Gurr, near Kilmallock, and once every seven years rides on the lake fully armed and accoutred.

About eight miles north of Fermoy is Mitchelstown. The Earl of Kingston has a magnificent castle here, in the Gothic style, which is well worth seeing, and the hospitable lord of the castle always receives strangers with a hearty welcome. On his extensive estates, about eight miles further, nearly midway between Mitchelstown and Cahir, are vast subterranean caverns with beautiful stalactites. The best account yet given of these caves is in Hall's "Ireland," and we extract it for the benefit of tourists : —

"The hill in which the cave exists rises in nearly the centre of a valley, which



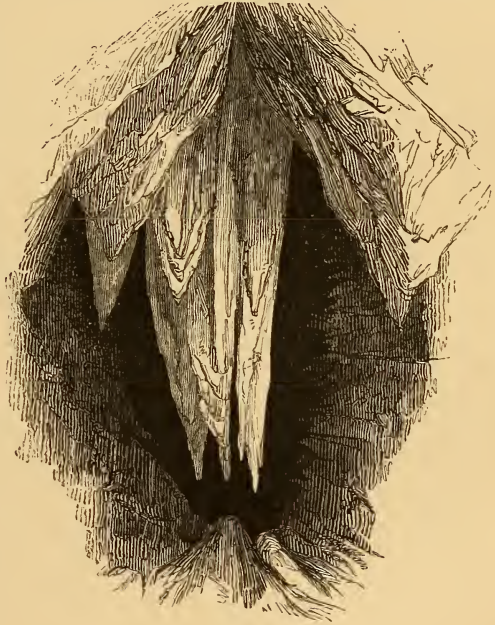
separates the Galtee and Knockmeledown chains of mountains — the former constituting its northern, the latter its southern boundary. Mr. Nichol, the

accomplished artist, to whose graceful and accurate pencil we are so largely indebted, visited the cave within little more than a year after its discovery. He states that the man by whom it was found obtained the assistance of two boys, named Shelly, to explore it. After proceeding a considerable distance with great caution, they at length arrived at the brink of a perpendicular precipice, which appeared to put a stop altogether to their further progress. Their anxiety and determination, however, to explore this subterranean wonder, increased with the difficulty of attaining it; and after various conjectures, as to how they ought to proceed, they at length procured a burning turf, tied to a string, which they dropped to the lower part of the precipice, measuring about sixteen feet. Afterwards, lowering each other down by means of ropes, they proceeded with lighted candles along the narrow and rocky passage—the grandeur and novelty of the place, together with its apparent endless extent, massive columns and pyramids of spar, stalactites, &c., succeeding each other in endless variety, and the desire of discovery, attracted them onwards, till their lights were nearly burnt out. It was then the danger of attempting a return in the dark struck them: they hastened back, but long before they arrived at the cavern's mouth, the lights had expired, and they sat down in despair. They remained in this alarming situation until midnight. At length the father of the boys and some other friends came in search of them, and found them in the middle cave.

“Our first object was to engage the assistance of guides. We considered it desirable to procure several, in order that by distributing them in various parts of the caverns with lights, we might form a correct idea of their magnitude and magnificence. They took with them a large supply of candles and a box of lucifers, to guard against the danger of some sudden gust of wind leaving us in darkness. The use of torches is prohibited by the owner of the land; and very properly so, for we had ample proof of the injury they had already done in defacing the beauty of many crystallised roofs. A narrow passage, gradually sloping, about four feet in height and between thirty and forty in length, terminates in an almost vertical precipice, about fifteen feet deep, which is descended by a ladder. For a considerable space (nearly 250 feet), afterwards, the visitor goes through a dull and unpromising ‘lane’ of grey limestone; the guides push a little forward, and so arrange themselves that a sudden turn exhibits, in an instant, one of the most splendid of the caves in all its beauty and grandeur.

“This is the ‘lower middle cave;’ but wonderful though it is, it is surpassed by the ‘upper middle cave,’ at which the visitor arrives through a passage varying in height from five to ten, and in breadth from seven to fourteen feet, and sixty feet in length. ‘The horizontal section of this natural excavation,’ says Dr. Apjohn, ‘may, neglecting its irregularities, be considered as a semi-ellipse, the axes of which are respectively 180 and 80 feet, the major pointing directly

east and west. A vertical view or section, corresponding to the line connecting the northern extremity of the minor and eastern extremity of the major axis, shows the roof nearly horizontal, and raised twenty feet above the floor.' This is the most remarkable part of the entire cavern, for the magnitude, beauty, and varied and fantastic appearances of its sparry productions. Immediately upon entering the cave, on the right hand, and attached to the wall, is found the organ — a huge calcareous growth, which is conceived to bear some resemblance in shape to the musical instrument from which its name is borrowed. Nine great pillars of carbonate of lime occur in this same compartment, rising from the floor to the ceiling; of these the lower third is usually of great diameter, and very irregular in form, while the remaining, or upper portion, usually exhibits the shape of an inverted cone, the base of which is in the ceiling, while the vertex is in connexion with the lower portion of the pillar. In some instances the upper cone has not come in contact with the stalagmite below, though, should the calcareous deposition proceed as heretofore, there can be no doubt that such a junction will be finally achieved. The most remarkable pillars in this cave are those known among the guides under the names of 'Drum' and 'Pyramid,' the former of which occurs fifteen feet south of the organ; the latter at the eastern end of the chamber. The 'curtains,' of which we give a good example, are sometimes so transparent, that the hand may be seen through them. Some of the edges are of great extent and thinness, and when struck, gently vibrate so as to produce an agreeable sound. The pyramid, a pillar fourteen feet in height, rests upon a base of great dimensions, and its shaft is distinguished by the circumstance of its tapering upwards towards the ceiling. The other pillars are of inferior size, but some of them possess a symmetry and beauty superior to those just described. In addition to the pillars, stalactites and stalagmites every where



abound ; the former depending from the roof, the latter springing from the floor of the cavern.

“ Soon after leaving this cave we were summoned by the guides to descend ‘the chimney’ — a work of some danger ; for it is barely wide enough to allow a passage ; its sides have very few projections upon which to place the feet ; it descends to the depth of at least thirty yards, and a slip would be inevitably fatal. A guide, however, goes before the visitor, directing his ‘steps,’ and frequently giving the foot a resting-place upon his shoulder. At the bottom of the chimney is another cave, nearly equal in extent and grandeur to the one we have described ; and from this several galleries branch leading to objects only a degree less wonderful. These are new discoveries, to which additions are continually made, and consist of a number of minor caves, from which no access has as yet been obtained ; although it is more than likely that the removal of partition ‘walls’ of limestone would exhibit each as but the part of a whole, and continue the line of caves in one uninterrupted succession. Our desire was to proceed as far as possible, and our guides, gratified by our ardour, rather than checked by the additional labour to which they were subjected, proceeded, after allowing us brief breathing-time, to usher us through a burrow, so narrow that we had actually to twist ourselves along it, after the fashion in which the screw makes its way into a cork. The task required physical strength, and no inconsiderable nerve ; for the passage extended at least one hundred yards, the greater portion of which was necessarily traversed by crawling through a space, barely two feet square, sometimes so reduced as to render indispensable the kind of ‘twist’ we have referred to, and repeatedly suggesting the painful sensation that a fall of two or three inches, in any of the rocks above or around us, would enclose us prisoners beyond the possibility of rescue. Yet when we had reached the utmost limits to which the researches of the guides had yet attained, the reader will guess our astonishment when we found pencilled on one of the white curtains at the extremity the names of two ladies, who, a few days previously, had accomplished the whole of the difficult and dangerous task we have been describing. The course we had taken — burrow, caves, chimney, and all — we had to re-traverse ; and upon our re-introduction to the daylight, we found we had been five hours under ground ; as we were walking or creeping during four fifths of the time, we estimate that we must have paced, on our progress and return, at least eight miles. Some idea of the number and extent of the caves may be formed from the fact that Mr. Nichol, during the ‘ten hours’ he employed in exploring them, did not meet a single person, although, as he was afterwards informed, there were forty visitors under ground examining them at the same time. The measurements of some of the caves were taken by Dr. Apjohn. ‘The second outlet of the upper end of the lower middle cave expands in a N.N.W. direction, into a cavity of an

elliptical shape, ninety feet in length and forty-five in breadth, its S.S.E. half being divided into two by a wall of limestone, forty-five feet in length and about fifteen in breadth." "The Garrett cave extends 255 feet in an easterly direction, with a sweep to the south; its breadth at the commencement being fifteen, and augmenting gradually until, at its widest part, it becomes fifty-five feet." "The grand Kingston gallery is the most remarkable compartment of the entire excavation. It is a perfectly straight hall, 175 feet in length and seven in breadth, with a direction about one point to the west of north. The arching of this gallery is in the Gothic style, and its walls are every where glazed with spar, in some places red, in others mottled, but nowhere of a perfectly white colour." "The passage, called the Sand cave, from the quantity of this material which covers its floor, is, for two thirds of its length, twelve, and for the remainder three feet wide: it is perfectly parallel to, and of the same length with, the Kingston gallery, but placed at a somewhat lower level."

Our space is too limited to render justice to a natural wonder perhaps unsurpassed in the world; for such it is pronounced to be by persons who have examined the leading marvels of the four quarters of the globe. We must excite the imagination of the reader, to give effect to our matter-of-fact description; for the pen and the pencil will equally fail to convey a notion of the grandeur and beauty of these caves — viewed either in parts or as a whole. The stalactites and stalagmites assume every conceivable shape; shining with the brilliancy of huge diamonds as the small light of a candle is thrown upon them. The "curtains" that fall from the roofs (of which a good example has been copied by Mr. Nichol) are sometimes so transparent, that the form of a hand may be seen through them; and though of immense size, so delicate is their construction, that they actually vibrate to the touch. They hang in folds, as gracefully as if the hand of skill and taste had arranged their draperies. Frequently, masses of petrifications, heaped one above another, alternate in layers of pure white, and of a yellow like that of the liquid honey; while, affording the advantage of contrast, the rock in the background retains its original rugged shape and dismal hue. Pools of limpid water, here and there, cover miniature hillocks of crystals — so minute and sparkling as to seem congregated diamonds. Let the reader fancy himself in the midst of a cavern, larger than any building hitherto constructed by art — his guides have stationed themselves at the various points where effects can be best produced; one upon the top of a huge stalagmite; another in some dark recess; others at the several points of ingress and egress; another behind some half-transparent curtain; others where the light may fall upon masses of glistening crystals; another where some grotesque shape may be best exhibited — let them all (as they will do) suddenly unveil their lights — the effect can be likened only to that which the gorgeous fictions of the East attribute to the power of the necromancer.

It is not a single wonder, but a succession of wonders such as these which the visitor is invited to examine; and every year is adding to their number. Hitherto all the discoveries have been made by the neighbouring peasants, who are scantily recompensed for their time and labour by the gratuities of strangers, and who have no encouragement to the hazard incident upon further explorations; but the enterprise of a scientific person supplied with sufficient means, would, no doubt, exhibit the interior of the mountain as one entire "cave," and probably effect a passage through it.

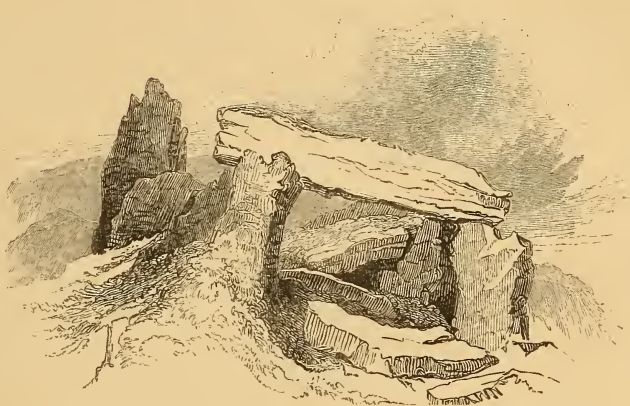
About a mile south of Fermoy is a high hill, overlooking the town, and presenting a conspicuous appearance throughout the country, some addition being given to its natural elevation by a huge pile of stones on the summit. This is Cairn Thierna, or the Lord's Heap, and is said to owe its name to the following legend. The country round belonged to the Lords Roche, Viscounts Fermoy, and they had a stately castle at Castletown Roche; but destiny was busy with this noble house, and the only child of the chieftain was doomed. At his birth a wise woman predicted he would be *drowned* before he reached his twenty-first year; and to avert this calamity was, no doubt, an important object to his disconsolate parents. The absence of water was in such case desirable, and he might truly be said never to have seen that element in a greater body than a drinking vessel; at all events, when he was growing to man's estate, he was never permitted to go near a stream, and a site was selected on which to build a castle, where he was to reside until the prophecy was proved untrue. The high hill near Fermoy being very remote from the dreaded element, was pitched on, and the gobaeen saer, or skilful architect, planned a castle that would only take a week to complete. The materials were all prepared, and the young Roche desired to see the place where he was to reside so soon. He had just attained his twentieth year, and the first week of the dreaded time was to see him in his new abode; accordingly his wish was complied with, and he mounted the hill. Here, apart from danger, he was suffered to enjoy what was long withheld — his freedom. He ran about unattended; no danger threatened there. Who shall resist the decrees of fate, or strive against its warnings? The youth saw a large tub, and looked over the steep brim. It was filled with some glassy fluid, and, mirror-like, showed a faithful representation of himself in the bottom. His curiosity was roused to ascertain how this was. He climbed the steep side and fell in. This was the large vat holding water to be used for the mortar. The poor young man struggled but in vain; the slippery sides gave no profiting aid; his cries were soon stifled by the treacherous element, and when he was looked for they found his lifeless form. The prophecy was fulfilled. The building was of course neglected, and the stones lying on the hill witness the authenticity of the legend.

Antiquarians are of opinion, that here the Tanist was chosen in former times,

and the heaps of stones the seats of the different tribes. Dr. Smith considers that these heaps are the remains of *speculæ*, or places for signal-fires, such as Virgil mentions.

“*Hanc super in speculis, summoque in vertice montis.*” *

At some short distance to the north of Fermoy is a curious ancient altar or tomb — even tradition renders no information of its purport; but, from similar structures in various parts of the British Isles, generally supposed to be druidical. The engraving annexed represents the north side. It is commonly called *Laibhe Colloch*, or the Hag’s Bed. We know that our



Pagan ancestors worshipped under the canopy of heaven, in the plain, the sacred grove, and mountain top. The enduring traces of their unhallowed rites remain after their religion has been banished by the mild light of Christianity. We find druids’ altars in wood and dell, by hill and valley, and there is little doubt this was one. It consists of several broad flags, supporting huge rocks placed on them. One of these measures eighteen feet long by nine broad; in the centre about three feet thick, growing thinner as it slopes to the edges. This and others covering the space — one eleven feet long by seven broad, another seven feet square. The entire measures forty feet on the outside in length, and nearly eighteen wide: it is hollow underneath. I crept in, but it is very low — not three feet high. There is a deep indent in one of the stones near the road leading to Glanworth, which the people about say was the act of the giantess who lived here, striking the rock with her sword in rage after her husband; and as he fled one of her stormy curtain lectures, she pursued him and flung a stone at him when crossing the river, which crushed him in the middle of the Funcheon, where it lies

* *Æneid*, xi. 526.

to this day. Seeing the effect of her passion recalled her affection, and she exclaimed in Irish, "Bad as Geoffry was I am worse without him."

It is attributed to the strength of Fion Macoul, in the following Legends.

LEGENDARY TALES.

No. 1. FION MACOUL.

"And they say this building was the work of a giant," I inquired of old Pierse Mulcahy, an aborigine of the district, whose grey hairs scantily confined by his well-worn *coubeen** floated in the breeze.

"Throth ye may say that," responded Pierse, "and the work of a grate *joint* † for sartin."

"What was his name?" quoth I.

"Fion Macoul."

"Come near me, Pierse, and tell me all about it," I said, as I seated myself on one of the moss-covered stones, beneath the shade of a blooming white thorn, and suffering my steed to browse on the luxuriant herbage which flourished at my feet, I motioned the old antiquary to take a seat beside me.

"With all pleasure in life, and why not for your honour surely," he answered, and the old man leaned his chin upon his staff, and thus began : —

"This rock, sir," said he, "was once upon a time, in the county Limerick. You may stare, sir, but from that place to this you wo'n't follow the stone. At this time, in that country, there lived a famous *joint* named Fion Macoul, who, by his prowess and great bravery, held most of the neighbouring chiefs in terror and su'mission. There was also a continkerry of his in the western highlands ov Scotland, a *joint* named Diarmid Machane, whose fierce stature and brave spirit awed the lairds into obedience. He had heard much, from the close business carried on between the two kingdoms, of the valour of the Irish haro, an' accordingly sent him a challenge for a trial of strength.

" 'What in the name of St. Patrick will I do at all, at all?' muttered Fion to his wife, when he received the challenge.

" 'What's the matter, *agra* ?' † says she.

" 'Read this,' says he, handing the challenge.

" 'What would you do,' she said, 'but fight for the honour of your country, to be sure.'

" 'It's very asy for you to talk,' replied Fion, 'but you know nothing of Diarmid Machane.'

* Old hat.

† Giant.

‡ Dear.

“ ‘At any rate,’ answered the wife, ‘don’t be afeard; send him your acceptance, and trust to me to bring you through.’ ”

“ Fion did as he was desired, and committed himself to the direction of his wife. It was a fine, lovely morning, in the depth of summer. The sun was brightening every object with his rays; the various birds were singing their morning carols, and even the little robin-redbreast, standing with its tiny feet on the brochaun, was melting the hearts of every listener with its sweet melancholy song: the early dawn roused the impatient Diarmid to search for fame; and having a stout stick in his hand, formed from one of the lofty pines on the high summits of the Grampian hills, he lightly stept across the stream of salt water, commonly called ‘The Channel,’ which separates this country from Great Britain, and ‘whistling as he went for want of thought,’ strided fast and far, into the territories of his antagonist.

“ At length, darkening the broad disc of the sun, as his huge figure made the ground tremble beneath his feet, he blocked up the doorway of the house of Macoul, in making his entrance; seeing no one at home but the woman, he inquired, “ ‘Is the man o’ the house within?’ ”

“ ‘Troth no then he’s not,’ sis she, ‘who shall I say was axin for him.’ ”

“ ‘I’m the Scotch *joint*,” sis he: ‘do you know where he is?’ ”

“ ‘My husband went over the hills this morning,’ said she, ‘to change the sitiashin of the city of Cork.’ ”

“ ‘Indeed!’ exclaimed the *joint* in astonishment, ‘and when do you expect him home?’ ”

“ ‘Why thin I don’t know,’ she replied, ‘but s’poses he’ll be back soon, for an hundred acres is nothing for him to lift.’ ”

“ ‘Hah!’ muttered the stranger.

“ ‘Yes,’ she continued, ‘and left me here, a lone woman, with no one to mind the house but the youngest child, and he, poor fellow, isn’t out ov his first sleep yet.’ ”

“ ‘Is this the child?’ says the other, going to the cradle, and viewing with astonishment the colossal figure stretched therein.

“ ‘Troth, that he,’ says she.

“ ‘An’ the youngest you have?’ ”

“ ‘The youngest I have.’ ”

“ When Fion saw the stranger, he gave a screech so loud, that the Scotchman leaped eight or ten feet off the ground, and looked like one expsified.

“ ‘Tis his breakfast he wants, poor cratur,’ says the woman, ‘hush a *cushla*,’ and going to the fire-place where some huge cakes were baking, gave him one, which he swallowed at a mouthful, though it would have made a reasonable meal for five ordinary men.

“ ‘Give me one, too,’ says the stranger; ‘the walk has given me an appetite.’ ”

“ ‘ Here,’ says she, and, unseen, she slipped into the broad cake the iron griddle.

“ ‘ Oh! murther, murther! my teeth are broke by that infernal cake,’ he said, dashing the meal to the ground.

“ ‘ What’s the matter?’ innocently inquired the wife of Fion.

“ ‘ Oh!’ says he, ‘ that child ov yours bates Banagher any how for aitin that cake.’

“ ‘ Faix,’ sis she, ‘ if you say that of him, what’ll he be when he cuts his teeth?’

“ ‘ And arn’t they cut yet?’

“ ‘ Troth no,’ sis she.

“ He put his hand in the mouth to try, when the jaws closed, and crack cut through the flesh. The *joint* roared, *mille murther*, and the child laughed like fun. The woman, after something to do, at last succeeded in stoppin the blood, and bound up the wound wid the tail ov her apron.

“ ‘ Get up now a *lauah*,’ says she, ‘ an’ show the gentleman what you can do.’

“ Fion did as he was desired, and he, with the stranger, went out on the hill.

“ ‘ Can ye na pitch a stoan, my mon?’ asked the brawny Scotchman of his youthful companion.

“ ‘ I thry sometimes,’ modestly replied Fion; ‘ but my father and brothers make game of me, I fall so short of the mark.’

“ The house, seemingly afire, now occupied their attention, for thick clouds of black smoke were curling round the roof and chimnies.

“ ‘ Had we not better go an’ thry to put out the fire?’ said the stranger.

“ ‘ No occasion in life,’ answered Fion; ‘ its only the smoke that’s troublin it.’

“ ‘ An’ does that often trouble you?’

“ ‘ Why never at all, when father’s at home.’

“ ‘ How does he contrive to prevent it?’

“ Bekaise when the chimbley smokes, he puts his shoulder to the gable ind, and turns the house round from agin the wind, an’ thin the fire draws most iligantly.’

“ Nothing would satisfy the other but he should go down, an’ try *his* strength; but sorra a stir could he move the wall, nor if he was at it to this day.

“ ‘ Come, now,’ says Fion, ‘ an’ see how I throw a stone!’ Now, my dear sir, you must know that this same Laibhe Colloch stood in a field hard by, and to this Fion clapped his shoulder, and exerting all his strength, in the name ov St. Patrick, pitched it to this very spot, from which it has never moved.

“ In amazement the stranger viewed the performance. ‘ That will do,’ says he. ‘ Can your father throw farther than that?’

“ ‘ My father!’ shouted Fion. ‘ My father would throw that to where you came from.’

"The Scotchman heard no more, but never stopped till he found himself safe and sound, on the other side of the border, amid the remote valleys of the Highland hills."

NO. 2. THE LEPREHAUN'S BOTTLE.

"I told you, sir, that they were red-hot with drinking;
 So full of valour, that they smote the air
 For breathing in their faces; * * * *
 * * * * at last I left them
 I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
 There dancing up to the chins."

Tempest.

From the top of the hill, on the road to Glanworth, whence the view of the Funcheon breaks suddenly on you, with its green and shady banks, sloping towards its clear bubbling waters, is seen the smart little village of Glanworth. The church crowning the grassy knoll, beyond which is the ancient and venerable castle, its narrow embrasures, ruined archways, and dilapidated walls, clearly defined against the ethereal vault. Here remains, for the inspection of the curious, the celebrated natural wonder called Laibhe Colloch, or the Hag's Bed, consisting of one huge rock, placed lengthways on two smaller ones. What makes it the more singular is, that no stone of the same *genus* is to be found in the surrounding country, and the prodigious size of the stones renders it unlikely that they could have been carried from any distance by the strength of men. Therefore the conclusion drawn by the untaught peasant is, that *the good people*, aliter the fairies, were the artificers.

In a mud edifice, vulgarly yclept "cabin," at the foot of the aforesaid hill, there lived an old man, who went by the pet name of *Shamus na Bo*, or "James of the Cow," from his being for many years in the capacity of herd to one of the neighbouring gentry; and long after he was deprived of his situation by age, the *sobriquet* remained undisturbed. Shamus was a constant guest and visitor at all the wakes and weddings in the barony, where his flow of spirits and merry tale procured him a hearty welcome. With the garrulity of old age, when talking of youthful feats, he was peculiarly proud when called on for a story, and generally contrived to make himself the hero. I had the good fortune to hear the following, which, for the reader's sake, "would it were worthier."

"Well, my boys and girls, as it's come to my turn, what story will ye have to-night?" asked Shamus, as sitting on the settle at Shawn (John) Doran's cottage one fine night in the harvest season, surrounded by the farmer and his family, together with some of the reapers, and handing his eternal *dhudeen** to his next

* A short pipe blackened.

neighbour, to keep the *life* in it, he finished the noggin of whisky with which he was supplied, then waited for his cue.

"Yerah ! Jem, won't ye tell us the story ov the spirit that haunted Downing Bridge on'st upon a time?"

"No ! let him *spake* about the little ragged colt that strayed away from Micky Regan's, and after livin wid the *Shecogues**, an', I'm tould, ran a couple of *hates* (heats), kem home agin."

"Never mind that," says another ; "let's have the *joint* o' the seven castles."

"Mille murther !" says Shamus ; "did any one ever hear the likes ov ye ? Shure if ye goes on this way, I wo'n't be let spake till doomsday. Can't ye be excided at once ? Did any ov ye ever hear of the man that banished the 'Hag' from Laibhe Colloch?"

"No !" shouted all ; "let us have it."

"Why first let me inform ye that it was myself that did it," said he, looking about with an air of conscious superiority.

"You !" was echoed by each. "I never heard so much of your father's son afore."

"Troth, but I did," interrupted one of the men. "Shamus *mavoureneen* †, do you recollect the time when you held the door agin the fifty *pelice* ?"

"Faix thin, 'tis I that do, Ned *asthore* ; but did I ever tell you of the night I spent in the fairy's hall ?"

"No," says Ned, "out wid it."

"Mostha thin, but here goes," was the ready reply.

"Most ov ye do, I dare say, remimber the *berrin* of poor *Glum* (William) Healy. He was a dacent man, an' a good *Cristhin*, such as the likes ov him ar'n't goin now at all ; but the night afore the funeral, all ov the wife's people, the O'Reardons, wid their cousins, the Mac Nallys, from Boherdorougha, wid all his own gossips, the O'Mullins's, an', by coorse, myself in the middle ov 'em, spent the evening in talking ould *shanaos* ‡ *this way* over our *dhrop*, and may be at times taking a *shough* § o' the pipe, so that in the mornin we were a little stupified after being up all night. But we managed to mount our garrons, an' take our places in the procession, for it was a grand berrin intirely, no doubt ; but faix 'twasn't owing altogether to my ould *baste* ; for such a stageen you never led your two livin eyes on. Widout a tooth in the world in her, an' bad scan to the eye, she had but one, an' the light was out ov that same, her shoulder-blade would *chew tobaccy*, an' her back was all stripped from wearin a tight straddle ; her tail was cocked up agin the grace of God, and beside that she was dog lame, an'

* Fairies.

† My dear.

‡ Gossip.

§ Whiff.

hopped along wid the funniest kind o' motion in the varsal world, the very piethur of a wounded crow.

"Well, be that as it may, we held our place in the line o' march tal the poor deceased was clanelly led in the could grave, an', after that was done, we were all treated to an iligant entertainment, at the house of one Mr. O'Mahony. Here we got the best of usage, plinty ov bacon an' greens, wid eggs in dozens. I eat enough, an' as for drinking I'll say nottin; but I took my pull so hearty as to get *mulouthered*, I don't mane drunk, only a little hearty; but having satisfied our hunger an' drank *galore*, away we sot galloping an' driving, shouting and yelling, along the road, till, jast as it was gettin dark, the last o' the bys passed, laving me an' my misforthinat cratur ov a baste to get home as well as we could.

"Yerah, by Jaburs! but 'twas myself that had the heavy handful in her. You see now, there was one ov her legs that was strulin the road much like a drag, an' it was quite a matter ov impossibility to make any haste wid such an incumbrance, so I let her take her time, an' on she went, from one side o' the road to the other, for all the world as if she had a *drunken person* on her back; at last she got frightened at the Laibhe Colloch, an' wid that, took such a fit o' kicking, that by the hole o' my coat, but she flung me, that blessed night, into the very middle o' the rocks.

"'Bad manners to you, for an unnathral ould vagibone,' says I, in a tarin passion (an' small blame to me), 'what med you thrate me so, if I did flog you for not goin straight? Shure you well know you desarved it; wait till I catch you, an' if I don't ——'

"Here the sight nearly left me, whin I parceived a little ould 'oman rise out ov the ground, wid a red 'kerchief on her head, and a dirty check apron spread out afore her, an' she sed to me that was shiverin an' shakin like a wet dog in a sack, 'Shamus na Bo,' sis she, 'you drunken sot (and I as sober nearly as I am now), 'how dare you disturb me, an' I taking my cup of tay in comfort?'

"'Ma'am,' sis I, quite bould, (though, by my troth, 'tis I that was frickenened,) 'I am very sorry to hinder you from takin your *droppun* of tay, but I'm a poor dissolute cratur ov a man that's goin astray, an', as you knows my name, though I don't now recollect that I ever had the pleasure of seein your purty face afore, I'd be extremely obliged if you'd give me a night's lodgin.'

"'Troth, but you're kindly welcome,' sis she; for you must know I was a smart young man at the time, and wid my ginteel behavur, an' makin due summision to her better judgment, bad cess to the bit ov her, could find it in her heart to refuse; so I was desired to follow her.

"Down, down we went, til we kem to a very grand room intirely, wid lords an' ladies, ginerals, corporals, and all kinds ov rals. When I seed all these ra'al jontlemen an' ladies, I began to remimber my purliteness, an' whin I got my

*traheens** (savin your presence) inside the door, I *up* wit, 'God save all here;' but by the Sprig o' Shillelagh, 'tis myself that was near gettin a knock *down* for that same, from an *oanshuck*† ov a chap wid wings on him, that the minit he flapped 'em, the wind that they gothered ris me a'most off the face o' the earth. After a time they left off tormenting me, and axed me to sit down.

" 'Will you drink any thing?' sis one.

" 'Thank'e kindly astore,' sis I, 'though I drank a power already; but as I don't often fall into such good company seemingly, I don't wish to refuse, so I'll take a sup.'

" 'Wid that they handed me a noggin ov the best, an' it was so mortual strong, that if I was any way tipsy (which I b'live was the case) before, I was blind when I finished.

" 'Then they all thought to have rale sport. 'Will you try a wrastle?' says one, a tiny little chap, wid a nightcap on his head, who was busily making a brogue.

" 'Wid all the pleasure,' sis I; for he warn't the sise ov a six year ould child. A *round* circus was instantly med, he dropped the brogue an gripped me, an though he was much stronger than I gave him credit for at first, after a few twists, I tripped up his heels, an led him sprawlin on the flat of the back, cryin fifty murthers.

" 'Any more ov yez?' sis I (to humour the joke).

" 'Yes!' answered another, 'will you box?'

" 'Immediately,' sis I, an my dear life an sowl, but I tipped him a *polthogue* on the side of the head that med a report like a-gun. 'Any more o' ye,' sis I, quite innocently; troth, but they war all dashed, an' gave no reply.

" 'Now,' sis I, 'you s'posed to make grate game of me, a poor rustical counthry bye here to-night, trying what strength was in me; but I'll lay any one o' ye a gallon of potteen, if ye have such a thing, that my own four bones will raise up the big top stone of Laibhe Colloch high enough to let out the ould Colloch in the corner.'

" 'Done! done!' sis one or two ov 'em, though they shook wid fear, by rason o' the ould *prophesite*. (Here, in a low tremulous voice, he repeated the four following lines):—

'Whene'er a man to lift the stone is found,
From near the Funcheon or the country round,
The fairies there can never again come—
Their power is broken—all their charms undone.'

" 'But nottin could *bate* the state of alarm the war in, when in good *airnist* they

* Feet.

† Silly Fellow.

saw me moving the immense rock wid my bare shoulder. (B'live me, but it astonished myself, when I thought as how I used to be playin hide an' go seek in its crevices, when I was a *gossooneen**, long ago.) It was wid tears and lamentations in their eyes, they saw me rise the stone from off the supporters, where it had lain for hunders upon hunders o' years, an' the clear silver-like moon shinin through in all its unclouded brightness; but what was sed should be done, an' they had to bid adieu to their ancient habitation.

" 'Curse o' poverty on you an' yours,' sis the spiteful ould hag, as she leapt out through the open space I med in the joints o' the bed.

" 'Here's your wager,' sis the little Leprehaun, that bet wid me; but mind you don't attempt to open it till the day ov your son's wedding,' (poor Shawn was alive then,) 'or if you do,' sis he, 'twill lose its virtue.'

" I caught a good grip o' the bottle, an' the moment I did so, a cloud ov smoke, wid thunder an' lightnin, ris under me, an' the crowds of *Sheeogues* that lost their kingdom through my manes, each as they flew out, hit me either a kick or a thump, that laid me senseless.

" I awoke next morning, black an' blue, under the hag's bed, wid my bottle in my fist, which I took especial good care to keep out of harm's way.

" Well, boys dear, but you all remimber Shawn's weddin day, such a meeting wasn't since the days o' Fion Macoul long ago; for there were the old Shaughnassy's, her own people, wid the faction ov the O'Sullivans, nate clane bys all; then the Carty's, wid ourselves, the O'Mullins's; all kem, some ridin on their sportin horses, some *walkin* for pleasure, more on their cars, and then the fay-males, my glory to ye, but yed take the sight ov a body's eye wid yere lovely looks. They kem on fine feather beds, more on pillions, ornamented wid red ribbons, that war no more to be compared to their rosy cheeks than a dhrop o' parliament to a sup ov potteen.

" Well, when the dinner was over, an' they began to *think* ov drinking, I up wid my quare ould bottle, an', by coorse, was the first to taste it; 'twas morthual sthrong, as was purty clear afther it was circulated a couple o' times; so for fear ov any fallings out, I thought it better to have in the piper, but by gany's, though he played might an' main, an' the girls used all their coaxin triks, sorrow a one wou'd lave the table as long as the Leprehaun's liquor lasted, an', bad luck to the misfortunate bottle, but, as soon as it was empty, was filled up again, though no one knew the sacret foreby myself.

" By an bye, in obedience to the *spirited* remonstrance of some o' the steady ould patriarchs, the young men were prevailed on to dance; an', as if something contrary was to be in every thing that was to happen that night, the

* Little boy.

very thing that we all supposed would cause quietness an' pace, was the very manes of causing a scrimmage (skirmish), which very nearly involved the safety of all engaged in the ruction. For why, when it was found that Shawn was too far gone to lade off wid the wife, one of his gossips kem to take his place ; an' just as they war settin off like racers, one ov her cousins, a grate *Boulam shuch* (bully) ov a fellow kem a putting out his leg, tripped the young man as he was dancing, down he fell, an the bride's carcass (savin your presence) across him. Then the bad blood began to stir in good earnest. The clatter ov the shillelaghs bate time to the music ov the pipes, instead ov the brogues. In vain the dacint sinseble old men begged 'em to keep quiet ; in vain their sisters, wives, and sweet-hearts prayed them to lave off. ' No ! the blood was drawn by the O'Mullins's, an' whin was an O'Shaughnessy afeard ov an' O'Mullins.'

" At first there was rather a scarcity ov wattles, but the legs ov the big oak table supplied a good many, an the whack with which it, an the whole tribe of glases, rummers, and bottles, came to the ground, shook the whole house. Then you might see fathers, an brothers, an cousins-german, an uncles, fightin away for the bare life ; an if the house furniture wasn't knocked to *smithereens**, I'm not Shamus na Bo.

" At long last such as had the use ov their legs made the best of their way home, an such as couldn't stir lay snoring one top ov another, like hogs in the straw. I was one of the first to wake wid the first peep o' day, and afther removin three or four of the byes that war stretched a top o' me, I saw as well as I could see wid my eyes, which wasn't very visible, for they wer both swelled up like *minion bucks* (a kind of potatoe), hunders an' thousands ov '*good people*,' wid Clurichauns an' Leprehauns in abundance, pickin up, for the bare life, the broken pieces of the black bottle which caused the whole ov the *clumper*†, an' was smashed in the beginnin ov the fray. These they handed to the self-same ould rapscallion, who gave it to me, and now wid a cocked hat on him, mighty ginteel, his legs cross-ways on his three-legged stooleen, was goin on Tack, Tack, Tack, Tack, hammerin them together for the bare life. And at times throwing a glance out o' the corner ov his little grey eyes that would pierce through a deal board, over the scene ov confusion out forenent him, he'd burst into a roar of laughter, that you'd think would never stop. I turned round to see if any more o' the boys was awake, an' just as I did so, the cock crew, an', at the sound ov the blessed bird, the fairies vanished.

" Tellin the story as it happened, made all *raal* good friends, otherwise they might have renewed the battle, but all parted in good humour. Shawn did not long survive ; howsomdever I still remain to finish more of the good potheen, afther the

* Pieces.

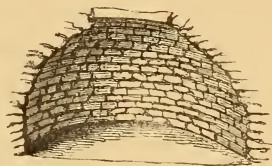
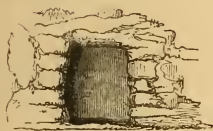
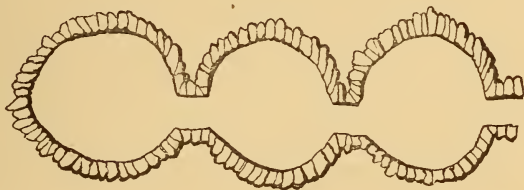
† Disturbance.

wonderful adventures I have gone through, raising up the stone of *Laibhe Colloch*, and drinking ov the *Leprehaun's* bottle."

Here a fresh jorum was served round, and the health and long life of *Shamus na Bo* was shouted by all who heard his wonderful tale.

RODNECK.

There are other objects of antiquity in this neighbourhood, consisting of forts or raths, supposed to be of Danish origin, but many clever antiquarians assert, are of far greater antiquity. One is quite close to the town of Fermoy, on the race-course, with subterranean chambers. These underground chambers are very numerous in this district. I visited them at Ballyhinden and Castle Hyde, which are precisely similar. Annexed is a sketch of the entrance-ground place, and



interior of the latter set of chambers, three in number. They are low, not above six feet high, and about the same in diameter, of circular shape, and lined with stone. The entrances are very small, barely room to admit the body in a stooping posture. That indefatigable Irish antiquarian, Mr. Crofton Croker, considers these were formed by the native Irish for granaries, or secure depositories for their property in troubled times; and that the entrenchments were thrown around their little wigwam settlements, as a defence against the enemy, be he man or wolves. It is also stated they were the dwellings of the *Fisbolgs* in ancient days. They are rarely disturbed, the raths being deemed by the superstitious the residence of the *sheeogues* or fairies, and that misfortune will attend all who disturb the fairy territory.

FROM FERMOY TO MALLOW.

PROCEEDING up the river from Fermoy, on the north bank, close to the stream, stands Fermoy House, already noticed, with its verdant lawn, girt by a belt of trees forming a leafy canopy to a tasteful walk. The house is a handsome structure, consisting of a centre with wings, and has a neat portico approached by stone steps. It is at present occupied by the Rev. Maurice Atkin Collis. The gardens are very extensive, and well stocked; the grapery stored with choice vines; and the *tout ensemble*, seen from the river or the opposite bank, with the wooded hill to the rear, crowned by the noble range of barracks, presents a charming picture. Near is the house of Mr. Baylor, and a little to the north is Grange Hill, the commodious and finely situated mansion of William Forward Austen, Esq., J. P., who has a considerable landed property adjoining. The greatest portion being kept in tillage, affords him the opportunity of employing several hands in agricultural labour, who, with good reason, speak of him as an upright and excellent master.

South of the river is Mountford Lodge, the residence of Captain Peter Collis, and Riverview, occupied by Captain Croker. Higher on the hill is Duntahun, the house of Thomas Green, Esq.

Opposite Duntahun, on the north bank, is a thickly wooded place, of which the author is distrustful to speak. It is, perhaps, impossible to divest himself entirely of predilections towards a spot in the possession of those who are nearest and dearest, and in the adornment of which, he may say, *pars magna fui*. This is Grange Farm; the property of J.F. O'Flanagan, Esq. Although the ornamental grounds are limited to about twenty acres between the road and river, the planting has been so contrived, and advantage was so taken of the natural resources of the localities, as to offer a wonderful variety of scenery. The garden, bounded by the fish-pond, is well laid out; the slopes of the hill afford pasturage to those useful animals, that so agreeably enliven the landscapes of Wilson and Gainsborough, sheep. Continuing by the road, along the river, we enter thick woodlands. Trees nod over our heads, where, with much labour and expense, rocks have been cut away, and forced to yield a passage to the miniature forest glades now opening before us. The river flows noiselessly by our side, and the dark rich woods of Castle Hyde seem a continuation of the demesne we walk in. A natural gap in the Castle Hyde trees, seen from our lower walk in summer time, when the leaves are out presents a perfect resemblance to a fair proportioned Gothic window ivy clad, and it requires small stretch of the imagination to suppose the time-honoured walls, concealed by the neighbouring wood. As we advance, butting cliffs frown from a great height, sylvan amphitheatres, tall groves, bowers, and thickets of shrubs and

evergreens, for a dense covert, are on every side. The yellow laburnum mingling its golden drops with the sweet lilac ; the rhododendron and mountain ash are here in clusters, while magnificent trees, worthy a primeval forest, spread their branches over a mineral spa, discovered in 1828 ; a well was sunk, and the water analysed, but no steps taken to apply it to medicinal purposes.

REMINISCENCES.

“ Adieu to thee again — a vain adieu !
There can be no farewell to scenes like this.” — BYRON.

In summer time the air is mild,
And brightly glows the cloudless sky ;
The radiant moon oft gently smiled,
Where pillow'd waves on ocean lie.
But oh ! beneath the heaven there's not
A sweeter nor a lovelier spot ;
Nor can the sunbeam's radiancy
Display a scene so fair as thee,
Where his latest rays are tinging
The tops of hills, with that bright fringing,
That's liken'd to the sapphire's blaze,
Or diamond-like entrancing rays
Of eastern maiden's piercing eye,
Where Amras bloom and Peris fly.

The stream in rapid eddy foams along,
And now so calm it scarcely seems to flow,
So dark, so deep — now bursting forth anon —
Wave succeeds wave in whirlpools from below ;
And the wild gushing beats upon the ear,
While straying through the thickly-shaded grove,
The trees on either side their branches rear,
To form those vistas where I often rove.

How mildly beautiful to stray
Thro' woodland paths at close of day ;
The dews have lightly wet the flower,
The water's murmur, the wind's power,
All—all are hush'd ; yet the blackbird shrill,
And the nightingale doth gently fill
The air with music — while around
The violet sweet perfume breathes,
So modest it can scarce be found ;
But like a clue its own smell leads
The hand to pluck its purple flower,
Which blush'd unseen until that hour.

It is a tranquil thing to glide
In summer time o'er thy dark river;
To muse o'er thy untroubled tide,
Tho' waveless, it is beauteous ever;
To hear the sweet notes of the thrush,
Pour'd forth in song; yet in the rush
Of music there is oft a sadness,
More pleasing to the heart than gladness;
And hush! the plaintive strain is still,
And echo's ceas'd from yonder hill.

How oft I've gaz'd on thy glassy depth
When the sun beneath the ocean slept,
And the mild moon her pale beams threw,
Where on thy banks sweet wild flowers grew;
And thy bold rocks I lov'd to climb,
With moss and ivy cover'd o'er,
Where roses wild in fragrance twine
Above. Beneath the water's roar
Is heard—o'er which the willow weeps;
And by thy brink the acacias bloom,
And out thy banks the hare-bell peeps,
'Mid underwood of birch and broom.

Here oft my mind in silence felt
Such feelings as scarce ever dwelt
With worldly men—and e'en though past,
Their ecstasy seems still to last—
Such scenes of lonely loveliness,
That Nature, in her brightest dress,
Could scarce portray again the same.
Then have I felt the glowing tone
That lights the Muse's hallow'd flame,
When from the earth, in fancy flown,
I touch'd the chords with poet glow,
And sang past scenes of weal or woe.

To the sportsman no apology is required for the following account of the last moments of David Walsh, well known along the Blackwater banks as a capital rider to hounds. He died in Grange Farm House. Imagination supplies the latter division of the narrative.

He is represented as having sent a special messenger, praying the author to visit him once ere he departed this life.

“AN OLD FOLLOWER.—PART I. THE DYING HUNTSMAN’S LAST REQUEST.

‘Time, stern Huntsman, who can baulk?
Stanch as hound, and fleet as hawk.’

SCOTT.

“I could not refuse the earnest entreaty of my faithful old follower, whom I had not seen for years of absence, though the office I had undertaken was a painful one, which I would have willingly avoided altogether. The words ‘May-be you wouldn’t catch him alive’ quickened me, so I put on my great coat and hurried across the fields to the farm-house in which he spent the last years of his life. Each object that presented itself reminded me of the merry days we had passed together, and incidents long forgotten, or hidden beneath the pressure of more important avocations, started vividly to my memory. The woods, the fields, the furze brakes, the coverts by the hill side, all presented the image of Davy Walsh, cheering the hounds, or riding manfully in the thick of the flying sportsmen; and when I recollected the errand I was on my pulse beat quicker, and a throb of emotion filled my heart. The day, too, was heavy and cheerless. December had set in with frost, but a cold thaw succeeded, and dews fell thick and damp. A filmy mist hung from the boughs of the oak and ash growing on the ditches, and the air felt clammy and moist. I walked alone, for the messenger who came for me had to get milk and some jelly for the invalid. My thoughts were sad. The voice that so often made the welkin ring with the view halloo! the breath which woke the mountain echoes by the cheering blasts of the horn; the cry which enlivened the tuneful herd, was soon to be silent and mute as a hound at fault. Happy days of old recalled their pictures with the gay colouring the freshness of my young imagination invested them with—Davy, mounted on his game hunter, attired in his scarlet coat and hunting cap, surrounded by the pack, and then, in my opinion, much more enviable than a chieftain amidst his fawning vassals; then, and perhaps now. Davy’s attendants were at least as honest and faithful. No courtier was more jealous of the kind word, more ambitious of a kind look from his royal master, than the hounds were of Davy’s looks and words—he cared for their comforts before his own—every one of them looked on him as his natural protector—he loved them as a father would his children—they exulted in his presence. I thought of his return in the evening after the chase was done. How many a time and oft I have stolen from the boisterous company in the parlour, and sought the quiet of his little closet off the harness room. Here, while partaking a bottle of wine which I generally abstracted for him, his tales of hard-run bursts, jumps over huge ditches, spinning over thatched houses, &c., would while away the hours, and fill my breast with a love for performing similar feats; but those days are gone, never to return. The old hunter is run to earth;

the horn winds his last *reeheat*, and sounds *mort*! No more will his merry halloo! resound in the grove, or awaken the echoes on the hills. No more will his cheering voice

‘ rouse
The wide old wood from its majestic rest,
Gathering from the innumerable boughs
The thousand melodies that haunt its breast.’

The game may now rest in his lair—the fox go leisurely from covert to covert—the hare slumber in her form—the red-deer march secure with his herd—their mighty destroyer’s chase is over. Occupied with these thoughts, I nearly stumbled, without perceiving, over an old hound lying lazily across the porch of the farmhouse. He sprang to his feet in an instant, and showed his jaws—toothless; but though quite blind, he had not lost the sense of smell, and wagging his tail, rubbed his head against me, and placed his paws on my breast, having recognised his old master. On leaving home I desired him to be sent to Davy; he was the last of the old pack. ‘Down, Ranger; down, sir;’ I repressed his greeting, and on passing into the house was accosted by the inmates. ‘Och! blessings ’tend your honour; ’tis you have the spirit of a ra’al gentleman, to come and visit the ould follower.’

“ ‘How is Davy to-day?’ I inquired.

“ ‘Wisha! going. Sir; going fast. Poor man, he is in no pain, glory be to God, and had the priest; and sings and prays for you and the ladies, as good right he has: ’tis they’re the kind ladies to him. Jelly and tay, and port wine and lump sugar galore and in lashings.’

“ ‘Do you think I might go in to him now?’ I asked, to escape the garrulous *vanithee*.*

“ ‘To be sure; and ’tis mighty plazed he’ll be to see your honour lookin’ so brave and hearty after your journey in furrin parts, I be bound.’

“ I went into the passage, at the end of which was the apartment, then occupied by my poor huntsman. On reaching the door I was induced to pause, as the voice of the dying man chaunting the *Modereen ruadh* †, came distinctly on mine ear. It was many a long year since I last heard him sing it, after the famous run from Ryder’s Brake to Kilmurry, and in deep emotion I listened to the once manly and powerful voice, now alas! shrunk to ‘treble pipes, and whistling in its sound.’ The words were audible and the refrain as follows:—

“ ‘Good morrow, fox!’ “ ‘Sarvint, Sir!’
“ ‘Pray what have you been ateing?’
“ ‘A fine fat goose I stole from you;
Now won’t you come and taste it?’
Modereen ruadh! Modereen ruadh!

* Old woman of the house.

† Red Fox’s Elegy.

Tally ho ! the fox, a colleannun !
 A fine fat goose I stole from you,
 For which you'll die in the morning.

“ Ah, huntsman dear ! I'll be your friend,
 If you'll let me go till the morn —
 Don't call on the hounds for one half hour,
 Or do not sound your horn ;
 In truth I am tired after yesterday's chase,
 I can neither run nor walk well ;
 Let me once to the rocks, amongst my own race,
 Where I was bred and born.”
 Modereen ruadh ! Modereen ruadh !
 Tally ho ! the fox, a colleannun !
 Tally ho ! the fox —
 Over hills, dales, and rocks,
 We'll chase him on till the morning.’

“ A short pause ensued, as if the remembrance of days long vanished checked the flow of song, and I was proceeding to enter the apartment when the poor old man resumed his recitative : —

‘ I lock'd him up, an' fed him well,
 And gave him victuals of all kinds ;
 But I declare to you, Sir, when he got loose,
 He ate a fat goose in the morning.
 “ So now kneel down, and say your prayers,
 For you'll surely die this morning.”
 “ Ah, Sir ! ” says the fox, “ I never pray ;
 And I'm all danger scorning.”
 Modereen ruadh ! Modereen ruadh !
 Tally ho ! the fox, a colleannun !
 A fine fat goose you stole from me,
 For which you'll die this morning.’

“ Thus he continued pursuing the chase through all its variations in this ancient ballad, interlarding its verses with original words, until he wound up by the last will and testament of Reynard, as follows : —

‘ To Roderick O'Flanagan I leave my estate ;
 To you, John O'Neil, all my money and my plate ;
 To the Dennehy's of Bellevue, my spurs, whip, and cap,
 For they always leap'd the ditch, and never look'd for the gap.’

“ The sounds having ceased, I opened the door softly and went in. Davy, small at best, was now a mere skeleton ; his faded scarlet coat hung loosely on his dwindled form ; from beneath his nightcap a few silver-grey locks hung loosely on his sunken

features ; a hectic flush was on his shrivelled cheeks, like a sunbeam on a ruin. He looked up as my presence darkened the light which fell from the window, and as he recognised me, pleasure once more beamed in his honest face. '*Fealthaecead mille fealthea, ma cushla ma chre**, Masther Rhody,' and the veteran huntsman caught my hand to his lips, and kissed it with heartfelt gratitude. 'I'll die asy now, since I seen you once again, *ma brau bouchal*.† I fear'd I'd never more lay livin' eyes on you, an' that was cuttin' me sore.'

"He appeared overcome by emotion, and sunk on the bed exhausted. Presently he rallied a little and sat up.

" 'I'm sorry to see you so low, Davy; is there any thing we could get for you?'

" 'God bless you and the young ladies at the barrack house; 'tis you are the kind friends to the ould follower, and sure 'tis nothing I want for that I don't get. Nothing is wanting, Sir. I have the best of every thing.'

" 'How does your health feel?'

" 'Wisha, I'd be mighty well, your honour, only for the cough; the cough is killing me;,' and certainly a fit with which he was seized almost verified his words in my presence.

" 'Can you find no relief from the doctor?' I inquired.

" 'All means have failed, and indeed 'twas no fault of theirs, for the doctors gave me all sorts of trial, but I can't expect the health now I oncest had. You remember old times, Sir, the good old times?'

" 'That I do, Davy, and shall as long as I live.'

" 'So shall I, Sir; though troth that's no big word, for I'm going, Sir, fast to earth, like a fox after a long run; and where's the use of being here when one outlives life, as I may say, now my hunting days are over, and like an old hound I'm not worth feeding? I lost my spirits entirely, Sir, when I could hunt no more, and my health followed, for I pined for the cry of hounds. Often have I sat by the river side and heard the belling of the stags in Castle Hyde deer-park, as they came to drink in the stream, and in the morning would awake at cock-crow, to wind a blast on my horn by the old wood-side, and listen to the echoes, fancying them the hounds in full cry. All the amusement I had was to hear old Hannagan play the modereen on the pipes, and now he's left the place.'

" 'Well, Davy, I can promise you some of your favourite music now that the frost has cleared off, for there's now near the barracks a sweet pack of twenty couple of the best matched fox-hounds you ever saw, and the kennel is better than ever—than it was even in Colonel Yates's time.'

" '*Tear an' agurs!* what a pity I can't ride!' said the old man. 'So the old place

* Welcome! a hundred thousand welcomes, my dear, to my heart!

† My fine boy.

is again tenanted ; well, God is good.' A prayer to Heaven was the fervent out-pouring of a thanksgiving heart.

" ' The kennel, Davy, is just what you always wished for. The lying room is kept as clean as a new pin, and there is another close by to change the dogs into while it is cleaning.'

" ' That's right, Sir. All the health and comfort of the dogs depend on the kennel—and cleanliness over ornament any day. With air, fresh straw, and plenty of room, defy the distemper.'

" ' Now good-by, Davy ; and as we mean to draw Glenabo covert in the morning, you shall hear a tune that will make you sing Modereen ruadh for the next ten seasons, 'twill put such life in you.'

" ' I make bould to ax one request of your honour—may-be the last, so I'm sure you won't refuse me.'

" ' Any thing in reason, Davy, you are sure to have.'

" ' Why thin 'tis this. The windy of the loft overhead looks out on Glenabo, and as I would die of vexation to be left down here and all the rest having a view of the fun, all I ax is, to be moved, bed and all, up stairs in the morning, to have one more view of the fox and the pack, and you and the gentlemin flyin' over the ditches as if they were pratie ridges—and sure that's not onrasonable.'

" ' Are you not afraid of the cold, my game old soul ?'

" ' Och ! not a bit ; 'tis an ould friend of mine this cough, and comes here as well as any where else.'

" ' Farewell, then, I grant your request, but you must not stay too long.'

" ' God preserve you and yours from harm, Amin,' said he, as pressing my hand again to his thin lips, a tear trickled from his aged eyelids. I hastily left the room to hide my own emotion, and gave the requisite orders to have him conveyed overhead in the morning. I went up myself, and true enough the view commanded a splendid prospect. The line of wood circling Glenabo, and skirting the deer-park of Castle Hyde, was distinctly visible on the opposite side of the river. Between rolled the Blackwater, glancing like a broad mirror. All looked cold and desolate in the hue of winter, and the chill air of the apartment made me repent having acceded to the old invalid's request. It would break his heart, however, to countermand it, so desiring he should be kept warm, and not exposed to cold, I returned to my house.

“PART II.—THE CHASE FROM GLENABO WOOD.

‘Never did I hear such gallant chiding,
For beside the groves, the skies, and every region near,
Seem’d all one mutual cry—I never heard
So musical a discord—such sweet thunder.’ SHAKESPEARE.

“The sportsman, if a person of intellectual and cultivated mind, finds an interest in the pursuit of the game, independent of, and superior to, the mere animal gratification, and this also of a nobler and higher character. His avocations lead him into the quiet haunts of nature, sequestered spots seldom trodden by the busy foot of man, and in these she unfolds rich treasures to enchant the eye. The blushing dawn of morn summons him from his couch, and the birds singing their matin hymns, as if rejoicing in the new-born day, awake prayers of thanksgiving in his soul. He goeth forth to the chase, and his ear is delighted with the warblings which resound from the grove, while his sight is gladdened by the diversity of bright and variegated objects on hill, and tree, and river. He learns to mark the variation of seasons by the different hue of the leaves, the tender green of the bud, the withered brown of the decayed leaf, or the yellow tinge pervading the change from green to the tint it takes ere its fall. That fall itself seems to remind him how like the leaf, which twitters tremulously to the earth and is changed into mould, he, in his turn, and the whole race of men from Adam downward, have been doomed one day or other to experience a like end; and he recollects there is a soul which dieth not, but liveth to good or evil everlasting for either.

“‘Thunder and turf! you must have overslept yourself this morning, or you would not be so late at the meet,’ said old Captain Whackman, pulling from his fob a huge turnip-shaped watch. ‘Why, it’s exactly half-past ten, and here am I and old Bob shivering since ten minutes before ten ex-act-ly.’

“‘I beg your pardon, my dear fellow; but I really had no idea it was so late. I will be more punctual in future.’

“‘That’s what I hear every day,’ said the Captain. ‘In my younger days, my friend, we used to be returning from hunting the time people go out now-a-days. Meet at half-past seven, run a burst of a couple of hours, and kill or run to earth before twelve at latest.’

“‘What advantage was in that?’ inquired one of the field.

“‘The scent, Sir, lies best when the dew is on the ground, and I take it that’s no small advantage.’

“‘Come, we must lose no time now,’ I said. ‘Throw off the dogs, Carty, and get into covert as fast as possible. Halloo! get in—get in!’ We were on the alert in a second, and Whackman’s face assumed its good-humoured expression.

“We, that is about twenty red-coated gentry, some officers of the Fermoy garrison, and sportsmen from the town, were clustered by the river side, while the hounds were drawing the plantations along the Inches. Suddenly the broad face of the rock re-echoed with the shrill cry of a young hound. We waited breathlessly for some more certain tidings: the hoarser note of an old dog soon put us in motion. ‘Hark to, Trueman! Yoic! yoic! Have at him, my darlings!’ Fresh voices swell the cry: ‘Hark to, Rattler, Trueman, and Vengeance!’ The animated strain rolls on. My thorough-bred hunter pricked up his ears, and pawed the ground impatiently. I moved gently in the direction the pack led, and louder yet the clamour grew, for every hound in the wood were united in one grand orchestra. ‘I trust they’ll not kill in the covert,’ said one of the officers. ‘Not the least fear of that, I’m sure,’ said old Whackman, and suddenly raising his voice to a deafening pitch, ‘Tally-ho! tally-ho! hark forward! my honeys,’ as a gallant fox dashed boldly from the wood, and made for the open country.

“There cannot possibly be a moment of greater excitement to a sportsman, than when the hounds get away with the fox. The world is all before him where to choose, not his place of rest, but where to face to, and wherever he goes we follow. The rushing river, the yawning chasm, the stone wall, the earthen bank—we swim across, we overleap, we scramble over. Whoso flinches at that moment is no sportsman; whoso pulls bridle then is thrown out, or deserves to be so. Away we go. ‘Forward!’ is the cry.

“The fox, an uncommon stout one, faced right up the hill, and some difficulty was experienced, especially by those ignorant of the ground, the ascent was so precipitous. After crossing the mountain-top, he turned and dashed towards the river, which he crossed at Templenoe. We pursued. The hounds were seen running full cry towards Ashfield, and the fencing was tremendous, the banks being stiff and numerous. Instead of seeking shelter at Ashfield, however, Reynard made a foil close by Creg, and thought to make back to his kennel; but meeting with the field as they came on, slapped right again into the Blackwater, and swam to the opposite bank. I instantly galloped across the ford; and having good reason to know its intricate windings (I narrowly escaped drowning there before), reached the shore in safety. Now the hunt began in right earnest. The fox, much refreshed by his swim, started off at a rapid pace, the hounds having him in view running breast high. Many of the horses ridden by those out not having had the ring I rode, now being fresher, put my hunter on his mettle, and a regular steeple chase ensued; and, by this time, the thinned field and jaded pack told that by possibility Reynard could not long hold out. We had hunted him from Creg to Cairn, across the bogs of Glenabo to Duntaheen, and he now made an expiring effort to reach the earths at Grange. The farm-house in which the old huntsman spent his declining hours was in sight, and methought a faint view-

halloo! was borne on the breeze, as riding close with the hounds I thought of the days of other years. Whether there was a cheer or not, I gave one that made the air ring again, for the hounds were obviously closing on the fox as he made for the river once more.

“PART III.—THE HUNTSMAN’S END.

‘Huntsman rest—thy chase is done.’ W. SCOTT.

“The fox soon began to run short and dodge, by which I perceived that Atropus was preparing her scissors to clip the thread of life. Slowly, however, he wended his way; sometimes being unable to jump the fence, and more than once running along the head-ridge until he came to a gate, which he crawled through. The hounds were running into him, but he reached the bank first, and, urged by dire necessity, trusted to the current, which bore him to the other side; he scrambled up, and we followed in a few moments after. Now an event took place of a novel occurrence, which will live in the recollection of all who witnessed it. The farm-house already alluded to was directly in the line the chase had taken, and the hounds hunted the fox into the very yard. They did not stop there. When I came up a singular scene presented itself. There was an old outhouse for fuel and farming implements close by the dwelling, and connected with it; on the roof about a dozen couple had climbed, and one by one were leaping through a small window opening from the dwelling-house, a pane of which was broken. War to the knife was going on within, for the uproar was prodigious—the yelping of dogs, and the snarling and growling of animals over their meal, mixed with the screeching of pain and the peculiar bark of the fox in his agony. The sounds were not confined to the requiem sung by the hounds over their prostrate victim. The ‘Who-whoop!’ of a well-known voice greeted mine ear. Throwing myself off, and leaving my horse to enter the open stable—for the men were all scattered to view the hunt—I rushed up to the loft. Mercy, what a sight was there! In the very middle of the floor were the hounds worrying the fox, snarling and tearing his mangled remains to pieces, while poor Davy, who had got out of his bed, had a hold of the brush, and with his puny strength was engaged in taking the trophy. The hounds having broken their hold as I entered, left the prize in the huntsman’s grasp, and waving it over his head with an air of indescribable triumph, he tried to vociferate ‘Who-whoop!’ but the death rattle seized his throat ere he could articulate, and he fell dead to the ground in the very middle of the entire pack. A few slashes of the whip cleared the room of their presence, and still holding the brush firmly in his lifeless grasp, I placed on the bed the body of the old huntsman. Several brother sportsmen now came up, and the women employed on the farm, who lamented the dead with loud wailings—I directed that all things necessary for

his wake should be instantly sent for to Fermoy, and his burial suitable to the estimation with which I regarded my faithful old follower. The fox's pate to be nailed on the coffin, and the brush to remain in his hand, so no mistake might exist, that as the life of the deceased had been spent in hunting, his favourite sport witnessed the 'Huntsman's End.'"

The splendid demesne now opening before us, and embracing both sides of the river, spreading its dark glades of forest trees to the summits of the gentle hills, is Castle Hyde, the noble seat of John Hyde, Esq. This place was anciently called *Carrig-a-neady*, or the Rock of the Shield; and the remains of an old castle of the Condons, clad in a rich mantle of ivy, still rears its venerable head, amid the environing trees. The ancestor of the present proprietor, Sir Arthur Hyde, obtained a grant of 6000 acres of the land forfeited by the Earl of Desmond, from Queen Elizabeth, as a reward for his military services. The entrance is massive and unostentatious. Two sphynxes, richly sculptured, repose on the piers. The avenue, which is very spacious, leads down a hill towards the river, but suddenly bending to the east, opens a view of calm and tranquil beauty. In front the dark river rolls its noiseless course, gently — as if it feared to wake the slumber of the



wide old woods. A verdant lawn carpets the land to the river's brim, and stretches up the rising ground opposite. The house fronts the river, and its central portion

is supported on each side by wings, of architecture simple yet substantial; the entire, as seen in the sketch, presenting an air of dignified propriety of building, better according to the stately trees, and solitary grandeur of the place, than a more elaborately designed mansion. Further down in the distance, the river is lost among knotted stumps and twisting boughs, overarching its flood, and forming a superb vista. This portion would be quite a study for an artist curious in light and shade, as the water, like a mirror, reflects objects with extraordinary distinctness. From the bank opposite a long range of highlands uprear their fertile bosoms, from which numberless clumps of trees grow in every variety of grouping. Beneath their majestic shade repose the antlered herd, meet habitants for such a spot. The gardens, north of the house, are very extensive, and well planned. The drive to the back entrance, by the brink of the river, is very picturesque. Castle Hyde church is within the precincts of the demesne, also approached from the Mallow road, and presents a handsome Gothic building. The interior is tasteful, and suitably ornamented, being richly groined and stuccoed. A stained glass window gives a gorgeous and brilliant light to the aisle. The pews and gallery of oak were the produce of the estate. The surrounding grave-yard possesses many tributes of the affection which the living bear those who are gone a little before us to that promised land where the "wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

HYDE, OF CASTLE HYDE.

The Hydes, of Castle Hyde, are a branch of a family of that name in Berkshire. The present proprietor, John Hyde, Esq., is the eldest son of the late John Hyde, Esq., of Castle Hyde, and Elizabeth, second daughter of Cornelius O'Callaghan, Lord Lismore. He and his brother Cornelius are unmarried. Sarah, the eldest sister, first married the late William Cooke Collis, Esq., J. P., secondly, A. Price, Esq.; Elizabeth married Robert M'Carty, of Carrignavar, Esq. The family of Hyde, of Castle Hyde, is perhaps more nobly connected than any other out of the peerage.

The father of the present owner of this picturesque seat did good service to the agricultural improvement of this part of the country. The following merited tribute to his exertions contains excellent practical advice:—"Mr. Hyde's character stands very high in the class of modern and improved agriculturists. He has taken pains to procure and try every kind of implement, and contributed much to the introduction of a better style of farming into the neighbourhood. The Devon breed of cattle have been found very thrifty, and excellent milkers. His farm-yard is very large and commodious, and he practises stall-feeding, chiefly with turnips. Indeed, there is hardly any kind of management which he has not

tried, laying aside such as proved too troublesome and complicated, and adhering to modes of more general use, and more convenient facility. Our young men of fortune, who turn their attention to agriculture, are often induced to despise rather rashly the simplicity of ancient practice, and to introduce, too suddenly, the use of expensive and complicated machinery, adapted perhaps to the circumstances of a country where labour is very dear and art far advanced, but practicable in few places here, and hardly applicable to any. To these innovations they are led by the perusal of books on farming, replete with imposing statements and calculations of extraordinary profit, easily made upon paper, but not, I fear, always to be depended on." — *Survey of Cork*, by Rev. Horatio Townsend. Now, I submit, the mischief does not rest here. One very unfortunate result follows: a general scepticism in every work on agriculture is produced, and our Irish farmers cannot be persuaded to follow any advice, or adopt any system, recommended by works, no matter how high the character of the author for practical experience. I have humbly suggested a remedy in another place—agricultural model schools, on each large estate. The following quotation from the lyric productions of an itinerant bard, who it appears was ignorant or mindless of the maxim, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*, recounts some of the singular attractions of this lovely spot:—

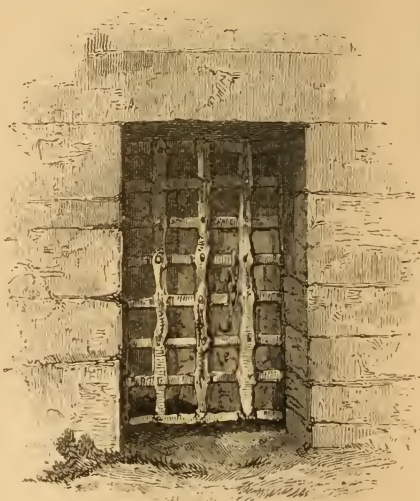
"The bees *perfuming* the fields with *music*,
As you rove down by the Blackwater side;
The trout and salmon play at backgammon,
All to adorn sweet Castle Hyde."

There is an anecdote related of the late John Hyde, Esq., father of the present proprietor, which bespeaks great personal courage and firmness. While walking through the grounds of Creg, where he resided during the dreaded year '98, he approached the wall forming the limit of the demesne, on the road leading from Ballyhooly to Fermoy. Voices were heard outside the wall, although the hour was past when by martial law all should be within their dwellings, under penalty of transportation. "These cannot be proper characters," thought Mr. Hyde, silently drawing near the spot where they stood. The wall is not high inside, but, owing to the road outside descending a hill to Templenoe, presents a fall of about ten feet. The projecting boughs of venerable trees screened Mr. Hyde; and he perceived underneath, close to the wall, a man addressing some others, and on listening attentively, was horrified on overhearing his own murder planned. His mind was roused to intense excitement; and observing the speaker to be a slight young man, within reach, stretched forth his arm, caught the man by the collar of his coat, and, by a vigorous pull, drew him over the wall. His companions, seeing him suddenly ascend, cried out the fairies had taken him off, and they ran away. The shouts of the fellow alarmed Mr. Hyde's servants, and they beheld the daring

ruffian a captive in their master's power. He was lodged in Fermoy that night, and finally expiated his crime in exile. No clue to his companions were discovered.

Adjoining the grounds of Castle Hyde are those of Creg, the residence of Mr. Hyde's aunt, relict of the late Colonel Stewart. The house, though ancient, is a very comfortable and spacious one : the gardens are kept in most excellent order. A fine castle, in good preservation, is boldly situated on a rocky eminence over the river ; and some rustic cottages, placed in romantic sites, afford charming retreats for the heated or weary. This castle formerly belonged to the Condons, and I understand was occupied by soldiers in 1798. The entrance is protected by an iron-barred doorway, said to have been the original gate of the castle. Opposite is Creg Cottage, the pleasantly situated residence of the Rev. J. Adams, commanding a charming view of the river. Near this, on the south bank, is the country-seat of John Carey, Esq., called South Creg ; and directly facing it, on the north, lies Templenoe, residence of Lane Hyde, Esq. After passing some comfortable farm-houses, we behold the churchyard of Killatty, occupying the height on the north bank. Opposite is Gurteen, the beautifully located residence of the Campion family, commanding on the one side a view of the river as far as Creg Castle, and Ballyhooly on the other ; and near it is Millvale.

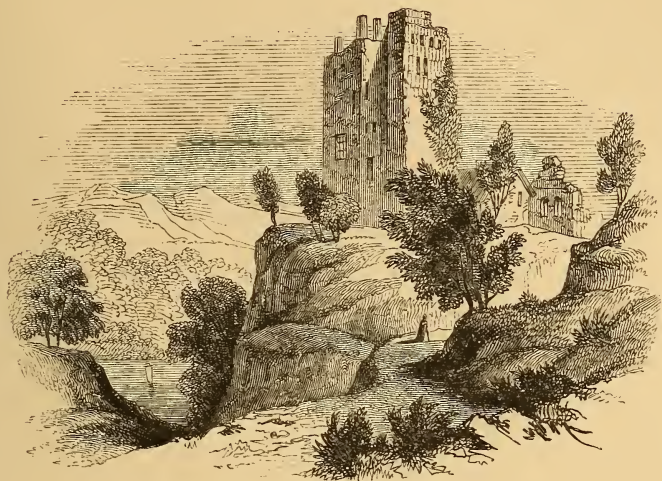
Ballyhooly Castle forms a striking feature as we move up the river. It is commandingly situate on a lofty ledge of rocks, and the tall Norman towers fling their broad shadows across the water. Near it are the ivy-clad remains of a chapel, probably the place of worship belonging to the castle, for I could discover no trace of any such monastery in "Archdall's Monasticon." Around are humble gravestones, which,



" With uncouth rhyme, and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Invoke the passing tribute of a sigh."

The village of Ballyhooly lies a little to the north of the ruins. Opposite, on the south bank, stretch a long range of hills, thickly wooded, called Nagle's Mountains.

This castle of Ballyhooly was one of the numerous castles of the Roches, and came, by their forfeiture, into the possession of Sir Richard Aldworth. It forms,



with the neighbouring ruined church, a most interesting object when seen from the adjoining demesne of the Earl of Listowel. Convamore is a mansion of plain appearance, but beautifully situated. The apartments are of good size, and embellished with many fine paintings, purchased by the father and grandfather of the present noble owner. The grounds afford views of surpassing beauty. The entrance is close to the castle, and the avenue leads along the brow of the bank, which descends abruptly to the water. Looking back towards the entrance, the sight runs along the windings of the river, through rich masses of wood and highly cultivated lawn, to the ruins, beautifully grouped, and the fine bridge leading to the well-wooded mountains.

The village is small, consisting of about 100 houses. There is a church and chapel, a good national school; and some of the young men have formed themselves into an admirable band, under the patronage of the Earl of Listowel and his excellent lady. The numerous works of charity and beneficence of this truly amiable noble pair have deservedly acquired for them and their family the fervent gratitude of the neighbouring poor: *O si sic omnes!* In the demesne of Convamore is a spring impregnated with carbonate of lime.

About half a mile west is Rinny, the property of Henry Smyth, Esq. J. P. It formerly belonged to the Rev. C. Wallis; and close to the house are the ruins of

an old castle of the Fitzgeralds. This was part of Spenser's estate in this country ; and a very old oak tree still throws its branches over the river, called Spenser's Oak,



under which he is said to have written part of the Faery Queen. Certainly, he celebrated most of the Irish rivers in that poem : —

- “ Ne thence the Irish rivers absent were,
 Sith no less famous than the rest they bee,
 And join in neighbourhood of kingdom near,
 Why should they not likewise in love agree ;
 And joy, likewise, this solemne day to see ?
 They saw it all, and present were in place ;
 Though I them all, according their degree
 Cannot recount, nor tell their hidden race,
 Nor read the salvage countries through which they pass.
- “ There was the Liffey rolling down the lea ;
 The sandy Slane, the stony Au-brian ;
 The spacious Shenan, spreading like a sea ;
 The pleasant Boyne — the fishy, fruitful Ban.
Swift Auniduff, which of the Englishman
 Is called BLACKWATER, and the Liffar deep,
 Sad Trowis, that once his people overran ;
 Strong Allo tumbling from Slew-logher steep,
 And Mulla mine, whose waves I whilom taught to weep.”

There is an ancient grant or demise of these lands recited as Spenser's Castle of Rinny, conveying them free from "coyne and livery." Some account of this custom is subjoined. By the fourth article of the synod of Cashel, it is provided, "That all the church lands and pensions of the clergy throughout Ireland shall be free from all secular exactions and impositions; and especially that no lords, earls, or noblemen, or their children or family, shall henceforth take or extort any coin or livery, cosheries or cuddies, or any such like custom from henceforth, in or upon any of the church lands; and likewise that they, nor any other person, do henceforth extort out of any other of the lands that old wicked and detestable custom aforesaid, which they were used to extort out of such towns and villages of the churches as were near and next bordering upon them."

In the note to page 153. of Mr. D'Alton's valuable History of Drogheda, vol. ii., the following account of this malpractice is given by that most accurate and erudite writer :—"Coign and livery was one of the most mischievous of the Irish customs; it consisted in levying provisions for man and horse, and likewise money, from all the inhabitants of the country, at the pleasure of the soldiery, who, amongst the Irish, received no other pay or purveyance; but when the English introduced it, they, as Sir John Davis describes, 'used it with more insolency, and made it more intolerable; for this oppression was not temporary or limited either in time or place, but because there was every where a continual war, either offensive or defensive, and every lord of a country, and every marcher, made war and peace at his pleasure, it became universal and perpetual, and was indeed the most heavy oppression that ever was used in any Christian or heathen kingdom.... It did produce two notorious effects: first, it made the land waste; next, it made the people idle, for when the husbandman had laboured all the year, the soldier, in one night, did consume the fruit of all his labour;... so as this extreme extortion hath been the true cause of the idleness of this Irish nation, and that rather the vulgar sort have chosen to be beggars in foreign countries than to manure their own fruitful land at home.'" There is no doubt but at present the people have but little encouragement to till "their own fruitful land at home;" for the present system of tenure acts like the soldier noticed by Sir John Davis, if a poor man reclaims a patch of barren land, he is forced to pay a high rent the moment it begins to yield him some return for his labour, and from the vast competition for land in every part of Ireland, he is obliged to accede to any terms or he will be ejected. It is hoped some good result will follow from the Landlord and Tenant Commission now sitting; and, from the selection of the Commissioners, every expectation of some equitable adjustment is fairly held out. The legislature would confer a great protection on tenants of small holdings, by exempting the instruments under which they hold from the operation of the stamp act, which at

present prevents their admissibility as evidence unless duly stamped. This has been recommended by an eminent Assistant Barrister.

The seat of Rinny was not the principal residence of Edmund Spenser, who chiefly resided about fifteen miles north-west, near Buttevant, in Kilcolman Castle. This distinguished writer came to this country in 1580, in the capacity of secretary to Lord Grey of Wilton, then lord-deputy for Queen Elizabeth. He soon commenced his beautiful work, *The Faerie Queen*, which, in the words of a truly competent judge, "entirely removes us from the actual material world; and instead of its noisy clamour and mournful realities, presents us with visions of peaceful and tranquil beauty, and the lavish treasures of an imagination that appears inexhaustible." The following sonnet is supposed to have been the dedication of the first book of the poem to his patron. It is addressed —

"To the most renowned and valiant lord, the Lord Grey of Wilton, knight of the most noble order of the garter, &c.

"Most noble Lord, the pillar of my life,
And patron of my Muse's pupillage;
Through whose large bountie, poured on me rife
In the first season of my feeble age,
I now doe live, bound yours by vassalage
(Sith nothing ever may redeeme nor reave
But of your endlesse debt, so sure a gage);
Vouchsafe, in worth, this small gift to receive,
Which in your noble hands for pledge I leave
Of all the rest that I am tyde t' account.
Rude rymes, the which a rustick Muse did weave
In salvage soyle, far from Parnasso mount,
And roughly wrought in an unlearned loome,
The which vouchsafe, dear Lord, your favourable doome."

When the first three books of the *Faerie Queen* were ready for print, they were addressed, by a glowing dedication, to Elizabeth, and an introductory epistle to Sir Walter Raleigh. It had many recommendations beside its great poetical merit. The temper of the age permitted the exercise of flattery and adulation, and Spenser used a reasonable share of both, and in his allegorical guise introduced all the remarkable personages of the court, from the queen, "Great Gloriana," downwards. But "Oh, that mine enemy would write a book!" The first efforts of genius fared no better with Edmund Spenser than any other hapless poet, before or since. His friend Lord Grey was out of favour. The iron rule to which the Irish were subjected during his viceroyalty, was detailed to his disadvantage by his enemies in England. He was accused of punishing with death those whom he only suspected, and against whom no proof of guilt was adduced, and the Queen ordered the recall of the lord-deputy ere he completed his second year of mis-

government. Spenser was obliged to taste of the bitter chalice, which it is too often the lot of unaided talent to drain. Seeing the weak and contemptible trifler advanced to offices of trust and emolument, while, with abilities immeasurably superior, the man of talent is left unknown and unnoticed, when lacking daily bread, is hard to bear. Such Spenser thus deplores :—

“ Most miserable man, whom wicked fate
 Hath brought to court, to sue for hard ywist,
 That few have found, and mannie one hath mist !
 Full little knowest thou, that hast not tried
 What hell it is, in suing long to bide :
 To lose good dayes, that might be better spent ;
 To waste long nights in pensive discontent ;
 To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow ;
 To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow ;
 To have thy prince's grace, yet want her peeres ;
 To have thy asking, yet wait mannie yeares ;
 To fret thy soule with crosses and with cares ;
 To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs ;
 To fawne, to crowche, to wait, to ride, to ronne,
 To spend, to give, to want, to be undonne.
 Unhappy wight, born to disastrous end,
 That doth his life in so long tendance spend ! ”

It appears from some statements, that the necessities of the poet being represented to Elizabeth, she desired her treasurer, Lord Burleigh, to “give him what is reason ;” but he being a close-fisted fellow, with no soul for poetry, took no notice of the Queen's message. Despairing of any aid from the royal bounty, Spenser sought to recover his manuscript, and with a like success. He tried an epigram to the Queen :—

“ I was promised on a time
 Some reason for my rhyme :
 From that time to this season
I neither had rhyme nor reason. ”

This was somewhat productive, and led the way to better. A pension of 50*l.* a year from the royal purse was settled on the poet, and in 1586, the forfeited estates of the Earl of Desmond, extending 160 miles in the south of Ireland, enabled the undertakers of the period to provide for their friends. Interest was made by the Earl of Leicester, Lord Grey of Wilton, and Sir Philip Sidney, and a grant obtained for Edmund Spenser, Esq., of 3028 acres in the northern part of the county of Cork. Though not a desirable locality, it was a great boon, and as “beggars can't be choosers,” our poet hailed with delight the long-sighed for haven of

independence. Kilcolman Castle was a fortalice of the Earl of Desmond. It was surrounded by a vast plain, unenlivened by hamlet or mansion, and, at a great distance, girt by a horizon of lofty hills, all of which have been introduced into his writings under poetical names. The Ballyhowra hills to the north are the Mountains of Mole — “Old Father Mole.” This name he gives to the hills running along the northern and eastern limits of Cork, and dividing that county from Limerick and Tipperary. Gualtie More, the highest of the Gualty range, he calls Arlo Hill; doubtless from its vicinity to the Glen of Aherlow, which lies behind it on the Tipperary side.

“Eftsoones the time and place appointed were
 When all, both heavenly powers and earthly wights,
 Before great Nature's presence should appeare
 For triall of their titles and best rights;
 That was to meet upon the highest heights
 Of Arlo Hill (who knows not Arlo Hill?)
 That is the highest head in all men's sights
 Of my old Father Mole, whose shepherd's quill
 Renown'd, hath with hymns fit for a rurall skill.”

The following poetical account of this Castle of Kilcolman (which was burned by the insurgents during the rebellion of Tyrone in 1597, when Spenser escaped



with difficulty, appeared in an able article, entitled “Spenser's Irish Residence,”

in the Dublin University Magazine, November, 1843, written by one of whom the inhabitants of the Blackwater banks have just reason to be proud : —

“ Kilcolman Castle is now a ruin, and a fast-perishing one. There are no signs about it that any of the things we have been telling once occurred within its walls; the very traces of the fire have been washed out by the elements, and the memorials of the poet's ruin have passed away along with the tokens of his joy. But Mulla flows past it, even as it did then; and the everlasting hills still keep their watch over the stern old building. When we saw it last, we took a sweet pleasure in climbing up the slippery stairway of stone, which is yet perfect, and thinking that Raleigh and Spenser often went it up and down together. And there was a deep-recessed window, with a stone seat on each side, and a view from it of a far-spreading tract of champaign country, and we pictured for ourselves the poet (as old Aubrey in his *Lives* has painted him), a little man, wearing short hair, with laced shirt collar and cuffs, seated on one of those chairs, and opposite him his Elizabeth, with those fayre golden tresses he so much loved. It was a lovely evening in the autumn of the year, and the sun was now westering his course towards the remote hills; and that young couple sat there, watching with unspeak-ing rapture the magnificent sun's going down; and the declining rays glistened on the surface of a small calm lake near them, and farther off were multiplied in the waters of a winding river, which sparkled in them like burnished steel or silver. Then, like a thick black curtain, darkness was slowly drawn over their prospect, and after a little while were heard tones of the evening hymn, and a low calm voice pleaded humbly in prayer, and soon after all sounds ceased, and the inmates of the castle were hushed in repose: then succeeded an hour or two of stillness, and after that was borne to us on the night wind the tramp of a thousand feet; and louder they grew and yet louder, and they draw near that lonely building. And rude knocking was heard at its gate; and the passage was forced in; and lights flared up on all sides; and there were shrieks and groans, and commingling cries of men engaged in deepest battle. And savage numbers prevailed, and the application for mercy was met by the sweep of the broadsword, or the thrust of the skean, or the low short laugh of derision. And the tumult grew less, and the cries died away, and then all was hushed in the silence of death.

“ Then we had a vision of a rough and stormy ocean, and a struggling bark was wildly contending on it with the mad tempest; and there were terrified fugitives crouching low on her deck, and looking with eager eyes towards a blue low-lying shore they were with difficulty approaching. And then the scene changed to a plainly furnished room in an inferior street, and the wanderers were there and knew of their safety; but the strong man's cheek was flushed with disease, and fever was feeding upon his strength, and his head was sick, and his heart was broken.

“ And then, in a gorgeous aisle of a reverend minster, we saw a crowd assemble, and a grave was dug, and a long procession issued from a low arched door near at hand, and proceeded towards the grave. And the nobles of the land were there ; and poets read their eulogies of the deceased, and cast the verses and the pens that indited them into the pit. And then there was the rumbling of earth upon the coffin-lid — and the hollow thumping of the sexton’s spade — and suppressed sobs and tears — and the dying away of departing footsteps. Dust and ashes ! and our dream is ended.”

We resume our journey along the river ; but ere we leave the estate of Spenser, let us have another quotation from the Irish Residence :—“ Fairest sight in creation are these rivers, whether small in their childhood, and found far among the mountains ; or in rich manhood, sweeping through the open plains ; or joining the ocean at last in slow and exhausted old age — lovely are they all at times ! And of the hymn of thanksgiving, which nature sends forth from her many-toned voice, mounting up to her Creator’s throne, the burden is borne by the rivers. The songs of the birds may be sweet and powerful, but they are also broken and perishing ; taken up of a sudden, and passing away and leaving no trace of their being ; but the anthem notes of the streams are everlasting. They were listened to six thousand years ago by the world’s grey fathers, and on — on — on ever since has that voice of praise been continually murmuring. The former are types of the adoration of man ; but the latter image forth the choral strains of heaven.

“ And poets have all loved the rivers ! Need we mention the banks of the Doon, or the braes of Yarrow, or the lovely retirements of the Duddon ? And here are the streams by which Edmund Spenser walked with all his glory, dreaming bright dreams of hope and blessing, and murmuring as he walked their margin to music sweeter than their own.”

We now behold the favourite stream of the poet — “ Mulla fair and bright.” Close to Rinny the winding Awbeg falls into the Blackwater, and in a fertile valley at the confluence is seated the venerable abbey of Ballynadroghid or Bridgetown, so called from two bridges that formerly crossed the river in its neighbourhood. Of these bridges every vestige has disappeared, and the road from Mallow to Fermoy now traverses the Awbeg further up its banks, so that the situation of the abbey is much more secluded at present than at the period when it flourished.*

It lies secluded — apart from the prying eyes of the vulgar wayfarer — and the traveller must leave the direct road to Mallow, and diverge for a quarter of a mile by the bank of the Awbeg, to follow the fallen fortunes of the monastic pile. It

* Newenham’s Antiquities of Ireland.

lies low, near the river side; and the gentle chafing of the ripples against the



pebbly beach falls musically on the ear. The ruins are very ancient, and extensive.

“Cyprus and ivy, weed and wallflower grown,
Matted and massed together—hillocks heap’d
O’er what were chambers—archerush’d columns strewn
In subterranean damps, where the owl peep’d,
Deeming it midnight.”

The accompanying view of the interior will give some idea of this sacred edifice. It was founded, says Archdall*, in the reign of King John, by Alexander Fitzhugh Roche, dedicated to the blessed Virgin Mary, and supplied with canons regular from the priory of Newtown, in the county of Meath, and the abbey of St. Thomas, in Dublin. King Edward I. confirmed this endowment, and the Roche family added considerably to the possessions of the foundation. Thomas, prior of this abbey, was one of the persons elected according to the writ of Edward III. in 1375, by which that monarch required the bishops and commons

* Monasticon Hib. 57.

to elect chosen persons, who were immediately to repair to England, there to treat, consult, and agree with his Majesty and council, as well touching the government of this kingdom, as for the aid and support of the war his Majesty was then engaged in.*

The remains of the spacious monastery consist of portion of the chapel, refectory, and cloisters. The masonry is strong.

“Of a rich and rare
Mix'd Gothic, such as artists all allow
Few specimens yet left us can compare
Withal.”

Close to the high altar is a monument, supposed to be that of the founder, from a



rude carving of an inverted shield, charged with one fish. The present arms of the Roche family are three fishes. The tomb has no inscription.

Mr. Crofton Croker, speaking of this monument, in his “Researches in the South of Ireland,” remarks, “The extreme wildness of construction of this arch

* Aytoff's Ancient Charters, 452.

is remarkable, the termination of one side being square and massive, the other slight and sharp. Irregularity seems to have been the designer's chief object, and yet an uniformity of effect is preserved. About the middle of the corner moulding, on the altar side, a head, in high relief, is most unaccountably placed, without any thing similar to correspond as a balance." In a small chapel adjoining is a tomb, inscribed, Theobald Roche, 1634, and around are strewn several curiously sculptured gravestones. Mr. Croker, in the work referred to, gives drawings of several of these ancient gravestones.

The magnificent ruins which every where remain of buildings consecrated to religion, attest the piety and refinement of our ancestors. The change in the mode of building houses of worship suitable to the great Being whom they adored, from the rude and unarchitectural edifices in which they were accustomed to worship, has been ascribed with much reason to the missionaries from the Continent. In a work already quoted* we learn, in architecture as in letters, the first impulse was given by St. Augustin and his companions, who substituted a rough but solid masonry for the walls of mud or timber, the only materials first used. But still there was no very great advance until the pilgrims, in their frequent visits to the tombs of the apostles, had become impressed with the miserable inferiority of their own churches, whose whitewashed walls, and windows without glass, had before excited their admiration. Successive pilgrims brought back chalices, sacred utensils, vestments, and ornaments for the altar, besides statues and pictures to adorn the temples, which the observation of the Roman and Continental structures enabled them to erect. In these they exhibited to their admiring countrymen all the wonders of cut-stone walls and towers, lead roofs and glass windows, and not the least attractive were the creations of Italian pencil and Greek chisel. With these they adorned the sacred edifice, "that all who entered therein—even the illiterate," to use St. Bennett's own words, "might be led to salutary reflections by the sight of the Saviour's image, and those of his saints—by the scene of his nativity—of the last judgment—or by the other sacred subjects which meet their gaze, to whatsoever side they turn."

At a short distance—about a mile and a half—pursuing the course of the Awbeg, as it winds through a steep and rocky glen, is Castletown Roche, which deserves some notice in our Historial Guide.

The town, or perhaps, more strictly speaking, village, is romantically situated upon the side of a sloping hill, with the river at its base, and woods surmounted "by a tiara of proud towers" above. The river is—the Awbeg—

"Mulla mine—whose waves I whilom taught to weep."

* Rome as it was under Paganism, and as it became under the Popes.

On a gentle mount near the bridge is the pretty church. A stone which is imbedded in the wall bears the following inscription, which was so plain as to permit my deciphering it readily: —

ORATE

Pro bono statu
Domini Maurici
Roche Viceco-
mes de Fermoy et
Domine Elinorie
Maurici et
Pro Anima ejus,
Anno Domini 1585.

The Catholic chapel is higher in the town. The castle is a spacious building, lately repaired, and added to by its present owner, Henry Mitchell Smyth, Esq., brother to Richard Smyth, of Ballinatra, Esq. This was formerly the chief seat of the Lords Roche. The loyalty of the head of the family being suspected, in Queen Elizabeth's reign, instructions were sent to Sir Walter Raleigh, then at Cork, to take him prisoner, which duty he performed; and however we may be disposed to regard the means by which it was effected, certainly we cannot refuse some praise for the coolness and courage displayed by Raleigh. Advised that Fitzgerald, Seneschal of Immokilly, intended to intercept the march, Raleigh collected a small band of ninety soldiers, and started so unexpectedly at night, that he escaped any interruption, and arrived at Castletown Roche the next morning. The advance of the English caused the inhabitants to muster for defence; but Raleigh avoided blows, and requested permission to speak with Lord Roche. He advanced to the castle, attended by six men only, and the chieftain, surprised by the visit, received him with apparent cordiality. Sir Walter kept him in conversation on various topics, while the men who accompanied him contrived to give entrance to all their comrades fully armed, each musket containing two balls. Lord Roche, perceiving his castle completely in the hands of the English troops, made a virtue of necessity, and, addressing Sir Walter with kindness, ordered refreshments for his men, and invited him to dinner. When the repast was concluded, Sir Walter acquainted his host with the cause of his coming, and exhibited the warrant for his apprehension. He yielded when he could not resist, and Sir Walter carried him and his lady to Cork the same night, which proved dark and stormy, without any molestation from the Seneschal of Immokilly.

Resuming our route by the river, we behold Nagles' mountains raising their wooded heads on the south bank. To the north are large limestone rocks, overhanging the flood, and so obstructing the stream in some places, as to render it fordable. These give name to a picturesque mansion, surrounded by a tasteful

lawn—*Clifford*, seat of Bart Lloyd, Esq. The house looks remarkably well from the river, and is a comfortable dwelling. The following lines are inscribed on a tablet in the hall :—

“ Parva domus! nemorosa quies,
Sis tu quoque nostris hospitium laribus
Subsidium diu : postes tuas Flora ornet
Pomonaque mensas.”

In a retired rocky glen is a handsome pedestal, bearing an urn of considerable size, completely shaded by trees. It was erected by the late owner of this beautiful spot, Richard Martin, Esq., and bears this inscription :—

“ Monumentum hocce
Diis manibus R. M. posuit.
A. D. 1790.

Quisquis hoc sustulerit
Aut jusserit : ultimus
Suorum moriatur.

Linquenda tellus, et domus, et placens
Uxor : neque harum, quas colis, arborum
Te, præter invisas cupressos,
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.

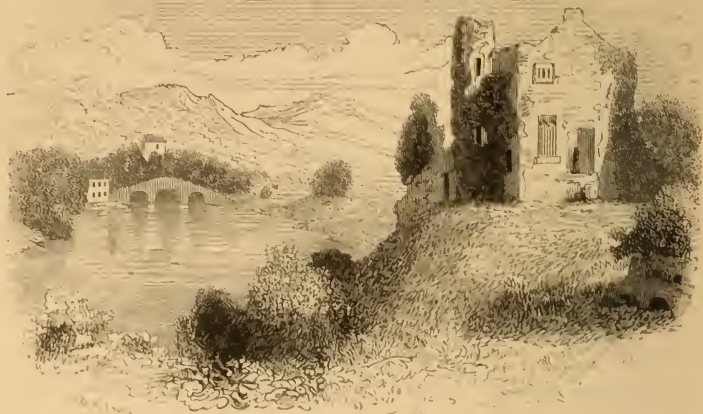
Vivus seu mortuus
Cor hic quiescit.
Quiescat !

Inveni portum, spes et fortuna valete :
Sat me lusistis, ludite nunc alios.”

A little higher on the opposite side is a castle, proudly situated on a rock over the river, and the wood and water with the venerable towers and modern dwelling near, form a fine contrast to the barren mountain in the background. This is the castle of Carrignaconnny, and the seat of Henry B. Foot, Esq., formerly the residence of Sir Richard Nagle, attorney-general to King James II., and Speaker of the House of Commons.

On the north bank we behold a strong-built tower in fine preservation: Monaminy Castle, a preceptory belonging to the knights of St. John of Jerusalem, now the comfortable residence of William Barry, Esq. This must have been an extensive building in former days, as traces of very large edifices are observable round the castle. It is, as Doctor Smith, in his History of Cork, justly observes, “augustly situated :” built on a steep rocky eminence rising from the waters. There being

no mention whatever of this house, besides the reference in the royal quit-rent books, the founder and time of foundation is unknown. After the suppression of the order



of Hospitallers, it passed into the Nagle family, and in the chancel of the ruined church of the Commandery is the tomb of the Nagles. This ancient family, of which there are several branches in this country, are said to be principally distinguished by the colour of the hair : such as the red Nagles, for those with the hair of the family, of the hue delicately termed auburn ; black Nagle, with dark hair. The members of this family are of the highest respectability. Sir Richard Nagle, Bart., of Jamestown House, Westmeath, is of this stock. His great-grandfather was Richard Nagle, Esq., of Mount Nagle, Cork. The eldest son of Edmund Spenser the poet, named Sylvanus, married Ellen Nagle, eldest daughter of David Nagle, of Monaminy ; the issue of this marriage was two sons, Edmund and William Spenser. Kilcolman, never having been rebuilt after the death of Spenser the poet, his descendants resided at Rinny, where I was informed the last met his death in a tragical manner. He had contracted an intimacy with his housekeeper, from which she inferred he meant to marry her ; great, therefore, was her disappointment to learn, from a letter he received and which she had access to in her master's absence, that he was about being united to a lady in the neighbourhood. Jealousy, that fierce passion whether in male or female breast, fired her mind ; she resolved to interpose a bloody deed between the bans and the nuptials. From

some nervousness or inability on the part of Spenser, he could not denude himself of the hirsute appendage called beard, and this woman used to shave him. On the day of his bridal he dressed himself with peculiar care, and as usual submitted to the hands of his female barber : she cut more than his beard that day, for she cut his throat, and in the small antique dwelling at Rinny is pointed out the room in which she did the deed.

Edmund Burke spent a considerable portion of his youth in this part of the country, and was a constant guest at Mr. Nagle's. There is another branch of this house residing at Ballinamona Castle, in the neighbourhood of Doneraile. The head of this family is Garret Nagle, Esq., J. P.

A strong stone bridge below Monaminy Castle leads to Killevullen, a pretty village on the Mallow road. At the south end of the bridge, large limestone rocks descend from a great height into the water ; some large caverns are observable in their sides. An excellent mansion is built on the summit, called the Rock or Ballymacmoy House. It has a spacious lawn in front, ornamented with trees and flower-gardens. This picturesque mansion is the property of James Hennessy, Esq. ; and during his residence in France, was occupied by Mrs. O'Geran, who kept the grounds and flower-gardens models of taste and horticultural perfection. A short distance north is Ballygriffin, a pretty cottage of J. Creagh, Esq. Near this is Killura, the seat of the late Cornelius Linehan, Esq., now the property of Mrs. O'Geran. In front of the house is a venerable tree, or rather group of trees, for there are three distinct trunks, whether growing from one or more roots I cannot say ; this is called St. Cranith's tree. Mrs. Linehan, whose name previously to her marriage was Sarsfield, a descendant of the Great Earl of Lucan, had a tastefully arranged flower-garden at the feet of those aged foresters. The view from the house is beautiful. There is a finely wooded glen at Killura ; a favourite fox covert for the hunters of Duhallow. To the west is Castle Kiffin, formerly a seat of the Roches, now the property of B. Thornhill, Esq.

On the south bank, about a mile from Killevullen, at a place called Rahan, is a remarkable cave. The entrance is about twenty feet high, and from eighteen to twenty feet wide. It runs to a great distance underground, and is said to be crossed by a stream of water much further in than is easily reached by visitors. There are a variety of legends related about it. One mentions that the fame of a piper of this district reached the ears of the fairy king, who, finding the musician asleep at the mouth of the cave, brought him across the subterranean river, and he has never returned, though he is often heard inside, especially on stormy nights, filling the cave with music. Near this is Ballymacmoy, the property of Mrs. Carey, now occupied by Mr. Going Lane. Rockforest, on the south bank, is a noble place ; the house very extensive, but much out of repair. The present proprietor, Sir James Cotter, Bart., is a minor, born 1828 : he is the fourth baronet, and succeeded

his father in 1834. Sir James Cotter, the first baronet, came to the title in 1763. The demesne is finely planted, and commands a charming view of the river, with the splendid scenery of Carrig on the opposite bank. The country people say crows never fly over or build nests on this estate ever since it was possessed by one of the regicides of Charles I., meaning, I presume, Ludlow, whose daughter married Sir John Rogerson, chief justice : the daughter of this couple married Sir James Cotter. The seat opposite is Carrig, belonging to W. Franks, Esq. ; a good house beautifully situated, and its waving woods and castled crag, with the broad river flowing beneath, present a picturesque scene. This was anciently called Carrig-lem-Leary, or the rock of Leary's leap.

Higher up is Carrigoon House, the seat of Charles Curtin, Esq. M. D. A fine



old house. James II. had a garrison here, and on the other side, at Ballymagooly, were the English quartered. The relief of this last-named garrison, when beleagured, occasioned a battle at Bottle Hill, between Cork and Mallow ; the river formed the boundary between the adverse troops. Ballymagooly now boasts a handsome dwelling, seat of John Courtenay, Esq., an ardent sportsman, who has a considerable property in this county.

The proximity of the rival garrisons occasionally led to feats of valour on both sides. One anecdote will illustrate the arts employed to molest the enemy :—

One evening an Irish soldier with a light having approached a window that overlooked the river, attracted the watchful attention of an English sharpshooter, who resolved to take advantage of the opportunity to try his hand. Taking careful aim at the light opposite, he fired, and struck it out in the hand of the Irish soldier. "Be St. Patrick, but that's close shaving any how," quoth Pat; "I owe you one for that, but you shall have another, and we'll try who shoots best." So he relit the extinguished taper, which he fixed to the end of a ramrod, and put in one window, while he took his station at another open one, his gun cocked and the stock to his shoulder. Presently the fire flashed from the English garrison as the soldier tried his second shot. It was his last. Pat aimed steadily at the spot whence the fire flashed, and a heavy fall announced the shot told.

The village is situated on the south bank of the river, and consists of a range of small houses. Nearer to the river, and occupying the site of the English garrison, is Ballymagooly House, seat of John Courtenay, Esq., commanding an enchanting view of the river and its exquisitely beautiful banks. The parish church, surrounded by clumps of trees and an old churchyard, is adjoining. Near this is Rockforest Lodge, seat of Pierce Creagh, Esq. The banks of the north side, after leaving Carrigoon, are well wooded. We see a neat house belonging to Mr. Collins, and, at some distance to the north, is Anikisha, a seat of the Nagles. The extensive demesne of Sir Denham Jephson Norreys now spreads itself before us, and at the south the woods surrounding the mansion of the Lombard family reach to the water's edge; and the venerable walls of Mallow Castle, with the noble bridge, announce our proximity to this stirring town. There is a handsome seat here of Kilner Brazier, Esq.; and Beareforest, of Robert De La Cœur, Esq.

MALLOW AND ITS ENVIRONS.

Mallow, one of the largest towns in the South of Ireland, is now reached. It was anciently called Malla, Moyalla, and Moyallow, whence its present name is derived. It was formerly a seignory belonging to the Earl of Desmond, who built a fine castle on the north bank of the river, which commanded the pass. On his attainer, during the reign of Elizabeth, the castle and manor were granted by the queen to Sir John Norris, Lord President of Munster, A.D. 1584. Of this great man, who filled the chief office of president in this province after his return from settling the crown of Portugal on the house of Braganza, Spenser wrote when presenting a copy of his "Faerie Queen:"—

"Who ever gave more honourable prize
To the sweet Muse than did the martial crew
That their brave deeds she might immortalise
In her shrill troup, and sound their praises due?"

Who then ought more to favour her than you,
 Most noble Lord, the honour of this age,
 And president of all that arms ensue ?
 Whose warlike powers and manly true courage,
 Temper'd with reason and advisement sage,
 Hath fill'd sad Belgia with victorious spoil —
 In France and Ireland left a famous gage;
 And lately shak't the Lusitanian soil;
 Sith then each where thou hast dispread thy fame,
 Love him that thus hath eternised your name."

Lord Strangford inscribed his translation of Camoens to the late Mr. Jephson, his kinsman, member for Mallow. The daughter and heiress of Sir John Norris married Major-General Sir John Jephson, of Froyle, Hants, on which occasion the estate came into the present family. It appears there were two castles at this



time, one called, *par excellence*, "*the Castle*," the other "*Castle Garr*," or the Short Castle, thus described in the patent, dated August 21. Anno Angliæ x. and Scotiæ xxi., Jacobus I. This was about 1615. This patent grants to Dame Elizabeth Jephson, and her heirs, in consideration of 50*l.* paid by Sir John Jephson, Knight, the castle, manor, and town of Mallow, the Short Castle, *alias*

Castle-Garr, the fishing of the river Awmore *, &c., in as ample a manner as the Crown ought to enjoy the same, by purchase, or by the attainder of Gerald, Earl of Desmond, to hold the same of the Castle of Carigranshan, Cork, in free and common soccage, paying for the earl's beeves 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, and for all the other premises 44*l.* 8*s.* 10½*d.*, at the feast of the Annunciation and St. Michael. The patent further grants leave to hold a court baron, pleas to the value of 40*s.*, to export corn, duty free, license tradesmen, hold fairs and a market, and appoint a market-clerk. There were other and further privileges conferred by patent, passed by virtue of a writ of privy seal, dated 18th July, 1631, 6 Carol. 1.

In 1641 the town was of considerable size. It consisted of 200 houses, occupied by English settlers, thirty of which were strongly built and slated. On the occasion of the insurrection of that period, the Lord Mountgarret marched with the Irish forces against the town; the castle was then committed by its owner, Captain Jephson, to the charge of Arthur Bettesworth, with a garrison of 200 men, and an abundant supply of arms, and three cannons. The Short Castle was also defended by Lieutenant Williamson, who, after repeated assaults, and several breaches made in the walls, most of his men being slain, was forced to capitulate upon terms; but, finding his opponents not disposed to abide by their agreement, he resolutely snatched up a sword, forced his way through them with his remaining party, and got into the castle still held out by Bettesworth.

An account of the conduct of these parties towards each other shows the careless indifference of the soldiery of both sides, as to whether they drank together or fought together.

After Lieut. Williamson had surrendered the Short Castle, he went into a public house, with some of his men and a few of the Irish, *to drink*. He had not sat long, when an Irish officer entered into the room, with another man, who laid down a block and a large broad sword; which apparatus startling Williamson, he asked "what they were for?" He was answered, "to strike off his and his men's heads," which was no sooner spoken but Williamson snatched up the sword, with his left hand took hold of the Irish officer by the hair, and drew him to the very walls of the other castle, not far distant, where he gave him some kicks, and letting him go, entered the castle with his men.†

We do not know which to admire most, the good-fellowship of Williamson going to drink with his foes, his bravery in seizing and dragging the officer by the hair, or his magnanimity in letting him off with a few kicks.

While the Irish held possession at Mallow, there arose a contention among them about the supreme command of the army. The Lord Roche, and others of Mun-

* Blackwater.

† Smith's Cork, vol. i. p. 326. in note.

ster, thought they ought to have a general of their own province ; but to avoid disputes among the lords, they pitched upon Garret Barry as their general, who had long served under the King of Spain, and was reputed to be a good soldier ; Lord Muskerry, and other leaders, acting as a council of war. On the 15th February, 1642, a party of Lord Roche's forces, joined by several of M'Donough's, assailed Mr. Clayton's castle, near Mallow, and employed ten masons in making a breach in the wall, they having no battering artillery. The garrison made a resolute defence. A large barn was set on fire, that the smoke and flame might procure the assailants admission : it only assisted the besieged, without doing them any injury ; for, occurring at night, it threw a bright light over the country outside the walls, and every shot from the castle found a victim. It is said that 200 of the Irish forces were killed, and 140 wounded. A breach being at length effected, the place was carried by storm, and the garrison put to the sword. The castle of Mallow was taken in 1645, by the Earl of Castlehaven, and was nearly reduced to ruins. It was suffered to remain in this dilapidated state many years ; the first attempt to restore it was made in 1666. In a letter dated 3d of April, 1666, written by Lord Orrery to the Duke of Ormond, from Charleville, his lordship takes notice, " that there was then but one bridge over the Blackwater, which," he says, " is forty miles navigable for boats." This would lead one to suppose that the river was used for commercial purposes as far as the place occupied by Fermoy at present. " This bridge," continues Lord Orrery, " is at Mallow, where there is a castle of good strength if it had a little reparation, and is one of the greatest passes and thoroughfares in this province, and if seized on by any enemy, would, in effect, divide the country into two parts." When this kingdom was threatened with an invasion from France, the castle was deemed of such importance, commanding the chief pass and only bridge on the Blackwater, that the grand jury of the county of Cork presented a sum for the necessary repairs, to put it in a state of defence ; but the judge reserved himself from fiatting, until he spoke with Lord Orrery, the Lord President, and again deferred the affair till he spoke with the Lord Lieutenant, the law only allowing presentments for bridges, causeways, highways, &c.

The next important event I find in chronological order is the incorporation of the town by charter of 29th August, 1688 *, granted by James II., appointing David Miagh provost, with twenty-six burgesses, and the privilege of sending two members to parliament.

After the defeat of the Irish forces at the Boyne, Major-General Sgravenmore,

* Dr. Smith, in his Hist. of Cork, gives this as the date of the first charter of incorporation ; but Lewis's Top. Dic. states (I know not on whose authority), that the town received its first charter from James I., in 1612.

having advanced from Tipperary with 1100 horse, and two regiments of Danish foot, on 13th September, 1689, sent Col. Doness to destroy the bridge, and reconnoitre the castle. The colonel, on his return, reported that 100 Protestant families were in the greatest alarm, from M'Donough, one of King James's governors of counties, assembling forces for the purpose of plundering the town. On this intelligence, 100 men, and 50 dragoons, were sent for protection, and M'Donough's troops routed with great slaughter.

The town is situated on the north bank of the Blackwater, in a valley, with a chain of hills running north and south, and its environs are well wooded, which insures a mild temperature. This genial climate, together with its mineral spa, for which it is celebrated, renders Mallow a fashionable resort for invalids. The spa springs from a limestone rock not far from the castle, and is not unlike, in its properties, to the hot wells of Bristol.*

The following account of this spa is taken from Dr. Smith's "History of Cork," title Mallow Water † :—

"The first notice of these warm springs is said to have been about sixty years ago‡; but for want of a certain knowledge of their qualities, they became neglected for medicinal use; yet one has been much longer esteemed as a reputed holy well, dedicated to St. Patrick, and was formerly visited as such. The first hint of this water being applicable to the cure of diseases was given some years since, by Dr. Rogers, of Cork, who came to Mallow to attend a Mrs. Welstead, then in a very weak condition; in particular, she kept no aliment on her stomach, and was so far gone that her discovery was despaired of. Upon an accidental trial, she found that the water of this spring was the only liquid she retained in her stomach, and therefore advised with the doctor as to its use, who, being present when some of this water was brought fresh from the well, to his surprise observed it to be very warm; whereupon, to satisfy himself, he went to the spot, and found this same quality of heat, in a higher degree. The lady, with the consent of her physician, persisted in drinking this water, and was so considerably relieved, that she was soon able to go to Cork, when she was so much changed for the better that the doctor scarcely knew her again. This, as I am informed, was really what first gave credit to the medicinal virtues of this spring, and has occasioned it to be frequented every season by a considerable resort of people of fashion, both for health and pleasure. There is very little alteration by the thermometer in the heat or other quality of this water, in different seasons of the year; yet in frosty weather, and a dry season, it is sensibly warmer, being then less impregnated with other water. By repeated trials, I found this water raised the mercury in

* Smith's Cork, 327.

† Vol. ii. 281.

‡ This was written in 1749.

Fahrenheit's thermometer to the degree of 69°, the adjoining brook sunk it to 50°. Dr. Rutty coming directly from Bristol, and trying the same thermometer in Mallow water as he had done in Bristol water, found the mercury in the latter to stand at 76°, in the former at 68°, when in the neighbouring cold spring it stood at 50°.

The specific gravity of Mallow water, and that of the river Blackwater, is as follows : —

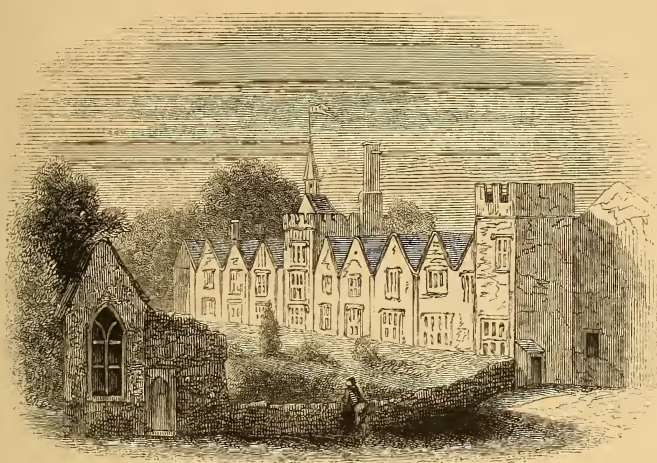
					Grains.
Mallow water	-	-	-	-	1'531.
Blackwater river	-	-	-	-	1'544.

This water is extremely soft, and, contrary to the nature of the Bristol water, with which it almost agrees in every other circumstance, very quickly lathers with soap; so that it was no uncommon thing for people to use this water for washing linen without heating it. It is also good for drawing tea: the pipes and inside of tea-kettles used in boiling it, are generally found incrustated with a calcareous deposit.

The principal spring is on the north-east of the town, north of the river. Here it rises perpendicularly in a strong stream from the rock, at the rate of 1200 gallons per hour. It has great repute in cases of debilitated constitutions, scrofula, and consumption. The spa house is a neat and convenient edifice, in the English style of cottage architecture, containing the pump-room, a small apartment for medical consultation, a reading-room, and baths. Here may be procured hot or cold salt-water, vapour, and medicated baths. It was built by the lord of the manor, Sir Denham J. Norreys, Bart.

The family of Sir Denham Jephson, who assumed, by sign-manual, dated 18th July, 1838, the additional surname and arms of Norreys, is of great antiquity, and high rank. According to Burke's Peerage, King Henry VIII., by patent dated 1534, granted the manor of Froyle, in Hants, to William Jephson, Esq. and Mare his wife. From them descended Sir John Jephson, of Froyle, a major-general and privy-councillor in Ireland. He married Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Sir Thomas Norris, Lord President of Munster; and the Mallow estate thus came into the Jephson family, and to the present talented and accomplished possessor. This excellent resident landlord is at present rebuilding his ancestral mansion, a sketch of part of which is subjoined. It is the true Elizabethan style, and when finished will be one of the finest specimens of that class of architecture in Ireland. The interior fully corresponds with the outward appearance. No expense has been spared to render it unique, and in perfect accordance with the prevailing character of the building. The wide oak staircase, with its massive balustrades — the panelled chambers, the deep embayed windows, the subdued light of day

dimly stealing through the coloured panes of stained glass, — all bespeak the dwelling of other days. The drawingrooms are completed, and sumptuous rooms they



are, richly wainscoted with dark oak, and handsomely furnished. There is a fine painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller, representing King William III. in his robes, "the gift," Sir Denham Norreys informed me, "of that monarch to one of his ancestors." At the opposite end of the apartment, or rather apartments, as they open *en suite*, is a small recess, containing an antique-looking casement. The blazoned window represents the arms of the Norreys family, and the painting is after one which belonged to an ancient residence of theirs in England. The demesne is thickly wooded, and abounds with pleasing scenery. There is a picturesque-looking cottage, and an agreeable landscape formed by the river, bridge, and old castle. The town is very extensive, and a place of great trade. There are a number of factories of different kinds, flour mills of Messrs. Brady, and Molloy and Co., a brewery, banks, &c. There is a very good hotel, the proprietor of which, Mr. Fitzmaurice, is always attentive and obliging.

The advantages which Mallow possesses in its situation, its inhabitants, chiefly comfortable men of business, engaged in a thriving retail trade, having a numerous landed proprietary constantly residing in the vicinity, and enjoying much repute as a resort for invalids, render it one of the most flourishing towns in Munster; and if its numerous poor had useful employment, would present a far more favourable appearance than when last we cast our eyes opposite Fitzmaurice's hotel, and saw, with sorrow, the groups of sturdy peasants waiting to be employed at the

pittance of eightpence a day without diet, and failing to get any work. The suburbs of Mallow are nothing better than those of any other town, consisting of dirty narrow lanes. However considerable improvement in the outlets is progressing, under commissioners elected pursuant to the provisions of the Paving and Lighting Act, 9 Geo. 4., who, in a short time, will effect a useful change in the approaches to the town. It would be well if a change took place in the dwellings of the labouring classes, which are wretched specimens of houses. The condition of the peasant must be materially bettered before we can expect neatness in his dwelling. He must feel he and his family are cared for; and this must be the landlord's doing; he would then begin, I am convinced, to take a pride in having his cottage comfortable and



orderly. But it is idle to think of having this done by talking or writing; example must be set. The old axiom, "Demonstration is the best instruction," must be resorted to. It is the only mode with the unlearned. Let agricultural model schools on a limited plan be set on foot, and see what a result will follow. It is absurd to say that for every profession or trade instruction must be had, and none for agriculture; that before a man can undertake any avocation in life, he must serve a long and diligent apprenticeship if he expects success, but he may be a farmer by intuition. That looking at the ground will enable him to set aright, and looking at the sky will prevent his going wrong. The inferiority of Irish farming to English and Scotch, with our advantages of soil and climate, is most unquestionably owing to the little education our farmers receive, on the very means of procuring their sustenance. They get no advantage from improvements; because wedded by habit and use to the established system of cropping and preparing land, they regard any improvement as a dangerous innovation. This can only be set aright by education in the agricultural model school, where the improvement may be practically tested, and its usefulness clearly demonstrated. This is a suggestion which the landlords might find it their interest to attend to, and the benefits resulting be participated in by themselves as well as their tenants. The ground would be better and more cleanly cultivated, no headlands or patches suffered to lie idle, and more prompt payment of rent necessarily follow. Then we should

have the educated farming labourer spending his evening hours in rendering his dwelling comfortable, cleaning or perhaps making furniture, protecting his little cabbage garden by rustic paling, or, by way of climax, twining honeysuckle round his casement windows.

The affection of the poor for the little spots of land on which they have been born and reared is a theme which awakes a thousand sympathies, and with no class does it obtain more strongly than my fellow-countrymen. The love of country is part of our nature.

“Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own — my native land?”

I look upon that heart with pity which is devoid of this feeling; indeed, to my mind it is an involuntary one, which “grows with our growth and strengthens with our strength,” having its inception in our very cradle, and formed in those pure and sunny days of infancy when we love all things animate and inanimate; when the bright streamlet, the dark river, the blue mountains, and the green fields, among which we passed our childhood, form a picture ever before our eyes, and grows so entwined with our being, that our hearts must cease to beat ere we forget to love.

However removed by distance from its influence, I am satisfied we can never be totally divested of this feeling; never altogether uninterested in the state of our native land. True our relations with it may have a greater or less effect in strengthening or weakening the sentiments. The peer who possesses a lordly dwelling regards with complacency and high gratification his proud ancestral halls and paternal demesne lands, as they are monuments of his power—they give him dignity and a name; yet I doubt much if his attachment to his country exceeds that of the poor peasant, whose mud hovel is here by the wayside. The bare comfortless walls sustain no costly pictures; the windows, through which the wind whistles unchecked, bear no emblazoned panes, permitting the sunlight to enter in many a varied hue; but bright and sunny visions of family repose, of domestic endearment with his humble wife, of years spent in contentment which poverty could not displace, which a community of privation, instead of embittering, only serves to strengthen and increase—these, these are the ties which bind the poor man to his home. Home! alas, the home that often depends on the rich man's will, who, without the least regard to the links which he sunders, to the heart-strings rudely torn, mindless or unthinking of the affections so consecrated, turns the family from the once happy dwelling to become dreary wanderers in the world's waste. Oh! if those whom an all-wise Providence hath placed in stations of power and affluence would but recollect how slight the causes which engender

the love of country in the breast of the poor man, as compared with them, yet how strongly it subsists—how strong that affection for home, the source of domestic virtues, must in truth be, to endear the clay-built cabin, the damp earth floor, the bare rough walls—they would not only try to improve those under their own immediate eye, by letting them comfortable dwellings, and giving premiums for neatness; rewarding their workmen, who, having the good fortune to become members of the Temperance Society, are faithful assistants to my highly esteemed and venerated friend, the very Reverend Theobald Mathew, by strictly adhering to their pledge, but discountenance, as far as possible, the snapping asunder those fine links, more valuable than golden, which ought to subsist between the tenant and his landlord, between the labourer and his employer. We should not then have our ears filled with accounts of heart-rending ejection scenes, which defile the face of the country, and which would hardly be credited but for the terrible vengeance occasionally inflicted in return by men whose nature has been rendered savage by a denial of humane treatment. A most intelligent observer of mankind, Charles Dickens, in one of his admirable works (through all of which is manifestly a tone of soul-felt benevolence to his kind), remarks, “In love of home the love of country has its rise; and who are truer patriots or best in time of need—those who venerate the land, owning its wood, and stream, and earth, and all that they produce? or those who love their country, boasting not a foot of ground in all its wide domain?”

In Young's Tour in Ireland during the years 1776—1779, we find the following account of the visit of that dispassionate and clever writer to this town and neighbourhood:—“Here they plough with horses, four or six to a plough. *The poor pay 10s. rent for a cabin, and 20s. for one acre for potatoes; 2l. 2s. for grass for a cow, and 10s. for the winter's hay. They live upon potatoes generally the year through; all of them keep cows and pigs, which latter they feed on small potatoes. Their circumstances are not better than twenty years ago; for though they have now sixpence and then had but fivepence, yet the rise is not proportioned to that of rents.*” I lament to think the poor are even worse off now, in 1844, than when the above was written. They still dwell in cabins, and live on potatoes the year through, thankful if they have enough to supply the wants of nature, which does not always happen. None can afford to keep cows, and they certainly pay more than 20s. an acre for potato ground, and more than 10s. for a cabin. How truly may we repeat their circumstances are not better than sixty years ago! for though they have now eightpence and then had but sixpence a day, *yet the rise is not proportioned to that of rents.*

Young continues:—“The soil of this county is in general limestone; but from Knockerrera mountain, near Mallow, to Cork, there is no limestone. Leases are for thirty-one years, or three lives; some for three lives and thirty-one years after;

and many farms let to middle men, who occupy no part of the land themselves, but re-let it. Above one third of the country is waste land. Mr. Jephson cultivates his land very highly: by means of regular attention, united with the goodness of the soil, he has brought it into the present state of perfection. The whole is divided into fields of a moderate size, with double quick hedges, well planted with trees, and kept in the most perfect degree of neatness; between the hedges are gravel walks, so that there is a planted communication about all the fields; the gates are neat and light, and every attention preserved to give the whole the appearance of a *ferme ornée*. This tribute to the arrangements of the late Mr. Jephson has been adopted by the Rev. Horatio Townsend, in his survey of Cork, and was so fully corroborated by the judicious mode of culture I witnessed, as to justify my using it with reference to the present baronet.

A horse trainer of this town claims some notice, not so much from his own as his father's fame. He is Sullivan, son to the celebrated Whisperer, and inherits a portion, at least, of his father's mysterious power over the horse, which I saw him exercise on the Fermoy race course. The father was a farrier, and acquired such an influence in subduing the spirit of the most vicious and refractory horse, as to become a celebrated character, and obtained the sobriquet of "the Whisperer." He is described as an awkward ignorant rustic of the lowest class, and was paid generally according to the distance he was summoned to tame a vicious beast. When he reached his destination, he performed the operation in secret, causing himself and the animal to be shut up together in the stable, the door not to be opened until he gave a signal to do so. After a *tête-à-tête* of a half hour's duration, during which little or no noise was heard by those anxiously listening, or "airing their eye at the keyhole," the signal made, the door opened, presented the horse lying down and the man by his side familiarly playing with him, like a child with a young dog. The spirit hitherto so untractable as to defy the ordinary rough riders was completely broken; the steed, from which the boldest rider shrunk as dangerous to mount, a child might ride in safety. Rev. H. Townsend relates:—"I once saw his skill tried on a horse which could never before be brought for a smith to shoe him. The day after Sullivan's half-hour lecture, I went, not without some incredulity, to the smith's shop with many other curious spectators, when we were eye-witnesses of the complete success of his art. This, too, had been a troop horse, and it was supposed, not without reason, that after regimental discipline had failed no other would be found availing." Another gentleman, of whose friendship from my childhood I can speak with gratitude, for if my sketches possess any merit, to him in a great measure the praise is due who so kindly imparted instruction, while he and his accomplished daughter, now Lady Deane, of Cork, were visitors at my father's, Robert O'Callaghan Newenham, Esq., delineator and projector of that costly and accurately designed work, 'Pic-

turesque Antiquities of Ireland,' mentions a horse of his so thoroughly and irrefragably vicious, that he would have taken five pounds willingly to get rid of him, though a noble figure, and of great powers of action. He heard of Sullivan, and sent for him. This was an opportunity of testing the accuracy of the stories told respecting his mysterious power, as the horse was quite wild and unbroken. Two guineas fee being agreed on in case of success—no purchase no pay—the pair were left *tête-à-tête* in the stable. At the expiration of some fifteen or twenty minutes the door was opened, and the horse utterly changed in temper and deportment. The skittish and fiery brute had disappeared, and a patient tractable animal, fit for a middle-aged gentleman, was led forth. When exposed to view he was in a profuse perspiration, as if he had been galloped, and seemed to tremble as through fear. The fame of the *Whisperer* was realised; he placed a child on the horse's back, and the light hand curbed him: nay, more; he placed the boy under the animal's feet, and he neither kicked or stirred while the child lay within reach. My friend kept the horse in use, riding him without danger, and disposed of him for fifty pounds. Sullivan would have realised quite a fortune if he had been prudent, but affection for hunting and love of whisky were his ruin. I fear these were among his legacies to his son, but trust the spread of temperance may have numbered the latter in the ranks of those who have taken the pledge of total abstinence at the hands of that great and good man, the very Reverend Theobald Mathew.

The neighbourhood of Mallow contains some small towns worthy the visit of the tourist. Doneraile, seven miles north-east, contains a good wide street, several substantial houses, and many respectable inhabitants. There is a good house of entertainment—I believe it does not aspire to the title of hotel—in the street. The principal object of attraction is Lord Doneraile's park and demesne, which abounds in scenic beauty. Besides some artificial waters in the grounds, the Awbeg (already mentioned) winds through the park. The house stands on an elevation, commanding a view of the river, and the rising grounds beside it are dotted by noble trees. The leafy bowers of the demesne suffered much in the great storm of January 6th, 1839, which made regular lanes in many parts of the woods. The scenery is chiefly confined to the beauties of the grounds. A distant view of the Galtees increases the landscape beauty. Kilcolman, the abode of Edmund Spenser, is situated about three miles from Doneraile. Kilbrack, seat of the Stawel family, a fine demesne, is near this. Creagh Castle, the seat of G. W. B. Creagh, Esq., is in the immediate neighbourhood; the entrance-gate is in the florid Gothic style.

Buttevant is four miles from Doneraile. Its name long inspired terror, being the war-cry of the Barrys, a powerful Anglo-Norman family in Munster,—*Boutez-en-avant*, "Push forward." It is used as the motto of the heraldic bearings of that family. The earls of Barrymore derived the title of viscount from Buttevant.

This was called by the Irish, Boothon, and Killenamulla, or the church of the Mulla, which runs near the town. This is the name Spenser calls it.

It was anciently a place of note, surrounded by walls with gateways, and governed by a corporation. Near the turnpike, on the Mallow road, some considerable ruins exist, which I consider were part of the defences of the town. The castle, called King John's Castle, or Buttevant Castle, seat of Sir James Caleb Anderson, Bart., is quite close to the town.

The castle is said to have been the chief seat of the head of the O'Donegans, who resisted all efforts of the English when they attempted to take possession of it. Gold, however, effected an entrance when steel failed. David de Barry, commander of the besieging army, found means to corrupt a soldier of the garrison, who, when his turn as a sentinel came, opened the gates to the invaders, and the sleeping inmates never woke to this life. A meet reward awaited the traitor — his head was struck off with the rest ; and the legendary tale of Mr. Crofton Croker concludes with this notice : — “ There was a small addition to this story related to me, as possessing equal claims to belief. The dissevered and ghastly head of the betrayer, as it was bounding down the stairs of one of the towers, yelled forth, in a sepulchral and terrible tone, the word — Treachery ! — treachery ! — treachery ! ”

The town is situated on the west bank of the river, and consists principally of one long street. There are very extensive barracks, enclosing an area of twenty-three statute acres, divided into two quadrangles by a centre range, in which is an archway surmounted by a cupola. The church is a handsome structure, with square embattled tower and finely proportioned spire. It is built near the castle, and within the demesne attached. The new Roman Catholic chapel is very beautiful, and derives much of its architectural advantages from the exertions of the parish priest, Rev. C. Buckley. The estimated expense was 3000*l.* of which 600*l.* was granted on loan, by the Board of Public Works, the rest composed of subscriptions. Lord Doneraile presented the site and 30*l.* The account given in Lewis's “*Topographical Dictionary*” is very correct : — “ It is a very handsome structure, of hewn limestone, in the later English style, consisting of a nave and transept, between which on each side rises a square embattled tower, crowned with richly crocketed pinnacles : the walls are strengthened with buttresses at the angles, and between the windows of the nave, terminating in crocketed pinnacles, above an embattled parapet, carried round the building ; and the gables of the transept are surmounted by Maltese crosses, beneath which, on each side, is a cinquefoiled niche, resting on a projecting corbel. The nave is lighted by a range of three windows of two lights, ornamented in cinquefoil, with a quaterfoiled circle in the crown of the arch ; and the transept is lighted at each end by a noble window of five lights, twenty-six feet high, and elaborately enriched with tracery :

the tower at the east side was a detached watch-tower, belonging to the abbey, erected by one of the Earls of Desmond, for the protection of the brethren in times of violence, and incorporated with the present building."

The ruins of the abbey close by present the remnants of a once glorious pile. Portions of the nave, chancel, and steeple-tower yet plead haughtily for greatness vanished. Some years since a high square tower, supported by a springing arch in the centre, fell, and choked up the interior with its fragments. Sir Richard Cox states that Buttevant Abbey was repaired by the Roman Catholics, as a place of worship, in 1604. It is yet regarded with great reverence by the peasantry of the district.

"Here many an antique monument is found
 Illegible and faithless to its charge;
 That, deep insculp'd, once held in measur'd phrase
 The mighty deeds of those who sleep below:
 Of hero, sage, or saint, whose pious hands
 These ponderous masses rais'd — forgotten now —
 They and their monuments alike repose."

The accompanying sketch is supposed to represent the tomb of the founder, David de Barry.

Near the entrance were a number of skulls and bones, perishable remnants of the soldiers who fell in the battle of Knockninoss, a few miles distant. This engagement took place in the year 1647, between the English parliamentary forces, commanded by the Earl of Inchiquin, and the Irish, under the guidance of Lord Taaffe. The latter were defeated with great slaughter, and a vote of something more substantial than thanks passed to the successful general.

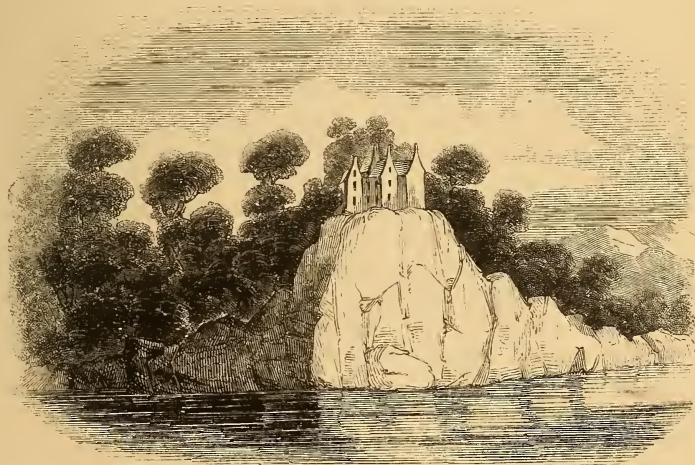


It was in this battle the piece of music so generally played on the bag-pipes — Ollistrune's March — earned its place among our favourite tunes. Mr. Crofton Croker thus refers to it: — "A party of Scotch Highlanders in the Irish army, headed by Alexander M'Donnell, or M'Allisdrum, contested their ground in the most determined and gallant manner, and were inhumanly butchered by the victors. That wild and monstrous piece of music, known by the name of Ollistrune's

March, so popular in the South of Ireland, and said to have been played at Knockninoss, should not, it appears to me, be considered as an Irish air."

FROM MALLOW TO THE SOURCE OF THE BLACKWATER.

Shortly after passing Mallow, the Blackwater receives the Clydagh, and runs through a fertile valley, clothed with wood. Near the extensive mills of Messrs. Brady is a neat house, the residence of the worthy parish priest, Rev. D. Collins. Not far from the town is Quartertown, the finely planted demesne of John Dillon Croker, Esq. Here is a chalybeate spring. Some men were employed in erecting a quay wall as I rode past Quartertown, which would confine the channel of the river to its proper bed. If this example at Mr. Croker's place would induce other landed proprietors to build likewise along their respective banks, there would soon be abundance of water for all purposes of navigation. To the north is Firville, the seat of R. Atkins, Esq., a square house in a pretty lawn; and close by Eden Hill, the seat of J. Carpenter, Esq. Mr. Ware's estate bounds the river on the south, and the plantations clothe the hills to the summit. There is a conical hill, well planted, in this demesne, which is seen at a considerable distance. The river now winds in its course, and is of considerable width. Summerfield, a pretty cottage on the north, is the residence of D. O'Callaghan, Esq. Nearly opposite is a thickly wooded range of high land, descending precipitately to the water. This is Drumaneen, Mr. Bolster's seat; and about three miles west from Mallow we reach a splendid ruin, called Drumaneen Castle.



DRUMANEEN.

“At a distance of between three and four miles west of Mallow,” writes Mr. Windele, “stands on a steep crag above the river the castle of Drumaneen, which, in its feudal day, belonged to the chief of the race of O’Callaghan, a family deriving from a common ancestry with the princely house of M’Carthy. The name of the site, Drumaneen, or more correctly, *Droum Fineen*, once belonged to an extended territory, which lay at each side of the Blackwater from its source to its termination. It indicates a tract identified in Irish history with an event placed many generations before the time of Kimbath, in that dreamy period which the old annalist, Tigernach, has characterised as ‘*incerta*.’ The first war between the Scoto-Milesian brothers, Heber and Eremon, arose from the cupidity of the queen of the former prince. Already possessed of the two fairest vales in Ireland, she saw and coveted that of Drumaneen, certainly not inferior to any other in Ireland. Her unjust pretensions led to a war between the brothers, the issue of which was decided in a pitched battle on the plain of Geishiol, in Ossory, wherein Heber was slain, and the power of his house crushed for some subsequent generations.”

What Cromwell said of the Tipperary “Golden Vein,” when its luxuriant beauty lay outstretched before him, might well be repeated of Drumaneen, that it is “surely a country worth fighting for.” Its loveliness and fertility would almost justify the desire of the picturesque-loving queen, even though its indulgence should cost a civil war. We speak, of course, with that kind of moral sense which may be presumed to have been in the ascendant in those fine old times, when sufficed

———— the good old rule — the simple plan —
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.

Possession doubtless remained to the victor, and its subsequent transmission must have glided on smoothly from king to thane, in all the pleasing variety which the several laws of Gavel Kind and *Lair laider*, or the Stronghand, were so well qualified delightfully to produce. In the eleventh century Drumaneen was the chief seat of the O’Callaghans; whether their abode was a *Dun*, a *Caithir*, or a *Lios* at that time, history saith not. Doubtless when castellation was resorted to by the Irish chieftains, in emulation of the Dane, the Norman, and the Saxon, the Lord of Drumaneen demolished his primitive entrenchment and erected his donjon-keep like the rest. The present remains, however, do not carry us to a very remote date. Their architectural style adjudges them to the Tudor era, and we may fairly consider the structure as coeval with the neighbouring castle of Mallow, which was

erected by one of the last earls of the house of Desmond. A turn from the high road, as we pass the *modern* church of Newberry with its *ancient* steeple, leads over a by-way of a truly "auld-world" character, with the remains of a once laboured pavement, now thickly grass-grown, and furrowed, and broken. This road may be properly said to terminate "nowhere or thereabouts;" it evanishes unconsciously, ere we reach a broad green avenue shaded with antique oaks and elms. This seems of an interminable length, and as lone and buried in solitude as though it led to some haunted castle, long buried under the drowsy spell of the sorcerer. It is a dream-inspiring scene, conjuring up visions of the long departed; of mailed chiefs and fair ladies, dimly seen in twilight glades; or of armed hosts, moving in silent procession over swards long abandoned to neglect and desolation. In our progress we did not meet a living being for half a mile of pavement and avenue, and it was only by a dogged perseverance that at length we found buried, amid surrounding foliage, the lonely walls of the structure we were in search of. Architecturally speaking, the building stands a specimen of the last phase of castellation, in the descent from the lofty moated keep to the simple manor-house. It presents an irregular shell, with high gables, massive chimneys, and one or two machicolated projecting parapets, peeping out above the ivy which thickly clothes the building, and resting on rounded corbels. The interior is an utter ruin; all vestige of floors and stairs entirely gone. The execution of the carved doorways, mullions, dripstones, and elaborate mantelpieces is excellent. A taste for that illegitimate Italian style, which began to pervade at the beginning of the seventeenth century, seems prevalent in the forms of the doorways and fireplaces of this structure, and would refer us for the date of the building at once to the close of the reign of Elizabeth.

Drumaneen and Mallow Castles, within a few miles of each other, are fair specimens of the transition style which pervaded the strong houses of a semi-military class of this period. Mallow, a few years earlier than the former, still preserves much of the general form of the structures of the era of the Roses, while Drumaneen assumes a more extended and less distrustful aspect, approaching nearer to the modern domestic building. The precautions adopted for defence in the earlier castles are all nearly rejected in this; what few military features it possesses seem to have been designed as much for ornament as protection. In both castles the broad Tudor windows descend in greater proximity to the ground; the dark loop disappears, and the strong arched floors and stone stairs are absent. Domestic accommodation and comfort seem to have been mainly studied; the chambers enlarged, the cells discarded, the walls cease to be of massive thickness, and horizontal lines and depressed arches occupy the places of the earlier lancet and pointed.

On the 18th of February, 4 Jac. 1., a general pardon was granted amongst

others to Cahir O'Callaghan, of Drumaneen. He had been concerned in the rising of Tyrone, in aid of the Spanish invasion, defeated at the siege of Kinsale.

In the eighth year of the same reign, the same Cahir O'Callaghan surrendered all his estates, with the intent that the same should be granted to him by letters patent; and in May following he received the expected grant, a part being created the manor of Drumaneen, with 600 acres, country measure, in demesne, with power to hold courts leet and baron. During the disastrous war of 1641, O'Callaghan followed the fortunes of his chieftain Muskerry, and sided with the Catholic confederates, for which, when the arms of the Commonwealth became triumphant, he was declared a forfeiting traitor, and stripped of his estates, and in the 19 Car. 2., a portion of these, including the lands of Drumaneen, was granted to Sir Richard Kyrle, Knt. Who the lineal representative of this Cahir O'Callaghan now is we are not informed. The most prominent personage of the name at the present day is the Viscount Lismore, and another of the name represents the city of Cork in Parliament.

This noble pile is boldly situated on the very verge of the river, the cliffs supporting the foundation leaning almost over the water. In former days it was the chief seat of the O'Callaghans, ancestors of the present Lord Lismore, on whose estate I was told this castle is situated: an extensive lawn surrounds the main building; this was enclosed by a wall, now entirely in ruins, and formerly flanked by round towers. The present ruined building was erected in the reign of King James I., on the foundation of a former castle, which the constant wars of these turbulent times had nearly razed to the ground. In King William III.'s reign this castle belonged to the English, who maintained a garrison for a considerable time, under the command of Lieut. Col. Calliford. In 19 Car. 2. Sir Richard Kyrle passed a patent for this castle of Drumaneen, and other lands in Duhallow and Fermoy, which were forfeited by Donogh O'Callaghan in 1641; and in 2 Jac. 2. Richard Newman, Esq. passed a patent for the castle and lands of Drumaneen, and other lands paying into the exchequer 54*l.* 3*s.* 8*d.*, as appears in Smith's "History of Cork."

Directly opposite this picturesque ruin is a noble demesne and spacious mansion, Longueville, the seat of J. Longfield, Esq. The house is situated on a height, and commands a splendid view. It consists of a square centre, with wings, and has a fine appearance. The demesne is thickly wooded; but a judicious vista in the trees bordering the road affords an opening through which the castle of Drumaneen is visible.

Higher up is Waterloo, a pretty house, and well-planted lawn, belonging to another member of the Longfield family, who have extensive possessions in this barony, and bear an excellent character in all their relations to those over whom Providence has placed them. This family is said to be of Norman extraction, and

claims descent from Longchamps, who accompanied William the Conqueror in his invasion of England. On the success of the expedition, he received grants of lands, and was summoned to parliament as tenant to the Crown *in capite*. The representative of this noble house adhered to the fortunes of the Stuarts, and, like most of the followers of that unfortunate race, suffered from his attachment to the unworthy James II. In 1795, Richard Longfield, member of parliament for the city of Cork, was created a peer by the title of Baron Longueville, of Longueville, and advanced to the dignity of viscount in 1800. He married Margaret White, related to the Earl of Bantry, by whom he left no issue, and the title became extinct in 1811.

The view from the river is extensive and picturesque. Hills cultivated to the summit are backed by a high range of heath-clad mountains, while the banks on either side are wooded to the brink. From Dromore, seat of A. Newman, Esq., on the south side of the river, a fine view of the Blackwater is obtained.

At some distance from the north bank is Loghert Castle, a strong building belonging to the Earl of Egmont; and a little beyond this is Ballygiblin, the truly beautiful seat of Sir William Wrixon Becher, Bart. The house is well situated, with a southern aspect, commanding a fine view of Loghert Castle, and the tall dark brow of Mount Hilary, with the Blackwater winding round the base. The family name was Wrixon, and is yet borne by many respectable natives of this part of the country. Sir William was created a baronet in 1831, and, in obedience to the will of his uncle, assumed the name of Becher, which was confirmed by sign manual. He married, in 1819, Miss O'Neill, whose celebrity as a most accomplished tragic actress is well known. The Bechers settled in Ireland in Queen Elizabeth's reign, and "Burke's Peerage" states the baronet has in his possession a pedigree, tracing his ancestors in that line to Sir Eustace de Bridgecourt, who came from Hainault with Philippa, queen-consort to Edward III., in 1328. Colonel Thomas Becher was a useful officer in William III.'s army; and on some occasion so gratified that monarch, that he made Colonel Becher a present of his watch, now in the possession of his descendant, Richard Becher, Esq. of Hollybrook.

Further north is Castlecort, the seat of Edward Deane Freeman, Esq. The house is one of the best in the county, with suitable offices, and a finely-wooded demesne. Some of the old trees are superb. The Freemans have been in possession of Castlecort for a period exceeding 200 years. The mansion was built on the site of an ancient castle, some distance from the ruins of a monastery, yet traceable in the deer park. This monastery is considered to have been fortified. By intermarriage of William Freeman with Jane, daughter of Sir Matthew Deane, Bart., they became connected with the Deanes of Dromore. Sir Matthew was created a baronet in 1700, and his descendant is now Lord Muskerry. The

Freemans are nearly allied to the noble houses of Lord Lismore, Lord Carew, Lord Muskerry.

Some extensive plantations on the north bank surround Wood Park, belonging to Mr. Carmichael; and above it is Rose Cottage, the pretty dwelling of Mr. Leahy. Between these demesnes is a deep gully, denoting the track where a mountain torrent rushes into the Blackwater, which in this place is rapid, and sweeps along a stony bed. The shallows here are owing in a great measure to the stones and rubbish the mountain stream brings with it, especially in winter floods, and accumulate at the mouth of the gully. Opposite are the woods of Lombardstown, while to the west is a hill called Laherne, and north-west soars Mount Hilary.

From thence to Ruskern bridge, within a few miles of Kanturk, the river winds to the north. The country to the south seems much better land, and the farming in general better than along the opposite bank. Within about a mile of the bridge, to the south, the river is very shallow, and a tall ledge of rock rises on the north bank. From hence to Mallow, about four miles, a line of canal was projected about fifty years ago; the object being to connect the collieries to the west with that town and neighbourhood. The project seems to have received much support, for the entire line is cut, and strange to say, this most useful undertaking is suffered to lie utterly neglected. When the principal expense has been incurred, the very chambers for locks or sluices built, *the whole is abandoned!!* Unhappy Ireland! how long are your resources to lie dormant? How long is the disgraceful apathy of your landed proprietors to continue, driving your virtuous sons and daughters to seek, as exiles, in distant regions the means of subsistence so abundant in their native land? The notice of the disadvantage of the means of water-carriage to this district is as fully applicable now as when Dr. Smith wrote, though a hundred years has since elapsed. "The northern part of this barony (Duhallow), though far from being barren, is yet thinly inhabited, and the farmers are the only consumers of what corn grows upon the premises. The roads in winter time are for the most part bad, and there being *no navigable river*, it is hard to get off the tenant's corn but at such a price of carriage as must greatly increase the value when sent to Cork market. There is plenty of turf and coal, *but for want of water carriage, if quantities of this last material were dug*, IT WOULD BE OF LITTLE VALUE."* May I be allowed to indulge the hope, that ere another century rolls round, the water shall flow through the now grass-grown "Navigation line?" If the landlords would only see the exertions making in other countries, or, indeed, in portions of this, to improve the condition of their tenantry, they would soon turn their attention to this point of national utility. I would recommend short canals, having a practical

* Dr. Smith's Cork, vol. i. p. 302.

object, or deepening the beds of rivers between towns, so as to afford direct communication from the interior of the country with the sea, in preference to, and as a much safer speculation than, any system of railroads in Ireland.

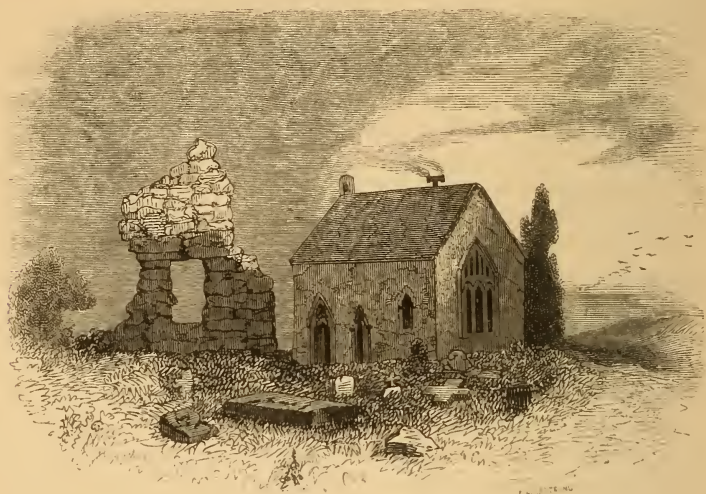
The river is rapid as it approaches Ruskern bridge, and the country is much altered for the better from that we lately passed. Trees wave their branches over the stream soon to reflect nothing save barren rocks; and handsome mansions relieve the eye that lately looked over a wide desolate tract. To the north we behold two houses, one, the nearer, belonging to Mr. Orpen, the other to Mr. Power. This last appears a highly improved spot; the porter's lodge at the entrance is built of variegated freestone, and has a handsome appearance. South of the bridge is Gurtmore, the seat of E. Foot, Esq., surrounded by a good screen of trees. Near this, on the south bank, is a lofty ledge of limestone rock, descending perpendicularly into the water, here of considerable width, and divided into two channels by an island thickly covered with furze. This is called Gurtmore Rock, and contains several caverns, none of much size. The well-cultivated land from this to Clonmeen is the estate of George Grehan, Esq., whose numerous acts of kindness to his tenantry make him deservedly popular. He has built a neat cottage here, which commands a pretty view of the river, and has made considerable embankments to keep off the floods along the river side. Near this is a comfortable mansion, the residence of the Rev. P. Townsend.

A little to the west, the south bank displays prostrate relics of feudal times. Half a ruined flanking tower, portion of a lofty wall, and remains of a parallel, constitute all that remains of Clonmeen Castle. This castle was destroyed during the wars of 1641, and several of the cannon balls which battered the walls have been found. It presents a melancholy spectacle of faded glory, as it must have been of great strength, presenting, even in decay, the lingering traces of former might. The lord of the soil, Mr. Grehan, mentioned to me his intention of restoring something of its pristine strength. Yet westward is the parish church, a plain edifice, without spire or tower, standing in an old graveyard. This was the burial place of the O'Callaghans, who, according to Colgan, founded a monastery here for Augustine friars. Most probably the portion of ruined wall close to the church is the remnant left by time to mark the spot hallowed by the piety of the monks of old. Around are numerous tombstones, marking where

“ The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.”

Near the church the sight rests on a well-cultivated farm, and close by, the comfortable farm-house belonging to Mr. Sheehan. The thatched roof is met near the eaves by creepers covering the white walls; a little plot of ground in front of the house is broken into flower beds, and a small screen of trees surrounds this neat dwelling. The neighbouring hay-yard bespeaks good produce. There is little doubt that

the principal cause of inferiority in the farms of the country arises from the farmer grasping at too much; consequently, having more land than his capital enables him to till properly, some portion is neglected, and, in many instances, the entire is



but half cultivated. It should be an invariable rule with every person taking land not to bind himself to pay rent for a rood more than he can manage. He should keep neither horses, sheep, nor pigs more than he can feed. It is the worst of all economy to have half-starved pigs or cattle of any description. By having such a quantity of ground as he can bring into cultivation by his own labour and means, he is always independent, and punctual with his rent.

Close to Bantyre Bridge the river Bantyre runs from Mount Hilary, and falls into the Blackwater. Opposite is a small house belonging to Mr. Leader. At the cross of Bantyre is the Roman Catholic chapel of Clonmeen, and near it a commodious dwelling of the priest, the Rev. Edmund Murphy. A good school has been built, and another is in progress of erection, under the superintendence of this excellent clergyman, who, acting on a principle similar to his respected brother, the parish priest of Fermoy, incessantly labours for the spread of information, and the advancement of religion and virtue throughout their respective localities. This neighbourhood was the scene of a conflict in 1652. In the month of July of that year, a body of the parliamentary troops, led by Lord Broghill, having in the

night repulsed the cavalry under the command of Lord Muskerry, who was trying to advance to the relief of Limerick, crossed the Blackwater, and about half a mile east of Bantyre bridge came up with Lord Muskerry's troops posted on the high ground of Knockbruck, or Knockielashy, and routed them with great slaughter. After the wars, Sir Richard Kyrle settled at this place. He erected iron-works near it, cut down a vast tract of wood, and considerably improved the country. When the French threatened to invade Ireland in 1666, this Sir Richard Kyrle offered Lord Orrery to raise a troop of sixty horse, of which his lordship informed the Duke of Ormond, and said, "The world had no better men than Sir Richard had, and he knew him to be an excellent officer." This estate Sir Richard sold to R. Newman, Esq.

About two miles from Clonmeen is Castle Magner, which, though not immediately on the river Blackwater, has an anecdote related of one of its lords too good to be omitted here. During the insurrection, 1641, this castle belonged to Richard Magner, agent for the Irish in Orrery and Kilmore. When Cromwell was at Clonmell he went to pay his court to him, but being represented as a very troublesome person, and one who had been very active during the war, Cromwell resolved he should not be so in future, and sent him with a letter to Colonel Phair, governor of Cork, couched in terms sufficiently laconic, but if "short, not sweet," merely "*execute the bearer.*" Magner, who it appears had no exalted idea of the Protector's friendship from his interview, opened the letter, which no doubt startled him a trifle. He did not linger long before he formed a little plan of his own, and carefully sealing up the dreaded missive, instead of proceeding to Cork turned off to Mallow, and handed it to the officer in command there, telling him Cromwell had ordered him to carry it to Colonel Phair. This officer had often preyed on Magner's land, for which he thus sought to be revenged. This officer, proud of the trust, and suspecting nothing, went with the letter, which greatly amazed the governor, who knew him to be a most excellent soldier, and immediately sent an express to Cromwell for further orders. Cromwell, being extremely chagrined to be so served, sent orders to give the officer his liberty and to apprehend Magner, who used the interval in effecting his escape.*

Before leaving Clonmeen we must not omit to mention the famous robber, Daniel the Outlaw, who formerly had his lair in the cave of Gurtmore, and the hapless fate of the companion who softened the horrors of the rocky dwelling—the unfortunate, lovely Margaret Kelly. Daniel O'Keeffe the Outlaw, was a follower of O'Keeffe, lord of this district. Having accidentally slain M'Donough, the chieftain of Duhallow, he was obliged to retire into these wild, unfrequented districts

* Smith's Hist. of Cork.

to avoid the anger of the chieftain's clan. The bold adventure he encountered in making good his retreat, and his daring soul, soon found sympathy in other minds, and he became captain of a formidable band of freebooters, the terror of the neighbourhood. Their usual plan was to carry off whole herds until a certain sum was paid for their ransom, and they levied a regular black mail, like the border chieftains of England and Scotland. The cave of Gurtmore rock was his principal resort, being almost inaccessible. The river then swept the base, and a few rude steps cut in the limestone led to the cave. The outlaw was of a fine manly form, and his bold irregular life found favour in the sight of a beautiful girl, named Margaret Kelly, who shared his lonely cell and outlawed fortunes. The affection which induced her to leave all and follow the object of her love seems to have waked finer feelings in the heart of the O'Keeffe, as he frequently made sonnets and rude ballads in her praise. "*Sed varium et mutabile semper.*" The offer of a large reward induced Margaret to betray her lover. Her duty being to manage the domestic concerns, she was accustomed to go to Mallow to buy provisions, and always crossed the river in a boat concealed in the cave. She agreed for a certain sum, with the officer in command at Mallow, to betray O'Keeffe into his hands. When next O'Keeffe crossed the river in the boat, to enable his companions to proceed to Mallow, the soldiers were to shoot him on his way across to the cave; for this she received a written order for a considerable sum of money, which was to be paid her on O'Keeffe's death or apprehension. After this wicked agreement she returned to the cave. Her unsuspecting lover pressed her to his bosom: his eye caught a glimpse of the paper concealed in her breast—he snatched and read it. Stung to madness that she whom he loved so passionately should be capable of such perfidy, he drew his skein and buried it in her heart.

The lament which *Donal na Rasca*, or Daniel the Outlaw, is said to have made on this occasion is as follows:—

“ At the dance in the village
Thy white foot was fleetest,
Thy voice 'mid the concert
Of maidens was sweetest ;
The swell of thy white breast
Made rich lovers follow ;
And thy raven hair bound them,
Young Mauriade in Kallagh.

“ No more shall mine ear drink
Thy melody swelling ;
Nor thy beaming eye brighten
The outlaw's dark dwelling ;

Or thy soft heaving bosom
My destiny hallow,
When thine arms twine round me,
Young Mauriade in Kallagh.

“ The moss couch I brought thee
To-day from the mountain
Has drunk the last drop
Of thy young heart's red fountain ;
For this good skein beside me
Struck deep and rung hollow
In thy bosom of treason,
Young Mauriade in Kallagh.

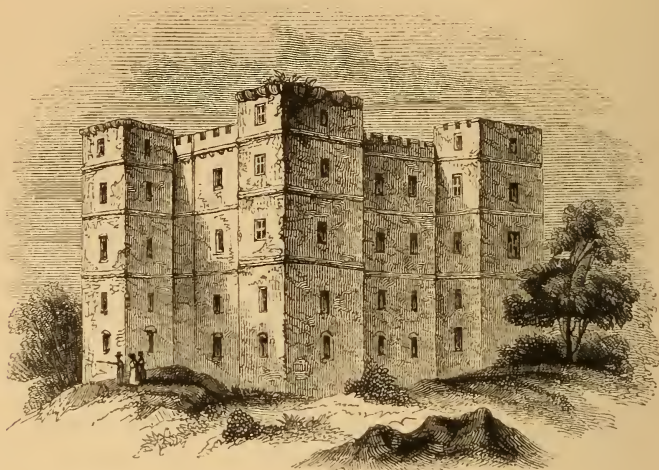
“ With strings of rich pearls
Thy white neck was laden,
And thy fingers with spoils
Of the Sassanach maiden :
Such rich silks enrob'd not
The dames of Moyalla ;
Such dear gold they wore not
As Mauriade in Kallagh.

“ Alas ! that my lov'd one
Her outlaw would injure ;
Alas ! that he should prove
Her treason's avenger !
That this right hand should make thee
A bed cold and hollow,
When in death's sleep it laid thee,
Young Mauriade in Kallagh.

“ And while to this lone cave
My deep grief I'm venting,
The Saxon's keen bandog
My footsteps is scenting ;
But true men await me
Afar in Duhallow.
Farewell, cave of slaughter,
And Mauriade in Kallagh.”

To the north of the river is Kanturk, about three miles distant, situate on the Allo river, which joins the Blackwater not far from Ballymaquick Bridge. Immediately before the Allo falls into the Blackwater it is crossed by a good bridge, called Leader's Bridge. The castle of Kanturk is one of the strongest ruins in Ireland. This was the chief seat of the M'Carthys, kings of Des-

mond. The name is derived from *Ceanntuire*, signifying a boar's head, one of these animals having been slain here by one of the M'Carthy's, after a desperate



encounter while hunting. In the reign of Elizabeth, Donough M'Carthy commenced the building before us, on the most magnificent scale. It occupies four sides, a quadrangle, 120 feet in length by 80 in breadth, three stories high, flanked at each angle by a strong square tower, of four stories: each story in the main or centre portion has three windows. The quoins, mouldings, belts, and ornamental portions, are of hewn stone. The only portions which seem to have stooped before the power of three centuries are the battlements, which have fallen. The occasion of its being incomplete is stated to have been a representation to Queen Elizabeth that this castle was a place of very dangerous importance to belong to a private subject, and was neither more nor less than a strong regular fortress; upon which the Lords of the Council in England issued an order to have the works stopped. The people of the vicinity call the place M'Donough's Folly, from the vast extent of preparation, and a want of means to complete what he commenced, which would relieve the government from the charge of preventing the completion of this noble pile. Close by is a small stream, called the Brogeen, or Blue Pool, so designated, I am informed, from a load of coloured glass having fallen into it, while on its way to adorn the windows of the castle; and glass being proverbially brittle, was smashed, of course, and the particles remaining in the bed of the river, gave a blue tinge to the water.

The town of Kanturk is small, but very rapidly extending in size and com-

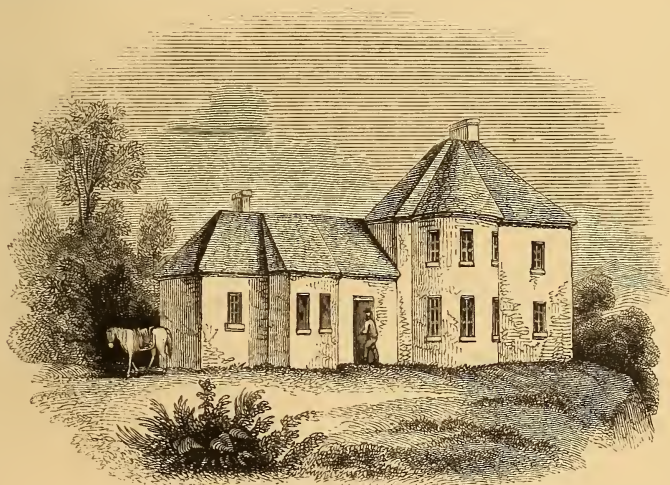
mercial prosperity, under the immediate superintendence of Mr. Tierney, the excellent agent of the proprietor, the Earl of Egmont.

Kanturk was the birthplace of that most distinguished lawyer, Barry Yelverton, Lord Avonmore.

Distant only a few miles is Newmarket, built on a small stream, that falls into the Oondala. It consists principally of two streets, crossing each other at right angles. The inhabitants number above 1000. The ancient name of this place was *Ahatrasne*, or "the place of the ford," which ford is now superseded by the commodious bridge near the entrance of the town. James I. made a grant of the property, of which this town is part, to the Aldworth family, part of the forfeited estates of the M'Auliffes. There was a patent for holding a market — whence the name Newmarket, confirmed by Charles II. A conflict took place at Scarteen, in 1822, between the military commanded by Captain Kippock and Lieut. Green, and the Whiteboys, in which the latter were defeated. — Handsome pieces of plate testified the value of the officers' intrepidity and conduct in the minds of the gentry of the district.

Newmarket House, the seat of R. R. Aldworth, Esq., lord of the manor, is a spacious mansion, of cut limestone, well situated in a finely planted and picturesque demesne. Some of the trees are very aged: an avenue of ash is said to have been planted in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

This town is celebrated for having been the birthplace of the Right Hon. John Philpot Curran, late Master of the Rolls in Ireland: the house is represented in the accompanying engraving.



THE LEGEND OF MEALANE.

A mile west of Newmarket is a beautiful glen, steep and richly wooded. The Aundaluagh, or "double rapid river," rushes between the interstices of the two steep hills which form the glen. On the west bank are the remains of an old castle, the ancient residence of the M'Auliffe's, a tribe who possessed a vast tract of country in those parts ; and at a considerable distance is pointed out Mealane's Rock, a bare projecting cliff, in which is a cavity. This castle has its legend — a romantic one, indeed : —

" Oh ! when wilt thou return
To thy spirit's early love,
To the freshness of the morn,
To the stillness of the grove ?
Still by thy father's board
There is kept a place for thee ;
And by thy smile restor'd,
Joy round the hearth shall be."

" Who was like to Mealane, the fair-haired daughter of M'Auliffe? Whose step was lighter in the dance? whose voice sweeter in the song? Who was like to Mealane? "

Years have passed since the events I am about to relate. The proud wall has crumbled into a mass of ruin, and the proud race who held the lordly towers are extinguished, yet never has the beauty of Mealane been surpassed, or the graceful figure of the damsel equalled.

" My daughter shall be the bride of a hero," the aged sire would say. " Now that old age hath stricken my limbs, and years rolled heavy on my nimble feet, I can no longer wield the spear or chase the fleet-flying stag ; but as God has not blessed me with sons I may be the grandsire of them. My Mealane shall be the bride of a hero." These words were not spoken unheard ; they were echoed abroad by Fame, and the surpassing loveliness of the " Lily of the Valley," as she was commonly called, and the wide-spread possessions of the M'Auliffes (to all of which she was sole heiress), soon procured her many suitors ; but one was preferred to all : he was O'Herlahy, chief of Carrigduve. Having found favour in the eyes of the fair ladye, the suitor next urged his claim before the grey-haired sire. The elder thus answered his deep entreaties : —

" The Lord of Blackrock is young in years ; his name is not known in the council, nor his prowess in the song of the bard. Go into a foreign land, O'Herlahy : let thy sword be fleshed in the blood of the infidel, and I will grant thee my daughter. Mealane shall be a hero's bride."

The heart of O'Herlahy murmured in silence at the delay, but he could not refuse the terms. The spirit of the sire was as unyielding as the stubborn rock, that, thrown in the midst of the ocean, stands unmoved in the blast: the waves lash it in vain, and howling at their own impotence, they burst at its feet; or, having mounted up the craggy sides, tumble back into their liquid bed. To Spain the warrior went. He led the hardy sons of Erin; they joined the gallant troops led by Fernando to crush the Moorish infidel, but at the walls of Grenada the brave O'Herlahy was taken. Five years he lingered in captivity: he thought of his absent country; and the image of his love was never forgotten. The favourite of the Algerine Dey became enamoured with the noble prisoner; she procured his freedom, and would have accompanied his flight, but the love he bore another forbade: he returned to Spain and had revenge on his captors. His companions were fired by his example; they rushed into the thickest of the battle, and ruin and death marked their gory career. The Moors fled, never again to rule in Spain. The king embraced the brave youth, and gifted O'Herlahy with the proudest order of Spanish chivalry. With joy he returned to Ireland; no obstacle between him and the possession of his love.

It was towards the hour of noon; at the castle of M'Auliffe every thing betokened joy and hilarity. From the opposite side of the Aundalough the hills rose covered with waving forests, and parties of pleasure were either roving the shady alleys for a walk, or traversing in search of game; a number of cooks were hard at work in the ample kitchen of the castle; parties in groups were arriving every moment at the portal; and the major-domo, with his liveried attendants, was marshalling each to his apartment, who were bidden guests to witness the marriage of the fair heiress of M'Auliffe to the brave chief of Carrigduve, O'Herhaly. Dressed in her nuptial robe of virgin white, the lovely Mealane appeared to have well deserved the *sobriquet* of the "Lily of the Valley." Her fair flaxen hair, secured by a golden chaplet, gave a stately air to her graceful bust; her blue eyes sparkled with uncommon vivacity, and her slight figure, as it glanced to and fro, reminded one of the graceful bendings of the flower after which she was named; her cheek was pale—rather too pale, but all said that the situation in which she stood occasioned the total absence of colour. Once or twice during the afternoon she was observed to start suddenly, and when uncalled for cry out, "I come! I come!" As if to calm her spirits she said she would try a short walk. O'Herlahy rose to accompany her.

"No, my dear lord; I bid you stay," she said.

"What! may I not go with you?"

"Not now; not now," she said mournfully.

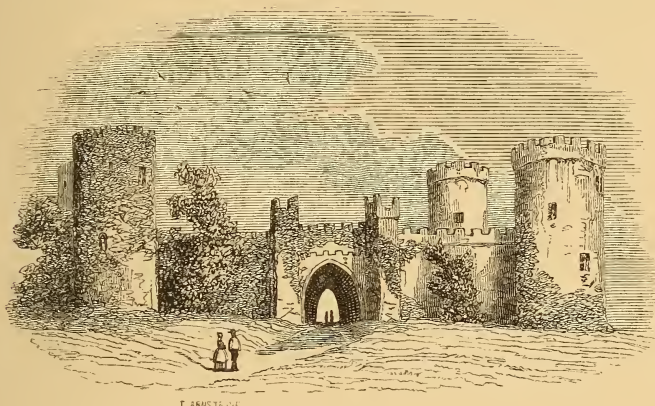
"Nay, then, I will follow you."

"If you do I go not forth. Abide here till my return."

Mealane walked forth, but the evening wind whistled gently down the glen like the sighing of unseen spirits, and yet she came not back. The clergyman who was to perform the ceremony arrived, and the bridegroom was waiting — but no bride. A peasant who had just returned from the opposite side of the Aundaluagh, said he saw a white figure near a large tree ; but when he spoke he received no answer, and went on his way wondering. O'Herlahy buckled on his trusty armour, and was resolved to win his bride or perish. He went forth alone ; the night was still and lonely. Every rock, tree, hill, and glen was streaming with the bright light which beamed from the full moon ; the heavens were clear, and studded with myriads of glittering stars, which twinkled in the intensity of blue sky. O'Herlahy paused on the bank of the Aundaluagh, and gazed on a panorama of beauty ; yet his heart was ill at ease for the loss of his beloved, and the tears came to his eyes as turning round he looked on the castle of M'Auliffe, crowning the hill ; lights streamed from every window, yet sad were the hearts within. He crossed the stream and approached the oak tree, the oldest in these parts. A figure in white reclined beneath the branches ; he stole cautiously. " Mealane !" At the sound of his voice the figure rose up, and waving her white hands to bid farewell, was borne along the course of the stream, as though under the guidance of some powerful spirit, and fled towards the rock, which opened to receive her. It closed immediately, and since there has been no direct trace of the fair Mealane, but often the nightly wanderer sees the fluttering of the white drapery about Mealane's Rock. O'Herlahy married a less supernatural lady, and the lands of M'Auliffe passed to strange hands.

Close to Bantyre Cross the river is met by Ballymaquirk Bridge, near which is Nashville, the seat of William Leader, Esq. There are very good mills at Nashville, on the north bank, which, for a considerable distance, is enriched by the extensive plantations on Mr. Leader's estate. The land along the river is not very productive ; but the tenants seem contented, and speak highly of the Leader family, who are the principal proprietors in this district. Other seats near are Minehill, J. Wallis, Esq., and the Glebe, the Rev. Mr. Bevan. The water is of moderate depth for a considerable distance. On the north bank is Dromagh, the estate of Nicholas Philpot Leader, Esq. There are extensive collieries here, which afford employment to a great number. Dromagh colliery has been worked more than a century, and the father of the present owner expended a large sum in improving the works connected with the colliery, to render the mine available : they are now meeting a very extensive demand. There are other collieries here, at Clonbanin, Dominagh, and Colclough, in full work ; and if the projected navigation from

Mallow had been perfected, the country along the line of Blackwater would be enjoying fuel at a very moderate rate, and the inhabitants of the entire line bettered by the intercourse necessarily created. The description of coal is not unlike that found in Kilkenny, very sulphureous for the greater part, and as bituminous in quality, but it is rather more lasting. In some places the coal is found near the surface where the veins are thin, and gradually widen as they strike downward. The coal is generally enclosed in a case of ferruginous slate, which splits into plates resembling house slates, but being of a brittle quality, is not fit for use as such. Some veins of excellent coal have been found. The culm which covers large coal is considered good, and is useful for forges and burning lime. Distant about a mile north is Dromagh Castle. It consists of a

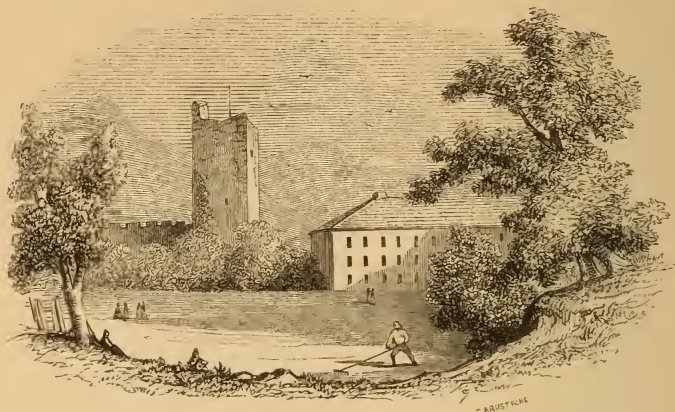


quadrangle, flanked by four circular towers, one at each corner. It was the chief seat of the O'Keeffes in former days, and the entrance is by an archway, with small towers in the walls on each hand. The entire remains are clad with ivy, which considerably increases the picturesque effect by diminishing the regularity of the building. One of the towers, fitted up, makes a comfortable dwelling. The greater portion of the building is in good repair, and used by Mr. Leader as his farmyard offices.

The river winds for some time, and passes Fort Grady, formerly the residence of Lord Guillamore's family, a venerable mansion, now occupied by a farmer. Near this is a fort, planted with trees, whence it derives its name. We now behold the Kilcormy mountains, with those of Musherah.

The country considerably improves as we approach Millstreet. On the south bank of a small tributary, the Finaw, and adjacent to the spot where it joins the

Blackwater, is Drishane Castle, and close by the mansion of H. Wallis, Esq., who is the proprietor of this estate.



This castle was built by Dermot Mac Carthy, son of Teague, Lord Muskerry, who died in 1448. It is of very ancient structure, and bears evident traces of having been a stronghold. Its proximity to the strong castles in its vicinity leads to the conjecture that it must have had other works for defence than now appear. From the summit a splendid view is obtained; the eye travels along the ridge of mountains from that of Claragh, back of the castle, behind Millstreet, to Killarney, with its charming lakes, twenty miles distant, and takes in the majestic Mangerton, the Paps, the wooded Toomies, and the high reeks of Macgillicuddy. Among a few handsome seats close by are Coole House, H. O'Donnell, Esq.; Mount Leader, H. Leader, Esq.; and Rathduane, J. E. M'Carthy, Esq.

After a short distance we reach Millstreet, situate on the south bank of the Blackwater. The village, a century back, consisted of a small inn, a mill, and some half dozen cabins. Of the inn mention is made in a letter written by Derrick the poet, in 1760, and his account was also evidence of the desire of the peasantry to show their title to respectability. He says, "The inn at Millstreet, however indifferent, is a perfect palace compared to the spot where we slept the night before. The rain continuing to pour heavily, we stopped at a wretched hovel on the confines of an extensive, bleak, rugged mountain, where they collect the dues of a turnpike. They showed us into a miserable cabin, in which there was something that wore the appearance of a bed. Mine host of the cottage, whose name was Haly, had more importance than a grandee of Spain. He told us that

there was not a better man in Cork or Kerry than himself; that he was well acquainted with the Earl of Shelburn and Sir John Colthurst, to both of whom he was nearly allied, and, therefore, he never let either of these families pay turnpike, as he wished to keep up family connections."

This country once belonged to the O'Learys, who were lords of several castles, and the district called Iveleary. There are descendants of the family still living; one of the race, no ignoble representative, was accustomed, some sixty or seventy years back, to take his station on the high road leading into Millstreet, and invite all comers to partake of his hospitality. He is represented as a fine specimen of an Irish gentleman, of venerable benevolent appearance. He was a justice of peace, and one whose word was law. His look bespoke authority. He suffered no stranger of respectable appearance to pass through Millstreet, without introducing himself to him and courteously requesting the pleasure of his company to discuss his good cheer.

In the Rev. H. Townsend's Survey of Cork, he gives an instance of the hospitality of O'Leary:—Some friends of his arrived at Millstreet, and being very tired wished to retire early to rest. O'Leary, who was acquainted with one of the party, prevailed on them to sup at his house. They went with a fixed resolve neither to drink or remain longer than was necessary for the repast; but such was O'Leary's power of pleasing, that they willingly prolonged their stay till morning, and were led imperceptibly from one bottle to another till it became no easy matter to discover where they had their lodgings. A worthy scion of the honourable house—M'Carthy O'Leary, Esq.—resides at Coomlegaun in the neighbourhood, and is owner of a large portion of the town. Millstreet has vastly increased, containing more than three hundred houses, and has a considerable traffic, its chief importance being derived from the establishment of a military station.

Claragh now stretches its conical head to the sky, as we bend from the west northwards, by Nohaval, on the verge of the counties of Cork and Kerry. Near the ruins of the church of Nohaval, which are close to the bank of the Blackwater, is the stump of a round tower, which, with the church, was dedicated to St. Finian.

NOHAVAL.

About seven miles to the north-west of Millstreet, on the borders of Cork and Kerry, where the Blackwater, as yet a slender shallow rivulet, forms the boundary between the two counties, the locality of Nohavaldaly, so called to distinguish it from another Nohaval between Cork and Kinsale, possesses some remains connecting it with past times, but now so ruinous as to divest them of much interest, even to the antiquary. Smith, the county historian, states that the remains, or,

as he calls it, "the stump" of one of the ancient round towers, so stubborn and impracticable an object of controversy to the Hibernian race of Oldbuck, stood there in his time. In tracing the course of our noble river, we could not properly omit the examination of a place which must, as evident by such remains, have been consecrated, in times of earliest date, to a ritual amongst the most ancient of the forms into which paganism was divided; but, alas, for the accuracy of our worthy topographer! and he was generally a writer well informed, painstaking, and correct, but in this instance the good man slumbered or erred. Our search, and it was neither one of negligence nor carelessness, left us shaken in our faith in his authority.

Nohaval, or, as it is pronounced, Nochovail, occupies an eminence above the river at the left or Cork side. It is evidently a favourite burial place. Within a stone wall enclosure stands a low ruin of an oblong form, the relic of the old church of St. Finian, the patron and founder of the monastic establishment of Innisfallen, — "sweet Innisfallen!" at Killarney. All traces of the doors and windows have been destroyed, it cannot, therefore, be said to what age its construction may have belonged. Outside the cemetery, walls are traceable of another structure, which had been apparently a dwelling, and probably of the castellated kind; but so little of it has survived the waste of time and injury, that this can only be merely conjectural. With the exception of this ruin, and that of the old church, there are no other vestiges of building here, consequently nothing of the *turain*, or tower, could we discover. The castellet was, according to a report in the neighbourhood, standing to a considerable height about fifty years ago, and, it strikes us, must have been the stump spoken of by Smith, who doubtless never saw it, but took his report from those badly qualified to inform him.

For several miles of its easterly course, after leaving Nohaval, the river Blackwater pursues its way through a plain and uninteresting country, the line of mountains extending from Killarney to Claragh, and Muskerry still fully in view. Previously to its junction with the *Finaw* (fair river), near Millstreet, it passes at the foot of the gentle acclivity on which stand the ruins of Drumsicane Castle, a structure once appertaining to the O'Keeffes, an ancient family, attainted at the Revolution. The building was standing entire at the commencement of the last century, but was soon after destroyed.

The remains consist of a large quadrangle, flanked with a round tower at each of the angles, and enclosing a *bawn*, within which once stood a lofty keep, not a stone of which now remains upon another. A few miles to the west the river is increased by the junction of the Allo, or Dalua (the stream of swans); and thenceforth, the country losing its mountain aspect, and every where exhibiting that of improvement and ornamented culture, the river glides through lands, gradually increasing in scenic beauty, until it approaches the town of Mallow.

Higher up, the river is crossed by a fine bridge called Duncannon Bridge. The road lately made by direction of Government, who have taken this district in hands, conducts from Killarney to Mallow over this bridge. A bleak mountain district called Ballycushlane, stretches west along the banks, with fine plantations or improvements visible. There is a sporting lodge of C. G. Fairfield, Esq., who has made some improvements in this region; and Derreen, a lodge of J. Bateman, Esq. At some distance there is a rising ground with the remains of an old building; but so slight are the traces, that whether church or castle it is impossible to say. The soil in the vicinity is barren and waste, but around the ruin are some stunted trees, and the rubbish of lime and stone created a spot where wild weeds find luxuriant vegetation, and thrive undisturbed. It would require no small degree of imagination to build a tower on these prostrate stones, and people the casemented chamber with many a lord and lady gay, drain the bogs and surround the entire with rich plantations, in which the thrush and blackbird might pipe their morning hymns, or the gentle robin chant his evening lay.

At Ardnagragh are the ruins of Desmond's chapel, which is close to the churchyard of Killanamana. Here were interred the remains of the great Earl of Desmond, styled, in history, *Ingens rebellibus exemplar*. His death-blow was given near this place. The account by Smith* is, "The Earl having taken a prey of cattle was pursued to Kerry, near the side of a mountain, and a little grove, through which one of the pursuers observed a fire not far off. One of the company on this information being sent to learn who were there, upon his return informed them there were five or six people in an old house; whereupon they determined to attack them, and entering it found only an old man, the others being fled; when one Daniel Kelly (who was afterwards hanged at Tyburn, although rewarded by Queen Elizabeth) almost cut off the Earl's arm with his sword, and repeating the blow over his head, the old man cried out, desiring them to save his life, for that he was the Earl of Desmond. Kelly upon this desisted, but the effusion of blood causing him to grow faint, and being unable to travel, he bade him prepare for death, and on the 11th of November, 1583, struck off his head, which was sent by the Earl of Ormond into England for a present to the Queen, who caused it to be fixed on London Bridge, and his body, after eight weeks' hiding, was buried at Killanamana." The castles of Kilcushnan and Bally M'Adam, not far from this, were strongholds of the Fitzgeralds of Desmond, who had so unfraternal a feeling, that one brother would not permit the other to pass safely through his lands.

A wide tract of uncultivated country extends on both sides of the river, which now forms the boundary between Cork and Kerry. This country is called Pobble

* Cork, ii. 64.

O'Keeffe, being in the possession formerly of the people of O'Keeffe, who was chieftain of this wild territory.

POBBLE O'KEEFFE.

In the year 1641, the mountain pasture lands of Pobble O'Keeffe, in the barony of Duhallow and county of Cork, were forfeited by Daniel O'Keeffe, an Irish Catholic, and were seized and sequestered to the Crown, in consequence of his participation in the rebellion which broke out in that year.

It appears that these lands (1655), containing by the Down survey 5981 acres profitable land, plantation measure, were not set out to any adventurer, soldier, or other person, under the provisions of the acts of settlement and explanation; but were entered in the book of survey and distribution for the county of Cork, as an undisposed-of forfeiture, and charged in their Majesty's rentals, under the name of the Mountain Pasture of Pobble O'Keeffe, with the annual quit-rent of 9*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.*

On the 12th of February (32 Car. 2. 1670), these lands were granted in custodiam, for the use of the then farmers of the revenue, who were entitled by their grant from the Crown to the profits of the undisposed lands.

By an inquisition taken at Cork on the 26th of August, 1698, the same Daniel O'Keeffe was found to be in possession, on the 13th of February, 1688, of about 6000 acres of mountain pasture situated in the barony of Duhallow and county of Cork, which from their contents and situation are supposed to be the same as those which were returned as forfeited by him in 1641.

In the year 1689, the Company for making hollow Sword Blades in England obtained a patent from the Trustees of forfeited Estates for nine different town lands in the barony of Duhallow and county of Cork, each town land charged with quit-rent to these denominations. The mountain pasture of Pobble O'Keeffe was attached and charged with 90*l.* 16*s.* 6½*d.* per annum, and still remains in charge on the revenue rent-roll, as a denomination of land granted to the Company of hollow Sword Blade Makers. But it appears that in the year 1707 this company, after several legal proceedings had been taken on the subject, proved by affidavit that they did not purchase this mountain pasture, but that the denomination was entered in their deed of conveyance without their privity or consent; and they also alleged that the trustees had no power to sell it, and disclaimed all title to it: and therefore the said company obtained an order of the court discharging them from the same, and all rents and arrears due thereout.

In the year 1717, Lewis Jones, Esq. petitioned the then Lords Justices and Privy Council of Ireland for a lease of these lands for 99 years, at a rent of 50*l.* per annum; and among other matters stated that the Crown had never received

any benefit from them. This petition was referred to the Commissioners of the Revenue to report the state and value of the lands, and after a variety of reports from the Commissioners' clerk of the quit-rents, and collector of Mallow, it was at length agreed to give a lease of them at 86*l.* per annum. In pursuance thereof, and under the provisions of the 2 Ann. cap. 8. sect. 2. the then Lords Justices and Privy Council of Ireland by deed of lease, bearing date 25th March, 1721, demised them to Jones at 86*l.* per annum.

It appears that Lord Orrery kept possession of part of these lands, and that in consequence several proceedings were instituted against him in the Court of Exchequer; but it does not appear that Lewis Jones or his tenant Mr. Duggan Cronin ever got into possession of those parts of the lands of Pobble O'Keeffe which were withheld by Lord Orrery; and Mr. Cronin paid only 30*l.* per annum as a proportionate part of the quit-rent for that part of the lands which came into his possession.

Mr. Jones's and Mr. Cronin's lease expired in 1821, but the latter remained in possession up to the year 1828, when the crown again resumed possession of it, and commenced the making of the new roads and land improvements, in 1833.

A village was soon built on the eastern bank of the Blackwater, over which there is a neat bridge of two elliptic arches, on the road to Castle Island. This is King Williamstown. It contains one handsome school-house in the Elizabethan style; one hotel, a dispensary, one shop, (the proprietor of which, in consequence of the place having of late become such a thoroughfare, has amassed 200*l.* in a very short space of time,) with ten houses for tradesmen and labourers; it is also well supplied with water. About ten minutes' walk from the village there is a neat house and an extensive farm-yard situated on the Model Farm, the residence of the respectable agent and skilful farmer, Mr. Michael Boyan; also several neat farm-houses have been built, and others are in progress of building. The improvements were commenced in 1833. Forty-six miles of new road have been made, and several bridges built. 400 acres of sterile bog and mountain have been brought into tillage, and good crops of potatoes, turnips, rye, and oats, have been produced. But the most gratifying circumstance of all is, that from 300 to 400 men every day are usefully employed in building, draining, and fencing. The effect of the improvement in the appearance of the district is almost miraculous: the consequences on the people is almost the same.

The progress of change is thus described by Mr. Griffith:—"At the commencement of the works the people flocked to them from all quarters, seeking employment at any rate that might be offered. Their general appearance bespoke extreme poverty; their looks were haggard, and their clothing wretched; they rarely possessed any instrument of husbandry beyond a very small ill-made spade, and, as a consequence, it followed that nearly the whole face of the country was

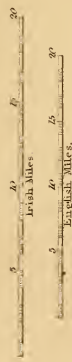
unimproved and in a state of nature. But since the completion of the roads, rapid strides have been made towards cultivation and improvement; upwards of sixty new lime-kilns were built, for the purpose of burning lime for agriculture; within the two preceding years, carts, ploughs, and harrows of superior construction became common; new houses of a better class were built in great numbers in the vicinity of the new roads, and also in the adjacent villages of Newmarket, Castle Island, and Abbeyfeale; new enclosures of mountain farms have been made in every direction; and this country, which at no distant period was the scene of lawless outrage, and one of the strongholds of what might be termed the rebel army, quickly became perfectly tranquil, and exhibited a scene of industry and exertion at once pleasing and remarkable. To the credit of the people be it told, that a large portion of the money received by them for labour on the roads was husbanded with care, and subsequently laid out in building substantial houses, and in the purchase of cattle and implements of husbandry; and numerous examples might be adduced of poor labourers, possessing neither money, houses, nor lands when first employed on the public roads, who, within a short period, were able to take farms, build houses, and stock their lands with cows and young cattle."

What a blessing it would be for Ireland if Government would, under the authority of an act of parliament, take all the waste lands in this kingdom and treat them in precisely the same manner as those of Pobble O'Keeffe!

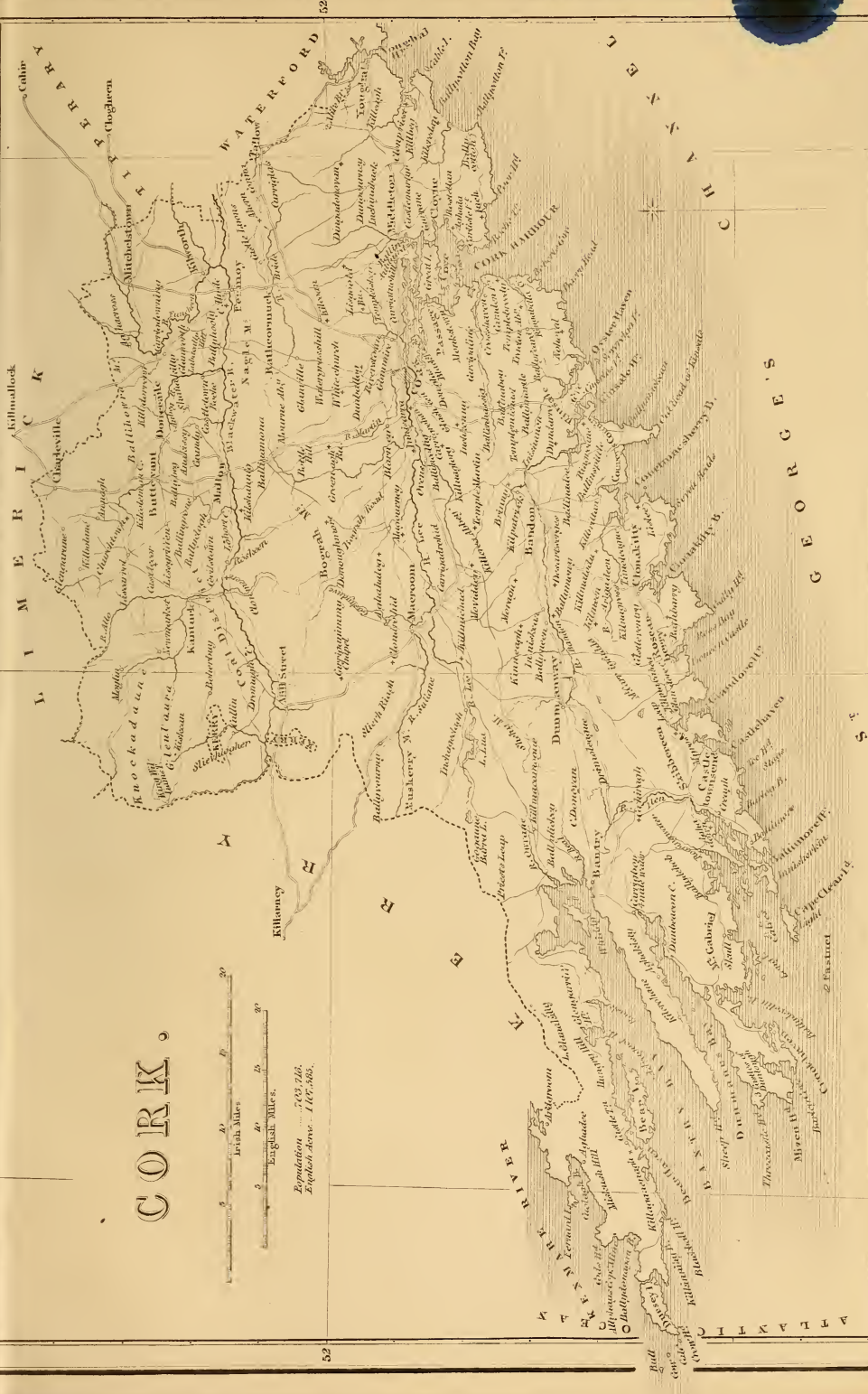
About half a mile north of King Williamstown, in a bog, is a small spring overgrown by rushes. It trickles down in three small streams, forming no great impediment to human footsteps. The hare springs across it with ease, and the sportsman jumps from bank to bank. Who that beheld the broad river bearing tall ships into Youghal bay would recognise this tiny rivulet as the commencement of that truly noble stream, the Blackwater!

The Blackwater at the source forms three branches, each from fifteen to twenty perches in length; each branch is a deep ravine, and at the point of meeting are some ruins, apparently of an ancient habitation, moss-covered and prostrate. The land on the Cork side is low and flat, while that on the Kerry is high and bold. The district round is covered with heath. This glen is called *Reylan tee an Earla*, from the Earl of Desmond having taken shelter here in his flight.

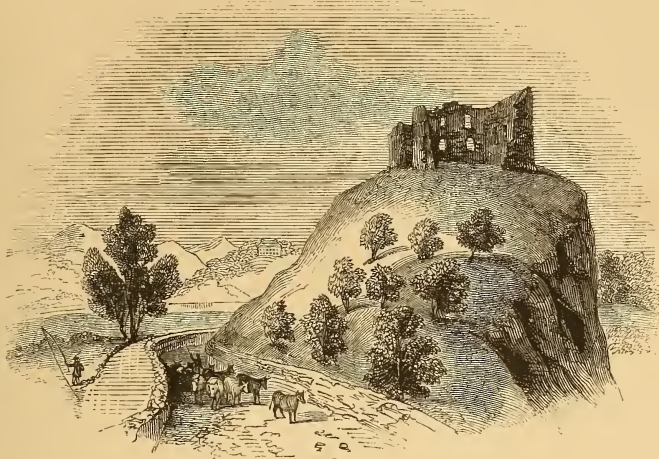
CORK.



Population. 50,574.
English Area. 116,585.



Longitude West 9 from Greenwich.



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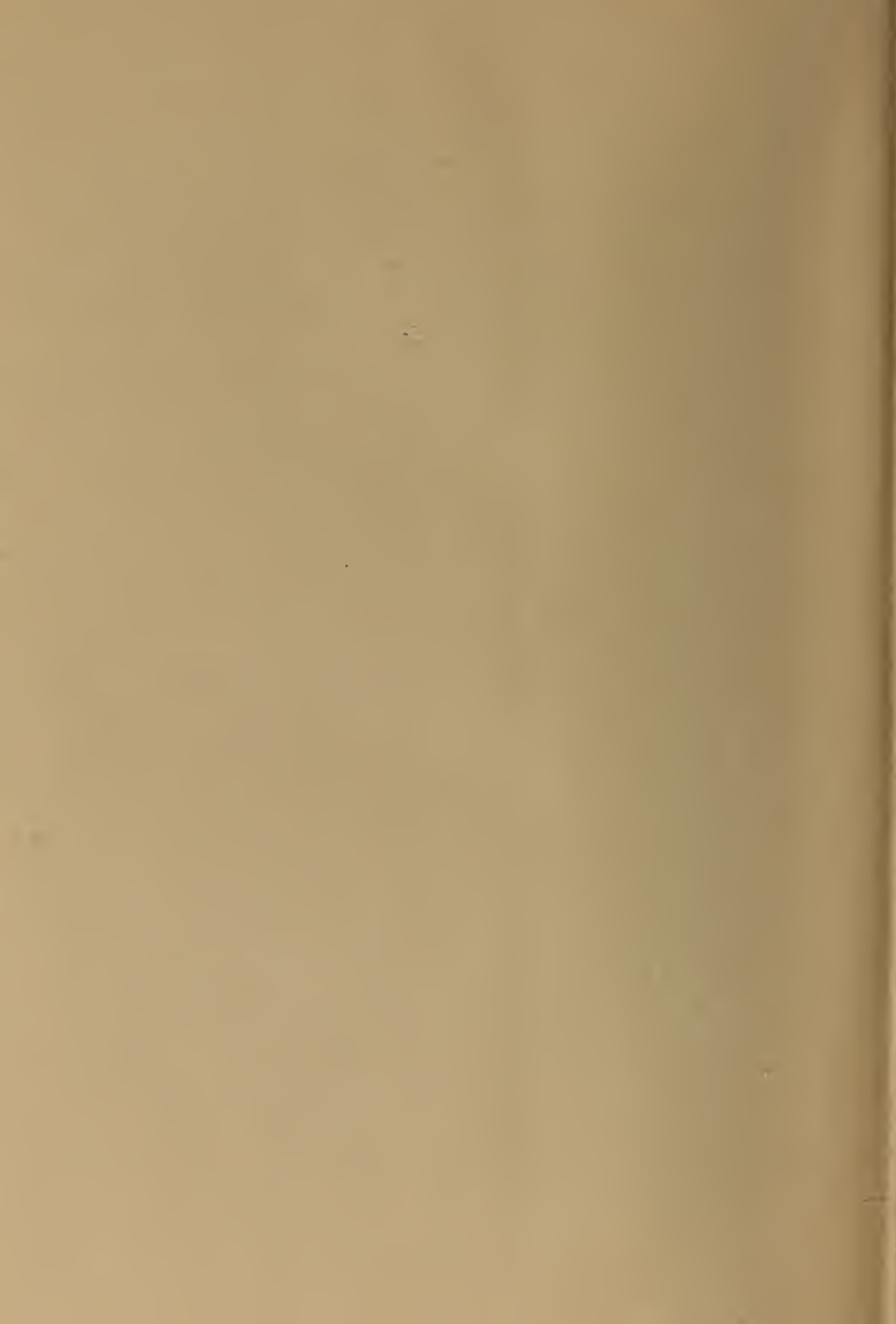
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